A PURITAN OUTPOST

HERBERT C. PARSONS

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A PURITAN OUTPOST

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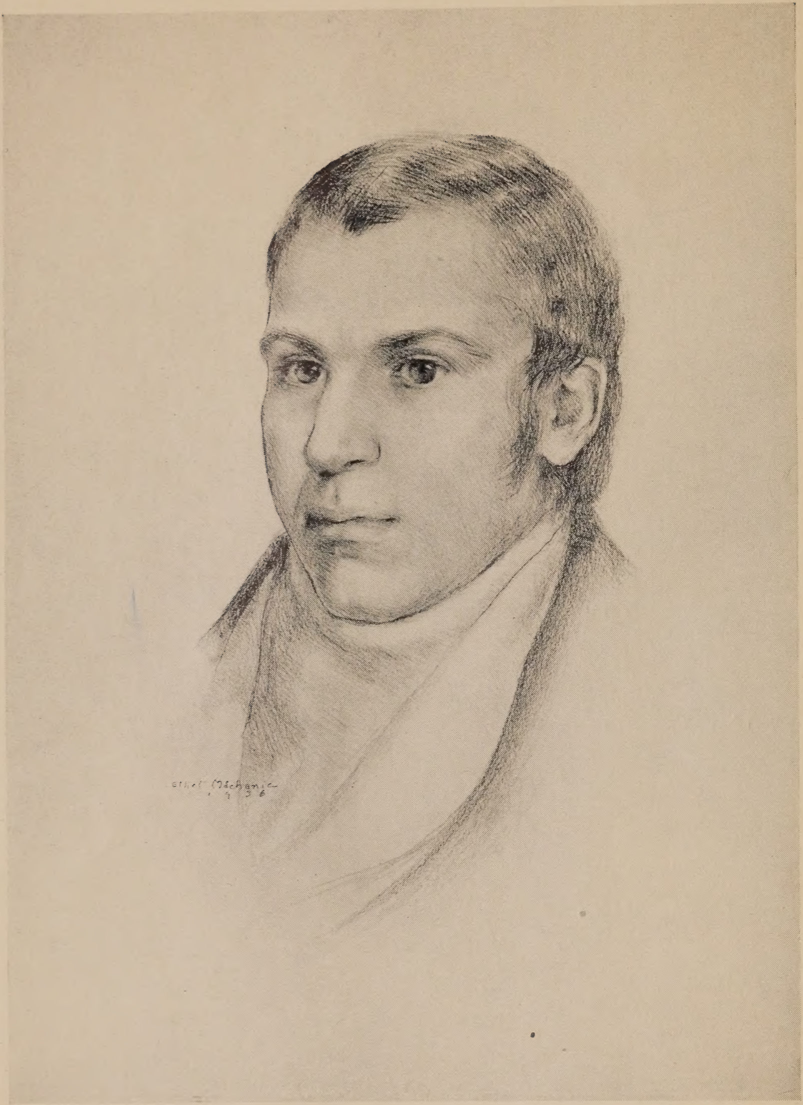
Ethel Machanic 1936

Seth Field Just Pacis

THE PROGRESSIVE PURITAN
Northfield's First Citizen in the Eighteenth Century

(Pencil drawing by Ethel Machanic from ancient oil portrait)

A PURITAN OUTPOST

A HISTORY
OF THE TOWN AND PEOPLE
OF NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

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by

HERBERT COLLINS PARSONS

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1937

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TOWN OF NORTHFIELD
Incorporated 1723

COMMITTEES OF THE TOWN

On the History of the Town

Charles Calvin Stearns, *Chairman*
Arthur Percy Fitt
Mrs. Christiana C. Stockbridge
Mrs. Mary I. Smith
Mrs. Maria Hurd Keet

On Publication of the History

Charles Calvin Stearns, *Chairman*
Arthur Percy Fitt
William Alexander Barr
Frank Warburton Pearsall
Ambert Gordon Moody

INTRODUCTION

This is the story of a distinctive New England town, the farthest venture of Puritan pioneering to the west and north in the seventeenth century, which had to be claimed by venturesome settlers three times before its foothold was even relatively secure. Through nearly a century it was exposed to the recurrent assaults and the constant peril of French and Indian invasion, with intermissions when the settlers were dislodged, during one of which it was the thronging seat of the command of the arch-enemy of white occupation, the dubiously crowned King Philip.

Toughened through generations of hardihood, its people developed the sturdy, self-reliant, pious, prudent and independent community, thoroughly characteristic of their unmixed British blood and Puritan heritage. Consistently with such background and distinctly out of such breeding, one of the sons it sent out to varied careers in the world's affairs came to fame and widespread service as an evangelistic leader and by his hand the added feature was bestowed upon it of being a school and religious centre.

The town's respect for its historic past has led to the writing of the story. By no less authoritative commission than the spontaneous vote of its inhabitants and freeholders, in town meeting assembled, it has been written with so free appropriation of material from many and varied sources, that only a general credit can be given other than to the town itself and its citizens inclusively.

The attempt has been to give the town its setting in the times through which it had been an integral and not insignificant part. Deliberately, the product lacks the documentation and the detail of the usual antiquarian output, except as these contribute to the main purpose, a consistent narrative, of possible interest beyond the circle of the town's own people, one of whom, in full affection, is the writer of these pages.

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CHAPTER I

DISCOVERY

The Bay Colony, Pressed for Room, Looks Inland

Over the hills and crags, through the primeval forests of the range that continues the Monadnock group within the present borders of Massachusetts, there toiled in the summer of 1669 four stalwart men from the Eastern Colony. They were not casual roamers. They came with the credentials of civilization. They were indeed a committee of the General Court—a recess committee, with full warrant to travel. The word junket had not found its place in the legislative vocabulary and would doubtfully have been applied to the journey through uncharted territory, guided only by a pioneer sense of fit locations for new homes. It impelled them to set an early example in exceeding official authority. Had not the General Court commissioned them to lay out a new plantation near Quinsigamond?

Even a twentieth century map does not justify by nearness to Worcester a tramp through the border hills of the Connecticut. Their later report is confession that they "proceeded to the northwest to view the country." Seemingly the easy slopes of the Millers River valley, then unnamed, failed to yield the view of country their pioneering impulse demanded. Leaving it, they struck out over the highest hills to the westward, over the one whose ruggedness won for it the name it still holds, "Old Crag," and having surmounted them, followed a narrow valley, through the unbroken dense woods until suddenly they came out upon a projecting and denuded bit of land, one of those minor and accessible hilltops which served as Indian watchtowers, when watching was needed against enemy approach.

Before them opened the Connecticut valley, higher up the river than had yet rested the white man's eye. Across the nearer plain, some day to be scene of tragedy for one of the four, was the broad band of the great river. Away to their right were the greater heights of hills within the future states of Vermont and New Hampshire, and to the front the line of a range that, like the one they crossed, had held the river within its geologic bounds. Their eyes could follow the great, calm stream down its way to the settlement, could they have known it, the newest in the valley capture, Deerfield, a significant twenty miles away. They stood on the frontier facing a wilderness unbroken short of the Canadian outposts of another advancing race. Discoverers.

"A favoring region, seemeth to me," from the calm, keen-visaged captain of the group. "Shall we not so note it in our report?"

"Well spoken, Cap'n Gookin, an you can regard it as near Quinsigamond pond," responded the next in order of the committee, Daniel Henchman, who had a certain fashion of humor as well as, it may be suspected, a slighting respect for the literalness of his fellow members of the General Court.

Standing a little apart from his companions, with his gaze turned upon the expanse of unknown country stood Captain Prentice, he, too, a man of rank in the colony's militia and in its public affairs. Turning to them, he gave the sum of his observation, "Can it be that such a country may be taken by mere vote of the General Court? Have we not to fear that this is the land of the Pacomtacks? Will they give upon our request the possession of such land and near to this great river? Let us not forget that what shall be taken for our sites shall be by fair purchase. Even the heathen are God's children. Moreover land boughten is land safeguarded."

"Truth, and again truth!" The last to join is the one we should mark as the most resolute of the four, an upstanding soldier, clear of vision, shrewd and calm and kindly. He is a junior here, a leftenant in rank, but with the right to speak and have his words respected that belongs to the one whose youth reaches back to another land, an original settler in the substantial proprietage of Watertown, where he is already a selectman and the chosen representative in the General Court—Richard Beers by name. And then, as he casts his eye over the plains near and the meadow beyond, a cloud of apprehension darkens his brow:

"I can see these peaceful places the scene of combat. Look ye at the ravines that cross the plains! Are they not favored places for ambuscade? Do not the broad meadows and these upper plains show us that they are prized by the natives? See how they are kept clear for tillage. Consider how the river yields salmon for their spears. And all of ye have seen what these forests shelter in the fashion of game. It is not a land to be cheaply bought nor when bought easily held against the treachery of these heathen."

"Well spoken, leftenant, but is yours a faint heart? Have we people of God come to this land from our secure homes across the seas, to doubt His providence? My thought turns back to Carrigaline, my boyhood home, on the fair shores of the peaceful bay of Cork, and I could wish to finish the life there which was begun in its security. But a Divine hand directs us. The same, nay greater, perils were faced by our brothers at Plymouth and in the Bay colony. Not less were the uncertainties of Virginia, where now I should be but for that other foe, the wicked of our own blood who deny to us the worship of God in our own true way. We are not here to quail at dangers that are as yet but in fancy. Shall we not go further? I shall talk to these natives in their tongue if it prove not to be unlike that of the Massachusetts and the Narragansetts which God has given to Brother John Eliot and me to comprehend."

Down from the hilltop where they had tarried for such a conferring of their minds, the four Puritans commissioned to discover new regions for their kind trod across the plain to a rushing stream, there to meet the native villagers in a region which was known to them as Squenatock. Here the parley revealed that the region was held by a tribe known as Squakheags, or as Captain Gookin understood the name Wissaquakheag, such was the uncertainty of the names coming through their slightly opened mouths.

Gifts from the invading white men, slight in value as they were, won from the natives a cautious hospitality and Captain Gookin's command of Indian words gained their confidence. Guides from their village went with them up the slopes to the broader plain from which they surveyed the great stretches of meadow which lay on both sides the broad river, the Quinnetuckut, already known through the settlements at Springfield, Northampton, Hadley and Deerfield.

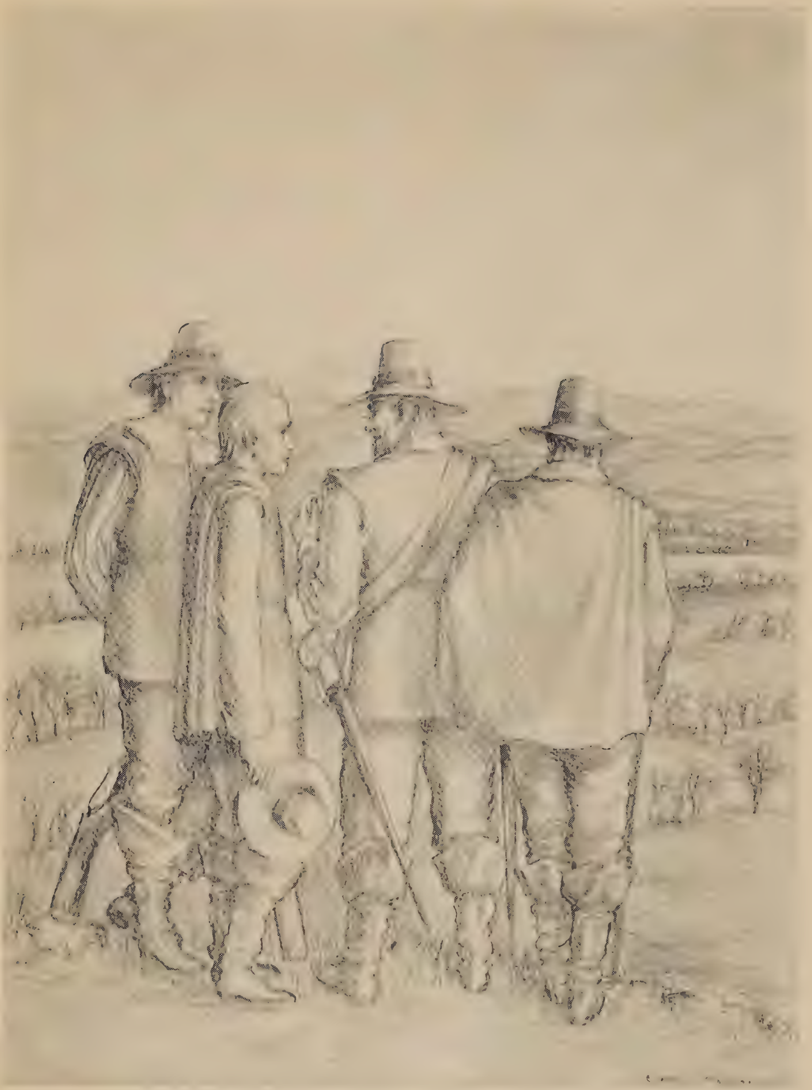
Captain Gookin learned from these new acquaintances of the discoverers that they were distinct from the Pacomptacks, with whom they allied themselves only in the face of invasion from the Mohawk country. Their words bore resemblance to those of the Merrimacs, and he gave his companions the conclusion that their alliance in any need would be with the tribes of the far-away valley that lay to the north of the Bay settlements. It did not escape his notice that their numbers were so small as to show that they were but a remnant of a larger tribe. He gathered that they had suffered at the hands of the invading Mohawks and he shrewdly concluded that they were not unready to form friendships with the English in the hope of protection against the foe who had so lately and so nearly completely destroyed their villages.

Captain Gookin had to mention but one word to bring out exclamations of wrath from the natives he and his fellow explorers found lingering in the well-nigh deserted villages of Squenatock and to the north. It was the name of the great tribe beyond the hills towards the setting sun. Had they not, six summers before, poured over those hills, fallen upon the Pacomptacks, fought the bloody battle at the fortified hill in the meadows, near where the river Pacomptack flows into the Quinnetuckut, then rushed up the valley and with fire and slaughter laid waste the Squakheag villages? Sweeping on, had they not invaded the country of the Nashaways and the Merrimacs? And what were these hissing words and violent gestures but the vengeful announcement that the chiefs of all these tribes were even now in council for return invasion of the land of the Mohawks?

The summer was at hand in which the massed warriors of all the eastern tribes would follow over the trails well marked by the Mohawks and wreak revenge upon them. Under Chickatawbut, great sachem of the Massachusetts tribe, they would repay out of their store of wrath for the raid which was to this day marked in the ruins of the home of the Squakheags.

As these explorers traced their way back over the hills towards the Bay towns, to make their report on the possible three sites for settlements, quite the most attractive of which was the alluring valley region where in time would rest the town that at first would bear the native name of Squakheag and later that of Northfield, there is time to make note of the sort of men these discoverers were.

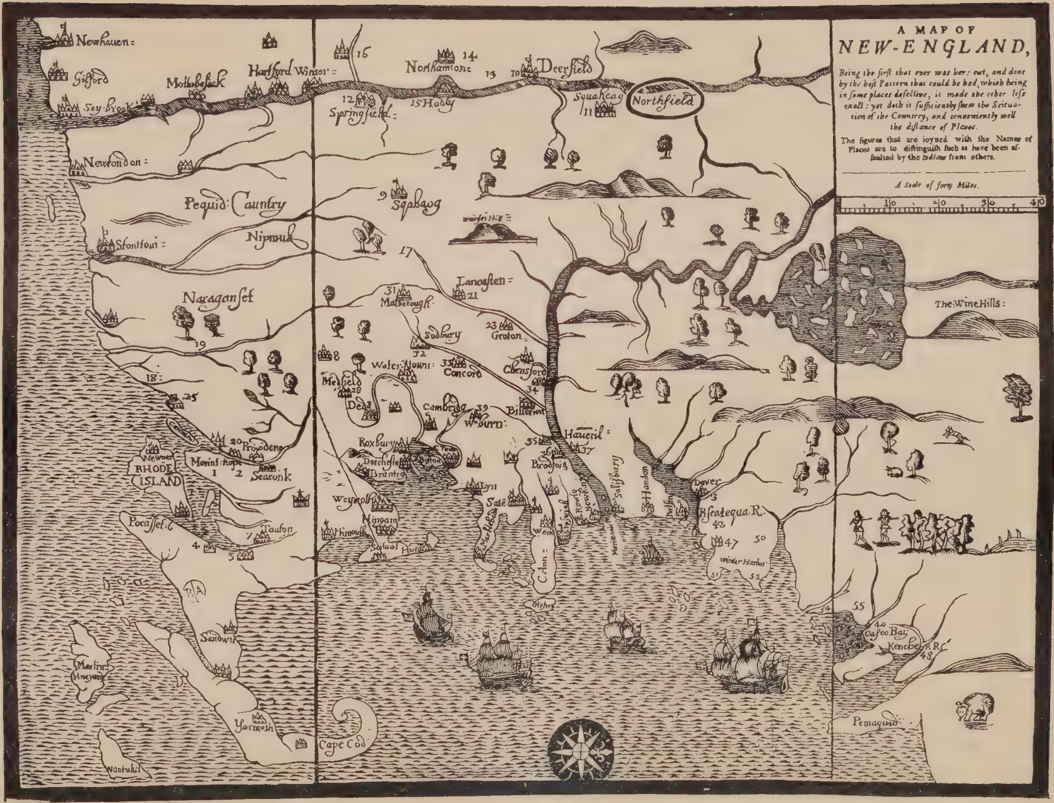
Chief among them, and least remembered in this region, which was the farthest point of their tour, but preserved in memory at Quinsigamond as the "Father of Worcester" and again immortalized in his "Historical Sketches of the Indians" was Daniel Gookin. In him was to be seen the perfect type of the English gentleman transported to the lands and the fortunes and the strifes of the New World.



Daniel Henchman Daniel Gookin Thomas Prentice Richard Beers

THE DISCOVERERS

(Drawing for this work by Ethel Machanic)


A MAP OF
NEW-ENGLAND,
Being the firſt that ever was here cut, and done by the beſt Pattern that could be had, which being in ſome places defective, it made the other leſs exact: yet doth it ſufficiently ſhew the Scituation of the Country, and conveniently well the diſtance of Places.
The figures that are joyned with the Names of Places are to diſtinguiſh ſuch as have been aſſaulted by the Indians from others.
A Scale of forty Miles.
10
20
30
40
Newhaven
Gilford
Sey-brook
Mohhebeck
Hartford
Winsor
Newlondon
Pequid Country
Nipmuk
Stonitoun
Naraganset
RHODE ISLAND
Newport
Providence
Seaconk
Pocasset
Taunton
Sandwich
Martins Vineyard
Yarmouth
Nantukit
Cape Cod
Springfield
Hadly
Northamton
Deerfield
Squakeag
Northfield
Sqabaog
Wachuset Hill
Lancaster
Marlborough
Sudbury
Groton
Concord
Chensford
Billerica
Medfield
Dedham
Cambridg
Woburn
Roxbury
Dorchester
Boston
Braintry
Weymouth
Hingam
Plimouth
Lyn
Salem
Marblehead
C. Ann
Haverill
Salisbury
Hamton
Dover
Piscataqua R.
Winter Harbor
Casco Bay
Kenebeck R.
Pemaquid
The Wine Hills

SQUAKHEAG, THE OUTPOST

The "Wine Hills Map," so called because of the name first given the White Mountains, dated 1677, shows Squakheag (or Squaheag) (later Northfield) the farthest point of New England settlement.

His boyhood and early youth had been spent in the region of Castle Carrigaline, "about seven miles southeast of the City of Cork, down the harbor at the head of the sea called Oonbuoy river." His leading to the new land was through his father, the senior Daniel Gookin, voyager to Virginia, who was the first to export English cattle across the seas and who so established this enterprise that he sold his castle in Cork "to free his capital for the transatlantic ventures upon which he shortly after embarked." Quality came to him in the larger measure through Mary Byrd, his mother, daughter of the canon of Canterbury Cathedral and granddaughter of John Meye, bishop of Carlisle, through Lady Elizabeth Meye.

It was in 1620, the exact year of the Plymouth landing, that the senior Daniel had projected an enterprise that was destined to have far-reaching influence upon the history of his descendants—that of transporting cattle to the colony of Virginia and of founding a plantation in that distant land. His arrival in Virginia, precisely a month before certain other venturers set foot on Plymouth Rock, with about fifty men, was such an event that the colonists there made record of their great hope that the Irish plantation would so prosper "yt from Ireland greate multitudes of People wilbe like to come hither."

Our Daniel had filial reasons for questioning the security of settlement in a region held by Indians. It was four months to a day after his father had placed his foot upon the soil of Virginia that the great massacre by the savages took place, when out of a total of about 4,000 settlers 347 were slain. When, after that disaster, plantations were numerously abandoned and combined at four or five places, the cattle being abandoned to the savages—so runs the record—it was only "Master Gookin at Newport News [who] would not obey—though he had only five and thirty of all sorts with him, yet thought himself sufficient against what should happen, and so did, to his great credit and the content of his adventurers." It was he who took the first news of this calamity to England, where in 1622, he was granted a patent at Newport News and was so flushed with his success there that he decided to take a share in the New England company.

Conceivably upon the march of the four discoverers to the Connecticut valley, quite beyond the errand upon which the General Court had sent them, and their return to make report of the desirability of a settlement that far away from Quinsigamond, their commander related so much of the baptism of his father in the strife of the new land of Virginia. He went on to tell them that shortly after his eighteenth birthday he had left the secure and happy land of his youth, just out of the schools of Old England, had arrived in America, only to remain for a little before he returned across seas to London, there to marry, and a few years later with wife and child to set sail for a permanent home at the granted estate in Newport News. Within a year he had been made a burgess, and he might have told what was left to his biographer to tell, that he was immediately recognized as a man of ability and worth.

"Refresh us on the Nansemond Petition, and what ensued therefrom," petitioned Captain Prentice, as the four sat about a fire built on the shore of the stream, the Millers River of a later day, to remove the chill of the May evening. "It is not unknown to us but to the youngest of us, Goodman Beers, it has not been heard from your lips; and it is well held up as showing to what straits we are subject, under divine Providence, because of our will to worship Him in accord with His Word."

"An you would have an old tale again told, it came about in this wise." In the firelight, his companions saw the noble features of their chief take on a deeper gravity, as he began the narration of an event which had indeed changed the paths of his life but had more than personally exemplified the spirit of New England's beginnings. "Certain of us in the colony of Virginia, not having the spiritual ministration that accorded with our faith, sent unto the elders of the church in the colony of Massachusetts Bay a request that there be sent to us true ministers of the gospel as it is to us. Granting our prayer, there were three sent to us, the one of whom you, Leftenant Beers, should know was from the town whence you join us, Watertown, the goodly and reverend John Knowles. Great joy did they bring us but"—the Captain here hesitated as if to curb his resentment at the bigotry of the governor of Virginia—"but," he repeated, "Governor Berkeley, fit representative of the oppression from which you people of Plymouth and the Bay took refuge here, sent his messenger to us to convey his wish that we should not display our heresies, as he was moved to name them, within his dominion, and again to tell us we were not longer wanted there. Pursuant of his narrow devotion to the order he served, he secured, against our faithful protestation, an act of the burgesses against preaching save in conformity with the church of England. How truly do the mercies and blessings of God underlie what seem to us in their season the adversities of life! So was I led into the blessed joy of companionship and fellowship in truth with such as ye!"

Asked to name the three ministers who made the memorable journey to Virginia with the blessing of the New England churches, Captain Gookin recalled that they were Rev. William Thompson of Braintree, an Oxford graduate and a minister of distinction; Rev. John Knowles, ripe scholar of Emanuel college, the pastor in Leftenant Beers' home; and finally, joining them at Taunton, Rev. Thomas James of New Haven, contemporary there with Elder Janes, whom he could not have foretold was to preach the first sermon in the town of which they had but just seen the future site. These three encountered first a storm that wrecked the pinnace that carried them, off Hell Gate, nearly costing them their lives, and next the cold reception of the Dutch governor at Manhattan, who had rankling knowledge of the conflict in the Connecticut valley for the possession of the sites of Hartford and New Haven. Their perilous journey to Virginia took in all eleven weeks.

"You omit, Captain Goodwin, the welcome given you among us," broke in Captain Henchman, by way of repeating the dubious poetizing of Cotton Mather:

"'*Hearers, like doves, flocked with contentious wings,*
Who should be first, feed most, most homeward bring,
Laden with honey, like Hyblean bees,
They knead it into combs upon their knees.

. . . . .

A constellation of great converts there,
Shone round him, and his heavenly glory were.
Gookins was one of these; by Thompson's pains
CHRIST and NEW ENGLAND a dear Gookins gains.'"

Captain Gookin had been just twenty-five years in New England. Indeed the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day, May 20, 1644, that he had landed in Boston might have been celebrated on the tour of exploration which had led to the Connecticut valley. Leaving Virginia, he had first moved to Maryland, where he acquired another plantation. While Governor Calvert, the Roman Catholic governor of Maryland, was more tolerant of the Puritan presence, Gookin longed for association with those of his own faith and with Thompson, who had continued his missionary work in Maryland, he left his three plantations under overseers and journeyed to Boston. There his name appears enrolled six days after arrival as a member of the First Church in Boston and three days later he was to be made a freeman, a distinction rarely conferred upon so new an arrival. Thenceforth he was prominent in all the affairs of the town and colony. "Though a Puritan of the Puritans," says his biographer, "stern and uncompromising in matters of religion, the dominating notes in his character were his tenderness of heart and compassion and his abiding sense of justice."

A neighbor in Roxbury of John Eliot, he acquired the missionary interest of this Apostle to the Indians and his later life was largely devoted to efforts at their Christianization. If from this effort there was no fruitage of lasting conversion of the native heathen, there was the permanent gain of his acquirement of the language of the Indians, which not only made him the leader of such expeditions as that on which we now see him but a contributor to the fund of knowledge as to them and their language. He was the close associate of the clergy and the quality of the Bay colony and again the military leader, captain of the Cambridge company through the rest of his days and, while retaining this lesser rank, in time the major general of the colonial troops. There had more recently been a voyage to England, a two-year stay there, within which he became the friend and associate of Cromwell, and the return on the same ship that brought the regicides, Whalley and Goffe, to New England.

Daniel Gookin did not again see Northfield. His name is forgotten in its annals. He had performed the duty laid upon him as an explorer. He was the town's discoverer, leastwise the leader in that group of four stalwart Puritans who were the first of the new race of men to look upon the scene of the thrilling history that was to follow and beyond that the site of the town which through the centuries was to maintain, as few such towns have done, the character that is the type of the New England community. His title to local memory is in the fact of discovery but its wider significance lies in the fact that he was himself the perfected type of the English gentleman, transplanted to the New World, a resolute pioneer and a martyr, if need made him so, to the cause of his Puritan faith. For years to follow, he was to stand high in the counsels of the colony.

Less clearly in subsequent colonial history does there stand out the service of the second of the exploring committee. Appointed by the General Court as "Mr. Daniel Hinckman," his own signature to the report of this excursion of discovery was D. Henchman. He was for some years a deputy to the General Court and in 1670 appears as cornet of the troop of Middlesex.

Both of the other members of the committee link to Northfield by later connection, one of them through a descendant who had a prominent place in its life, and one through tragedy which ended in his death and burial on the exact spot where he and his associates first caught a glimpse of the Connecticut valley.

Captain Thomas Prentice was another transplanted Englishman. He was of Cambridge in 1650, a member of the First Church there. In 1661, he was deeded 300 acres of land in the Pequod country, on Long Island sound, a tract that was bounded on the west by that of Daniel Gookin—a hint of the Gookin acquisitiveness of land, the broad acres of Virginia and Maryland, which he seems not to have relinquished, of Cambridge and Worcester and, it now seems, of Connecticut. Captain Prentice had fifty or sixty acres of land in Worcester and built one of the fifty-eight houses that were the first homes on the site of that city. He lived out his days in Newton, where his death, July 6, 1710, was due to a fall from his horse while returning from church. He was a famous soldier as well as legislator. In 1675, it is recorded of him that he and his troop of horses were a terror to the Indians by his sudden attacks and impetuous charges. In 1689 he was ordered with his troop to Rhode Island to arrest and bring back Sir Edmund Andros. He, like Gookin, was the friend and counsellor of the converted Indians, who in 1691 petitioned the General Court that he be appointed their overseer and magistrate.

Given insight to the future, Captain Prentice would have seen in the town that was to be in the valley upon which he gazed from Merriman hill in 1669, his descendant in the sixth generation, the leading physician indeed, "the principal operator in these parts, his rides extending to the western part of Massachusetts and into Vermont and New Hampshire"—Dr. Samuel Prentice. Through him, he could have looked beyond to a distinguished line of descendants, jurists, educators and statesmen, finding their fields, however, away from the scene of Dr. Prentice's professional activities.

Finally there was in the group, Richard Beers. Of him Northfield has permanent memorial in the name of one of its plains and in the monument on the ground where first he saw the town and last saw the light of human existence. Leftenant Beers was of Watertown. At the time of the Northfield discovery he was a representative in the General Court, that service running from 1663 to 1675, the year of his death at Northfield. He had been a leader in the Pequot war and, in 1664, the General Court "in answer to the petition of Left. Richard Beers, having been one of the first planters of the colony to serve this country in their wars against the Pequots twice &c, as is expressed in his petition, which is on file, the court judgeth it meet to grant him 300 acres of land where it is to be had free from other grants according to law." These 300 acres were found for him "lying near Dover" and the lay-out was approved by the General Court October 17, 1673.

These were the men who connected civilization with the Connecticut valley at higher reaches than it had thus far been even seen and at a point where was to be established the long exposed outpost. They were the perfected type of New England pioneers, warriors if need be and resolute in the development of the new military strategy which the lurking, scattering methods of the native enemy compelled; home-makers and builders of new plantations; builders too of the new order of government which was to be America's; each of them a conspicuous sharer in the councils of that government; devout as they were brave and carrying with them in every venture the sense of service to God and truth.

. . . . .

With the solemnity that attended the serious affair, the month of May, 1669, brought the assembling of the General Court at Boston. Within its membership were Daniel Gookin, Esq., one of the twelve in the colony's government to be an "assistant," and Leftenant Richard Beers, one of the two deputies chosen and sent from Watertown. Here, too, were representatives of the remote Connecticut valley plantations, Mr. George Coulton from Springfield and Mr. William

Holton of Hadley, names that carry strong suggestion of the then unknown Northfield.

Beset with problems that might well have barred consideration of new ventures into an exposed wilderness, the serious assembly of assistants and deputies gave heed to the works of the revered Gookin, when, on the 27th, he presented the report of the exploring committee. It set out the attraction of the shore of Quinsigamund, or as the report named it, Quansigamond, for a plantation limited to sixty families, for, as Captain Gookin went on to explain, it seemed that the meadows of the region gave promise of supporting not more than that number. And then he read:

> "The committee having in their journey discovered two other places beyond this to the westward that will make two or three towns, the one place called Pomaquiesick, lying upon the head of Checkaby river, the other place called Suckquakege, upon Connecticot river (nearer to Boston than Hadley is) we desire the Court will please to order that these places be reserved to make tounes the better to strengthen those inland parts, & ye laying out of particular grants prohibited in the sajd places."

There was some questioning of the prudence of such distant reservations. To acquire them, was to take upon the colony the obligation to protect them and promote their settlement. Had not the General Court gone quite far enough in its ventures in view of the difficulty of maintaining some of the existing towns? If it did not come to the surface, there was wondering that when this committee was only commissioned to find a location near Quinsigamund it had gone far, far beyond. In a later day a point of order might have been raised to the effect that the report exceeded the scope of the instructions upon which it was based. For all the records show, the work of Gookin and his associates was conclusive. The entry in the proceedings is:

> "The Court approve of this returne & orders that the lands mentioned to be reserved for the publicke vse, for two or three inland tounes, be reserved for those ends."

The Northfield of the future had its legislative authorization. Henceforth there could be no exploitation of the land without the General Court's consent. And there the matter ends until quite another group of adventurers, approaching from another direction, came to the territory of the Squakheags to trade for the lands.

CHAPTER II

THE ABORIGINES

Making Ready the Land for Unwelcome Tenants

It was a disheartened and a depleted aboriginal people that held a lingering grasp upon the lands of the Connecticut valley when they first came within the vision of the white men. Not otherwise would the planting of towns on this frontier have been feasible in so short a time as the half-century within the landing at Plymouth. Not possible would have been the purchase, for considerations far below value, of lands that in the day of fading memory to the natives were the homes, the fields, the fishing points and the hunting grounds of their numerous tribes. The price-fixing upon these great stretches of meadow and plain was no more the product of the prudent and not plethoric advance agents of English settlers than of the compliance of titular possessors who had almost ceased to occupy, and to whom the value had well-nigh vanished.

In ways, it would seem that the Indians of this region had been but the agents, unwitting and unwilling though they may have been, for the preparation of the valley for its destined occupation. The invaders were told that the plague which in 1612 and 1613 had swept over the more easterly tribes had here also wrought its destruction. And a worse, because a continuing, cause reduced their strength both in numbers and in sense of security. It was the menace of the tribes beyond the hills marking the boundary between the Connecticut and the Hudson valleys. The triumphal slaughtering march of the Mohawks over this range had fallen with greatest fury upon the Indians farther up the valley than the settlements had reached in 1663, when it occurred. Its rankling memory was linked with the sense that there must be a demonstration in return that would protect for the future what was left. It was not revenge alone that moved the Massachusetts tribes to unite their forces, such as they were, for a vindictive return over those same hills and trails into Mohawk country.

It was their need to show strength equal to the defence of themselves, to warn against further incursion.

Thus it was a well-nigh deserted region that Gookin and his associates invaded as discoverers in the spring days of 1669. There were hardly more than straggling remnants of the Squakheag tribe in the villages. Everywhere were the marks of more numerous occupation. There was the evidence in the numerous grain pits of an agriculture now carried on, as the need still required, by the squaws of the village. The braves at the moment were away to the East, in council with the Merrimac and Massachusetts tribes, for the return visit to the Mohawks, to be undertaken the coming summer. Even were they here, with the women and children and old men, they would have numbered all told far fewer than the population of the earlier years of the century, before the plague had swept away uncounted tribespeople and the Mohawk onslaught of 1663 had wrought their ruin.

Moreover, the valley Indians had reduced the land to perfect readiness for tillage. Through generations uncounted they had kept the meadows and adjoining plains deforested. The keen eye of Captain Beers had detected this treelessness on the day of the white man's first glimpse of the region. It was clearly in a condition of readiness for settlement that had been accomplished by long continued industry with fire for its instrument. The ranging hills were heavy with forests and in their depth game abounded, and here again there was a possible gift of the native to the invading people in some arts of capture. Here was the trap for the deer, the birch tree bent with its tip on the ground, ready to spring when released by the nibbling animal and suspend it in air. Here on the plain was the fenced enclosure, into which the alarmed fleet-footed creatures were driven by a surrounding troop, not to make their way out. The ingenuity of the centuries had pointed ways of capture, only to go into decline as the fire-arm, carrying death at longer range than bow and arrow, proved a better substitute.

Next and chief of the gifts the natives passed to their white successors was the product not more of the soil than of their husbandry—corn. Corn! Has anybody given corn its due as the reliance of New England settlers for their very existence? Stories are familiar to every child of these later days of the gifts of corn to the nearly starving people of the Plymouth colony from their Indian neighbors. There are less noble stories of forays upon the rude granaries and of acts that if they neared to larceny had a certain moral justification in the dire need of Puritan stomachs for food. Corn! A commonplace of the New England farm from its first rude days to the time when its production has dwindled because on broad plains to the west the towering growth of the maize plant out of soil needing only to be turned and seeded completed in yield and costlessness to the defeat of the New England product. Corn! The food product, new to the world, come to the major place in the value of its service to mankind.

Yet, not to natural causes but to Indian husbandry is to be placed the credit for America's, and the world's, possession of this grain of gold. Nowhere on the face of the globe was corn known before it was found faithfully tilled by the American Indian. Nowhere on earth can modern man find corn growing naturally. Nowhere has the wild corn plant, nor any plant from which it could be bred, by the utmost skill of plant-breeders, been discovered.

Nor, again, is corn found seeding itself. Has the country boy keenest in his search for the freaks and sports of plant growth ever come across the corn springing from the ear dropped from a previous year's growth? With its seeds set firm upon the woody cob and enclosed in fold upon fold of husk, and with the winters killing the germ if left exposed in the field, it is completely unreproductive in nature. Its preservation from an uncertain beginning, far back of history's record, has been completely dependent upon human care. And that care the American Indian gave it, as if to pass it, unthanked, to the race that was in time to drive him from the fields where he faithfully sowed it with each coming spring and garnered it with each advancing autumn, to store it for the winter as seed for another year. Let that protection for a single season have failed and corn would be as unknown now as it was unknown to the Old World before it was found by America's settlers.

Perils there were in the path of the frontier settlement. Northfield was to know them and to be twice overcome by them. In their midst, at the outset of the advance to this new possession, were the favoring circumstances of Indian racial depletion, broken spirit, loosened hold; of land reduced to tillage; of a grain which should become the main staple, preserved by the husbandry of native generations. It was a land made ready.

The Connecticut has all the characteristics of New England rivers, of which it is one of the longest and most voluminous. Alternately swift and calm but never sluggish, its water is clear and sparkling, save at those seasons of spring, and rarely of autumn, flood when it gathers a load of tilth and gives to the intervales which were once its bed a new enrichment. It is protected against the invasion of traffic by its successive rapids and falls until in its lower reaches, after it has left Massachusetts, it becomes tidal. Here and there it has become harnessed to industry; only so in later periods than the colonial. Its lure to settlement was in its productive meadows, the ample home sites, the abundant water springs, and its many tributaries with their minor water powers. Here was a region of strong attraction to an advancing people, pioneers moving inland from a rugged and sandy coast, much less richly responsive to their husbandry. Here indeed was invitation to new occupation to a people who needed none save that of open spaces to which they might advance.

The pioneer is the least calculating of human beings. He is to be accounted for on no basis of advantage balanced against peril, of reward estimated against labor. Here in the valley was room, space, boundlessness. One of the reasons urged upon the General Court for authority to occupy the upper reaches of the valley, now Northfield, was that the inhabitants of Northampton were "sorely pressed." There were some 200 of them penned into territory where later dwelt 20,000.

Indian husbandry had added another item to the invitation of the Connecticut valley to white settlement. The native folk were not wandering tribes. They were villagers. In the main they were not warriors. It is worth a moment's pause to free the New England Indian—if indeed not the American Indian more generally—from the imputation of fondness for war for war's sake. It would have been manifestly less picturesque to have placed an Indian on the azure of the great seal of the Commonwealth with a stone implement in his hand and exterminating the weeds from his corn than with the bow ready to bend to the extermination of intruders; but it would have been a warrantable anticipation of the "Man with the Hoe" which it took three centuries of white occupation to lift into a classic. How far he sought war, for what reasons he went into war different from those of the claimants to the name of civilization—this is a theme the events of Northfield's settlements will illuminate.

Food supply for the natives was from the three natural sources—the forest with its game and nuts, the streams and ponds, with the places of greatest yield gaining their permanent names from this feature, and the soil. For the fuller gain from each came the development of skill—the sure marksmanship of the bowsman and the spearer, the ingenuity of the trapper, and the toil and routine of the farmer. It was the last of these which revealed to the white prospector the fruitfulness of the Connecticut valley meadows and made them ready to his hand.

The first problem of reduction of wild land to tillage is forest removal and it had been met completely and effectively by Indian enterprise. The valley of our story has no greater contrast between its aspect in the twentieth century and in the seventeenth than in its forestation now and its treelessness then. The levels which could yield corn and pumpkins, the two crops of interest to the natives, were swept of wood. Fire was the Indian instrument to keep them in yield. Annually it was turned loose upon these stretches so effectively that only along the streams and in the ravines through which they coursed were remnants of the natural wood. Northfield has on its map one name that stands for an exception that proves the rule. The "Pine Meadow" of present-day farm value had been spared from the burning and as first known was covered with the conifers that supplied its name and the settlers with material for their homes.

If it were Nennepownam, Pammook's squaw, who entertained the first white visitors to the land of the Squakheags—a fact of which Captain Gookin was uncertain or at least which he failed to record—she gave them a feast of the order that the spring season made possible. She had drawn from the slender stock remaining of the corn crop of '68 and pounded it into samp, which she had boiled and now served only over-sweetened with the thick and black maple syrup. It was offset by the freshly gathered green and tender leaves of the cowslip. There were nuts which had been under the winter snows and now opened easily into unbroken meats. Earlier in the day she had gone to the mouth of the brook that flowed through Squenatock and fished shad from the great river whose waters were alive with the fish running up-stream. One, perhaps more, she had baked just as they were caught. Her guests recalled the better practice of the coast tribes in dressing their fish—a contrast in culinary art that was characteristic.

The story is told that some members of the eastern tribes paying a visit to inland Indians offered a criticism of the cooking of fish as caught and of eating flesh and entrails together and that for this they were promptly knocked in the head, a native response to criticism of cookery only more violent in expression than civilized resentment ordinarily is.

It is believable that the white guests partook of shad *au naturel* only as freely as was prudent in avoidance of the dusky cook's disturbance of mind. They quite avoided the soup which they detected had angle-worms for its stock, even though concealed in a measure by the thickening with flour made from dried chestnuts; by gesture they indicated they had been sufficiently served. There were also bulbous roots of brakes and flags, spicy enough, but not quite certain of welcome in unaccustomed stomachs.

The hostess of the day was of the Suckquakeges—as nearly as Captain Gookin could render into English spelling the name he first heard that day. Down the river were the Agawams, in the region where Pynchon had struck his settlement more than thirty years before. Next them, around the falls called Pasquamscot, and with domain extending to the hill Wequomp that stood boldly out from the level lands, were the Nonotucks. Along the great river thence northward and with their villages to the westward up the other valley of the river that took their name, were the Pacomptocks. Their great domain had its end at Nallahamcomgon, the meadow that lies below the highlands back of the hill where some day Philip was to have his lookout fort. Possessing the eastern bank, the tribe now found claimed all to the north, and no tribal name has from that day been revealed to dispute the claim. What was to be English frontier was Indian frontier.

Within these ample ranges "were located the detached villages of the river tribes at points which commanded the readiest means of subsistence and safety." The down-river tribes had already sold the best of their lands, reserving in all cases certain planting fields and the right of hunting, fowling and fishing and setting their wigwams on the commons. The white settlers had been welcomed. They had paid for their lands to the satisfaction of the owners. They were neighbors and the relations were neighborly, with trade in terms of advantage to both the parties. Had not the Pynchons within a score of years packed and sent to England thousands of beaver skins, hundreds of other pelts, muskrat, along with fox, coon, marten, mink and wild-cat skins, and even a few hundred moose skins? And were not the deer skins of use in both white and Indian garb? In return, had there not come wealth and new means of dress and adornment? Moreover, was not the presence of these new people, with their fearful weapons, assurance of strength against that enemy which had threatened the very life of these tribal tenants of a precious valley, the region in the west, the always menacing Mohawks?

Here were all the conditions needed for calm co-tenancy of the frontier valley. Time was to prove that they were surface conditions. Two peoples presented in this arena the boldest contrast. The newcomers were of the world's best, cultured, devout, ambitious for homes and good ordering of all their affairs. The neighbors, as they sought to regard them spiritually as well as physically, were barbarians with only the edges of primitivity removed. That they were gathered in villages, the one social fact that set a likeness to the newcomers, was by the chance that they had sore need of keeping in groups for protection against their enemies. They were indolent in all save what exertion would preserve life. They were clothed in the skins of the wood and streams. Their food was uncooked and, to Englishmen, repulsive. They had taken fire into their service—to burn over lands needed for their corn and pumpkins, to save themselves from freezing and to smoke the fish for winter store. They had fashioned tools of stone for no greater woodcraft than the making of canoes and paddles. Only the fantastic imaginings of days far removed has decorated these children of the earth with any of the graces of civilization.

The dwelling together of the brief period when savagery was not rampant in the Connecticut valley was never more than a truce—an unwritten truce conditioned upon the simple gains that the contact gave the native trapper and trader. It lacked even a trace of natural unity. It was fragile to the point of breaking, whenever restraint should fall upon the natives' free ranges or whenever a leader of their own kind should awaken the savagery that was only sleeping.

Efforts to Christianize the Indians had their full trial. The Connecticut valley had no Nonantum, the praying-Indian enterprise of John Eliot and his associate, Daniel Gookin. But its annals bear witness to attempts to bring the natives into some semblance to Christianity. They were too miserable a people to respond. And the period of time was a short one before they were stirred into enmity.

What, indeed, made white settlements in the valley possible was the demoralization of the tribes that held it. Disease had fearfully depleted their villages. The raids of the Mohawk enemy had devastated the entire region. They were a dispirited and a cowed remnant of a people which a half-century earlier would have resisted the white invasion with vigor. The four tribes, scattered as they were from Agawam to beyond Squakheag, numbered no more than 1200. They could muster no more than 300 warriors. These are the estimates before the Mohawks had wrought destruction in their slaughtering visit of 1663. The reduction had gone to such extreme that Temple and Sheldon in their Northfield History conclude that the Squakheag region was utterly abandoned. But the committee from down the valley, whom we shall presently see following the suggestion of the Gookin exploring party that a plantation be established here, at least found claimants with whom to deal.

In this largely depopulated region, as the first white people saw it, there were only the traces of the villages that had been the homes of a numerous tribe. Tracing an earlier geography had no place in the enterprise of the first settlers. They were amply occupied in marking out and defending a new one. That industrious team of antiquarian searchers to whom Northfield must be forever grateful, Temple and Sheldon, drew a pre-historic map of the region on the secure foundation of physical remains of forts and shallow cellars, of skeletons unearthed in numbers, of fragments of utensils and weapons. Little was the aid given them by the records of Pynchon and Stoddard, the last item in whose scant observations was turned to account. There will be none to dispute the locations they were content to accept as proved by their assiduous searchings.

Down where the Connecticut went racing out of this region, and the "French King" stood mid-stream in a rocky grandeur, later subdued by the setback from a twentieth century dam, once stood a populous village. Its wigwams ranged from the north bank of Four-mile brook to the great river. White man never saw it. Its granaries were observable as late as 1789. Its soil yields remains of implements of stone without an item of iron to indicate a contact with civilization.

Across the river, in the domain of the Pacomptocks, was Natanis—along the bluff commanding Bennett's meadow and reaching to King Philip's hill, the commanding knoll treasured in local lore until in 1927 or 1928 its heart was pierced by the steam shovel of road-straighteners. Certain it is that on the high plateau above the meadow was the home of Souanett, the Pacomptock chieftain, lord and owner of the region. We shall meet his daughter, Asogoa, when we accompany the first grantees into this territory.

The two brooks now at the southerly end of Northfield's village marked the lines of Squenatock, divided as it was into two villages, one of which clustered on what in time was to become Beers Plain, the fort sheltering them standing on the high bluff east of the Janes mill-site, between the two brooks.

Coassock—Massemet's domain—ran to a line east and west of Mill brook, and the wigwams clustered about the falls of the picturesque glen, extending down the sharp slope to the first terrace. Opposite Coassock on the bluff just north of Moose Plain brook, a family of high rank was some time seated. To the day when this retracing of primitive villages is written, the corner of this plain yields abundant chips of white stone, brought from some unknown distance for the manufacture of the glistening arrow-points.

Broadest of all the domains within the Squakheag region was Nawelet's land, stretching away from the Great River on both sides, and up to Wanasquatok, the Broad Brook of later annals and now far out of Northfield territory, and beyond the forts of the last white defences, Dummer and Stockwell. Within it was Pauchaug, the name proclaiming it the tribe's playground, and here the last remnants of Indian population held their homes down to a time well within the white man's annals, as late indeed as 1720. Nawelet's people, the traces of their homes and graves proclaim, were numerous and powerful. They were big men in stature, let the skeleton of a six-and-a-half footer prove. They were enterprising, as the subjugation of broad planting fields proves. They were warlike, as the age and strength of their fort establishes. They were traders with the white men, as is evidenced in the utensils unearthed on their territory. Over the plains and along the bluffs of this broad region the antiquarian searchers have had their rich reward and been told, out of the earth and its surface evidences of granaries and workshops in stone, the story of its tribal occupation. Less rewarding but not unfruitful still, the boys of the twentieth century may carry on the search for evidences which their grandfathers found in abundance.

It was the summer of 1669. Out from the East, down from the Merrimac country, over the trail into Pauchaug, came the revengeful braves, fired by the eloquence of their sachems and led by Chickatawbut, principal sachem of the Massachusetts, for the incursion into the Mohawk region which should expiate the raid of 1663 and end the prowess of the western nation. Gookin and his comrades returning from the Squakheag country after their pioneer visit in May had added evidence to the signs of a massing of the tribes for this grand foray. The events of the following weeks lent confirmation. The leaders of the Bay colony besought the sachems to abandon the plan but the savage mind was fired with wrath that could spend itself only in the tour of revenge.

Back from the Mohawk country, repulsed, depleted, dismayed, came the surviving braves at the summer's end. In a single ambuscade, fifty of their number had yielded their scalps and among the slaughtered were the captain of the host, Chickatawbut himself, and the best of the sachems. The prowling march towards a grand revenge had ended in the fuller preparation of the lands of the Squakheags for occupancy by a new race.

CHAPTER III

SETTLEMENT

Up the Valley Went the Prospectors

Now the advance representatives of the white men were to come from the south, up the valley which step by step was being won for civilized settlements. What was the country the General Court had said should be the seat of a new plantation? This was the question that framed in the minds of the men of Northampton and Hadley. Secure in their villages, beginning indeed to feel "straitened for room," they shrewdly reckoned that the distraught owners of the up-valley regions would be ready to part with their lands on favoring terms. They would go "upon discovery."

Leader in the councils for pioneer adventure was the transported Englishman, Joseph Parsons, companion of William Pynchon in the march from the Bay to Agawam, where he witnessed that first deed in the Massachusetts portion of the Connecticut valley, from the chieftains of the Agawam tribe, dated July 15, 1636. First again was he in the planting of the Northampton settlement, where he had lived fifteen years when he proposed that the region beyond Pocumtuck be visited. We shall see him and his comrades on the trail through Hadley, along the river, under the shadow of Wequomp to the Squakheag region, but not as in his other pioneering to make for himself a new home. It was thirty-four years since he had come to the valley and he was nearer the point of retracing his steps to his first abode there. From Northampton he returned in 1679 to Springfield, where he won his lasting title of "Cornet" and died in 1683—or was it 1684?—outstanding pioneer of the new frontier whose struggles and advances and defeats and disasters he had witnessed for near a half-century. His descent may be followed in the region of his two homes and through his son, Joseph, judge, representative from Springfield and later from Northampton, builder of a cornmill in Deerfield in 1695—through him in the numerous Northampton preservers of the name. To Northfield he stands only as the leader in the first possession, never a resident.

Age and youth shared in the going upon discovery up the Valley. Parsons is entitled to be regarded as the patriarch chief of the little company. He was sixty and within the range of his manhood years were memories of Old England, of the voyage to the Puritan new home-land on the Massachusetts bay, of Dorchester, Springfield and the earliest days of Northampton. With William Janes, he could compare the New England with the Old, whence both had come in young manhood and now in the round of sixty years. Somewhat of the rivalry, albeit tempered with kinship, between the Boston settlers and those of Connecticut crept into their talk as they trudged away from Hadley towards a new region, for Janes' lot had been cast with the New Haven colony until he had come to Northampton in 1657.

Against English claims of worth, George Alexander could throw the earnest avowal of Scotch pre-eminence and the resemblance of the crags they passed to the hills of his youth. Very well, as they trod along and soberly speculated upon the hopes and plans of the new country, could Micah Mudge listen to his seniors and let them sense as they might that in him was personified the first fruits of a new nation's planting. He alone of the four was American born and he was hardly turned twenty. He liked the way Scotland was defended in the good-natured encounters of the march or as they sat by the stream that comes down to the Connecticut through the then unexplored hills of a later Montague. He was English enough but there was waiting down in Northampton a Mary Alexander, as Scotch as was her father, with whom he was now exploring—Mary who within the year was to be his wife.

The four men who made up the exploring party to the region, which through their bargaining was to be the domain of the new plantation, had much in common. They were Puritans. They were of that second planting in New England which was impelled by revolt against the bigotry of the church of England—churchmen, in contrast to the dissenters of the Plymouth colony. They shared the impulse to establish a new freedom of worship in a new land. But they had come from widely different communities in the old country and radically different social levels. They had their first homes in four distinct pioneer settlements. And they had come by these four paths to the newest of these towns, Northampton. The one of them who was American born, and still a youth, made use of their brief tarryings by the way to draw out from his seniors all that he could induce them to tell of their earlier days in their native land.

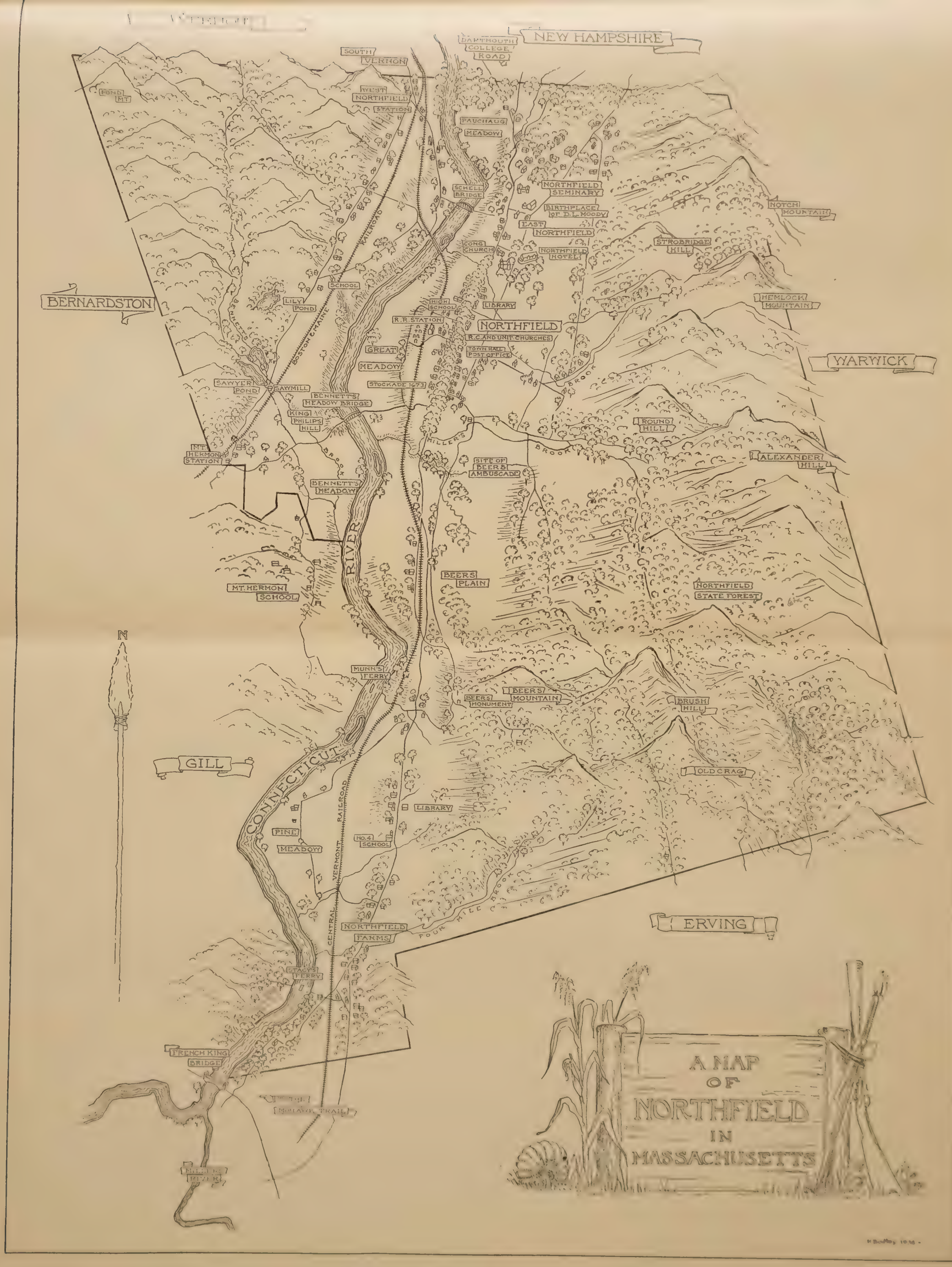
"Tell us, sire," as he respectfully addressed the leader of the group, "of the way you came to this new country."

The answer was brief. Joseph Parsons was not given to personal revealings. "If you must needs know," he responded, "I am sprung from old Devonshire. I was in the company that came from the farms of England and set sail on the fourth day of the month of July in sixteen and thirty-five from Gravesend in the staunch ship *Transport*. Here I had the fortune to join in with William Pynchon, he who was from Springfield in the old Land, to go with him when he was sent to take the lands at Agawam, which by this chance shall henceforth bear the name of the town whence he came. You may see, if you choose, my name as witness to Pynchon his name on the deed he took from the Indians at Agawam. It was there we were joined in the next year by the brethren who came out of Roxburgh, the near town to Boston. Thence came I to the region of Nonotuck, to be thrown by the grace of God into the blessed company of such as these who are my companions on this further search for abiding place of those who shall wish to make new venture."

It was long discourse for this man of few words and much action. Young Micah stored it in his mind and sought at the next favoring moment to draw as much from that wise and serious teacher, Elder Janes.

"Mine has been quite other a path to this land of promise," yielded the Elder, who, if he could have known it, was at this moment on the way to a region where he was to share the direst suffering of an afflicted outpost and where his seed should remain and reproduce through all its succeeding generations. Now he is telling of his past.

"As you know, my home in the new land has been New Haven, that colony which has already supplied the example of a free people, free from control even by the King of England. Yet am I English, well-nigh half my life having been spent in Essex, the place of my birth. It was the ship *Theophilus* that brought our favored company over the great waters to Boston in 1637 and to New Haven in April of the next year. Happy above all the earlier years had vouchsafed


VERMONT
NEW HAMPSHIRE
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE ROAD
SOUTH VERNON
POND MT
WEST NORTHFIELD STATION
PAUCHAUG MEADOW
SCHELL BRIDGE
NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
BIRTHPLACE OF D. L. MOODY
EAST NORTHFIELD
NOTCH MOUNTAIN
RAILROAD
CONG CHURCH
NORTHFIELD HOTEL
STROBRIDGE HILL
SCHOOL
BERNARDSTON
LILY POND
BENNETTS
BOSTON & MAINE
HIGH SCHOOL
LIBRARY
HEMLOCK MOUNTAIN
R.R. STATION
NORTHFIELD
R.C. AND UNIT. CHURCHES
TOWN HALL POST OFFICE
GREAT MEADOW
WARWICK
BROOK
SAWYER POND
SAWMILL
STOCKADE 1673
BENNETT'S MEADOW BRIDGE
KING PHILIPS HILL
ROUND HILL
MILLER'S BROOK
MT. HERMON STATION
SITE OF BEERS AMBUSCADE
ALEXANDER HILL
BENNETT'S MEADOW
BROOK
RIVER
BEERS PLAIN
MT. HERMON SCHOOL
NORTHFIELD STATE FOREST
N
MUNN'S FERRY
BEERS MOUNTAIN
BEERS MONUMENT
BRUSH HILL
GILL
CONNECTICUT
OLD CRAG
RAILROAD
LIBRARY
PINE MEADOW
VERMONT
NO. 4 SCHOOL
CENTRAL
FOUR MILE BROOK
NORTHFIELD FARMS
ERVING
STACY'S FERRY
FRENCH KING BRIDGE
THE MOHAWK TRAIL
MILLERS RIVER
A MAP OF NORTHFIELD IN MASSACHUSETTS
H Bodley 1936

(Drawn for this work by Helen Bodley)

was my sharing with these my companions here in the marking out of our new town, Northampton, in 1656. Is not this enough?"

Omitted from the story was his descent from a Norman general of the time of Henry II, his companionship with the substantial London people who made up the emigrant company to found New Haven, and his own service as the teaching elder of that and the Northampton settlements.

Micah, thrilled anew by companionship with these patriots, now on new pioneering march, sought the first moment to draw out from the big and strong, fair-haired and ruddy man who was the father of that Mary, back in Northampton, some rehearsal of a past the youth knew was full of adventure.

"A Scotchman am I," began this first of American Alexanders.

"How far from being an Irishman?" interrupted the leader, the often jocular son of Devonshire.

"By a watery six leagues," was the quick reply. It was the width of the north channel that parted Ireland from the peninsula that runs out from Ayrshire on Scotland's west coast.

"Better answer would it not be to say by so much as descent from Robert Bruce?" queried Elder Janes.

But Micah was in search of nearer facts and his persistent querying brought out from the Scot that he was of that resolute party that was in revolt against the pretensions of Charles I and that his coming to America was in some part escape from a land where he was in peril of his life. Not there, but safely here, he could admit his friendship with the regicide judges, Whalley and Goffe, of whom he knew more than even here he was free to relate. He had been of the company that under the guidance of Davenport had placed a strong foothold in the Connecticut valley at Windsor.

So it was their tramping stories established the presence here of four as seemingly distinct pioneer settlements as Springfield, Windsor, New Haven and New London, each with its distinguishing reason for being, with their peoples drawn from as distinct settings in the old country but one people here in the bond of search for freedom for their consciences and their faith.

Their trail led them across the rushing stream that tumbles into the Connecticut where it bends sharply to the west, along the bank of the great river with its roaring rapids in the midst of which rose a majestic boulder thenceforth to be a landmark and some day to acquire the regal name of French King, past remains of deserted Indian villages, around the foot of the hill where, if they had known it, the first discoverers had the year before caught their first vision of the Squakheag country, and to the wigwams of the village Squenatock, almost depopulated but still an Indian abode.

Here they tarried for such information as they could gather from the frazzled remnant of a tribe that held the region by the now slender claim of ancient possession. Could their lands be bought? They were not left in doubt. There was a certain note of welcome in the native greeting and an evidence of knowledge of what the paleface traders could offer, for there had been barter and sale with them through their neighbors, the Pacomptocks.

They must see the land. Beyond was the treeless plain, level stretch between the picturesque hills of the valley's eastern bound and the broad meadows. Then the meadows, the lower level of rich soil, of the same river-enriched sort they tilled at Northampton, only less extensive than those on both sides of the river at Hatfield and Hadley. As they went on, another stream, rushing to the Connecticut, and farther on other stretches of bottom land, Pauchaug, as they caught the name, with the story that it had been the playground and feasting place of summers more joyful than this.

No feature of this new promised land escaped the trained eyes of these seasoned viewers of new country. They sensed its completeness of invitation for civilized homes. Its broad expanses lay ready for people with a singular notion of being "straitened for room." Its streams were mill-sites. Its terraced levels, above the river's reach at flood, were spacious homesteads. Its forested hills were ready for the axe of steel. They were virgin abode of untold game. And they were to be had on terms that the only dismayed and crushed tribal owners would readily yield.

The frost was but out of the valley soil another spring and the trails fit for horses' tread, when the four who had made the summer survey and reported its discoveries to their neighbors at Northampton, were again tracing the way to the new region. With them now was Caleb Pumry, another product of Connecticut, out of the Dorchester emigration to Windsor, one of the sons of Eltwed, the émigré, who had but just come to Northampton—sons who in themselves and their offspring were to be leaders in the affairs, civil and church, in the now only prospected settlement. Stalwart, resolute, ready for adventure, he added the young maturity not yet at his thirtieth year. He was leaving at home his young wife, Hepzibah, with their little Samuel and expectation of another in what was to be their production of ten.

From the level of the first terrace above the meadows there rose to the height of a few feet a broad flat rock. It seemed to have claim upon the Indian mind as the place for transactions of consequence. If there were native equivalent for "council rock" this was its name. Here the purchasing committee was led by the tribal owners, claimants to the broad region. Squatting about, clad in their fur-skins, with such adornment of feathers as would indicate their importance were Massemet, proudest landlord of the group, Panoot, Pammook, Wompeley and Nesacoscom. Here too was the one woman whose consent to the impending transaction was essential by reason of her title as the squaw of Pammook, whose name is to be preserved in record as Nenepownam. Her presence is the token of the recognition among the natives of the ownership on the part of certain of the women by her own right or as wife.

Joseph Parsons is the draftsman of the deed. The Great River is the central feature in the description. The names of villages and streams are gathered from the half-hissed, half-grunted utterances of these grantors. The consideration is to be as definite as the word valuable may be—and indefinite enough to give rise years later to a dispute which had to be relieved by further tender from another set of grantees.

The region conveyed is no mean domain. It lies on both sides of the Great River. It reaches away to Coassock, a region now to be found some miles away in the state of Vermont, and is to come down on the west side to where it encounters the Pacomptock claim, Massepetot's land, on which stood King Philip's hill of later name. On the east from the same northerly line, it sweeps south to Quanatock (or Squenatock), the Beers Plain country to be. To both east and west it is to run six miles into the woods. Here is all of the Northfield of the latest day of exact bounds and much more cut away by the arrival of the state lines of New Hampshire and Vermont—save that there is still to be acquired those Pacomptock holdings including the meadow Nallahamcomqon which gets the later name of Bennett's. It was not less than 10,560 acres.

The deed is drawn. Some part of the consideration is passed. The Indians solemnly affix their curious individual marks. Parsons and the rest return to Northampton with their precious transfer of title to a broad sweep of hill and valley.

Back in Northampton, bearing the deed by which the natives relinquished their shadowy, unsubstantial title to well-nigh deserted lands, the negotiators were given welcome. With as much of enthusiasm as was possible to these sober-minded citizens of a town which at fourteen years considered itself settled and even congested, the deed was scanned and the description of the grantees followed with shrewd estimate of the purchase's value. Should they not now set out to take actual possession? And who should go? Who should enter into a share in this alluring little principality?

Easily to the modern imagination of a New England town such as Northfield comes the scene in the primitive Northampton church, where the sturdy founders met for consideration of the project of establishing a new community up-river. The procedure was already familiar and it remains so in the town meeting of the third century later. There was prayer for the divine guidance which was always invoked for themselves and for the General Court, as the petition which was to be drawn up would show. It was offered by Elder Janes, revered teacher in the church, who could never pray more earnestly than when he was moved by the thought of a new pioneering venture, in the first physical steps of which he had shared as one of the explorers. Now for the business of the gathering.

"There is yet another step to be taken in well ordered progress," said Joseph Parsons, after he had made full report of the expedition and had laid the deed with its significant Indian sign-signatures on the pulpit. "The General Court has granted its authority to the placing of a plantation at Squakheag. We have here the deed of conveyance to the lands there lying. Shall we not now present in full exposure of our wish a request that we be authorized to establish ourselves there?"

There was brief questioning if more could be sought of authority than was already in hand. Had not the Connecticut towns proceeded without fuller sanction and was there the least cloud upon the hold they had boldly taken in their respective settlements? Poor reasoning in a company of patriots accustomed to orderly government! There would be no presumption as against the need of support from a General Court under whose "care, government and protection" they must needs acknowledge they were.

To Parsons, aided by the youthful hand of Micah Mudge, was assigned the drafting of a petition that should declare that fealty precisely and pray the governing body to direct the course of fuller possession and government.

The petition should run to the "Right Honbl and Much Honored General Court of Massachusetts." There was no dissent from this respectful mode of address. There should be grateful acknowledgment of the peace in which the region had long rested. The need of expansion should be set out. The way in which, under God's providence, the place they had found had been made ready through its abandonment by the Indians should be strongly stated.

At this point, there was a suggestion that the occupation was not without its perils, and into the document went a parenthetical clause to the effect that the region was indeed "uncouth" and remote and its settlement attended with difficulties. With this reservation inserted, the document ran on to its statement of what was wanted. It was likely to be too ponderous if all the suggestions by members of the meeting, some of them cautious, some explanatory, some too insistent, were to be included. So omissions were covered in a clause, "We are loath to be tedious in multiplying arguments"; and brevity was protected by inserting a declaration that the petitioners desired to be as "compendious" as was necessary to make clear that they were in earnest and had a good case. There was a closing pious declaration of the petitioners' sense of a "bounden duty" to lift up their hearts "to the Lord Jesus the Mighty Counsellor," and that the General Court should be filled with a spirit of "wisdom, courage and fear of the Lord."

The petition carefully and prayerfully completed, the citizens of Northampton, with three from Hadley, one after another came forward, took the quill in hand and subscribed themselves as "humble suppliants"—thirty-three of them. These are familiar names, a roster of the patronymics of the Connecticut valley's advancing line, Lyman (thrice represented), Alexander, Wright, Dickinson, Sheldon, Jeanes (three times), Smead, Pumery, Root (twice), Allen, Stebbins, Montague, Webster, Bascom, Kellogg. Not all of them will reappear in Northfield's annals but they were few whose descendants do not connect with one or another of the upper settlements.

In ten days the General Court had received the petition, considered it in committee and made formal report to the house of deputies. It favored the grant asked for. The petitioners may have the tract. They are at liberty to purchase of the Indians (*ex post facto* consent in the main), and to apportion the lands among those who are ready to settle thereon. Seven miles square was the only definition of bounds for the taking. The general conditions were but two—that twenty families be settled on the place within four years and that they procure "a godly and orthodox minister."

Requirement was made that a mile square be laid out for the General Court or Country use. Here was the familiar provision, to what end is none too clear—whether the colony's perpetual presence as a partner in the venture, the return in future values for its protection and favor, or a holding as reward in later years to those patriots who should have made contribution to the plantation's or the commonwealth's benefit in ways not to be foreseen.

The committee so reporting were John Pynchon, founder of Springfield and presiding genius of the valley's progress in settlement, Henry Bartholomew, and Joshua Hobart. The committee named to manage the business, receiving inhabitants, granting lands and "ordering all the prudentials" consisted of Lieutenant William Clarke, Lieutenant Samuel Smith and Cornet William Allys.

The deputies approved. The magistrates consented not. What now the difficulty? The magistrates gave no hint of their reasoning. Suspicion fixes upon them that they had eye to personal gain. There was omission of the clause which in the Hatfield precedent had recognized the members of the higher legislative body, the senate of that period, by personal grants of land within the new domain. Where now was Gookin, discoverer, first advocate of settlement? Owner of estates in Virginia and Delaware and at Cambridge, was he holding out for new favor? Being so, was his advice to his fellow magistrates in the direction of delay that would bring them recognition of a substantial sort, consistently with their services to the colony?

Northampton's spirit seems not to have quailed before the rebuff of the higher branch of the colony's legislature. The petition was renewed. The magistrates yielded, granted all that was asked, undertook to compensate for the loss of a year's time by shortening the period for actual settlement to eighteen months, and somewhat confirmed the notion, if it existed, that there should be definite reservation for the members of the granting body by requiring that a farm of 300 acres be reserved "for the country." The reserved tract was not to be set aside wherever the settlers might elect but where a committee of the General Court should determine was "fit and convenient." The consent of the magistrates is recorded as of May 15, 1672.

In the charter of Northfield, as the document bearing the deferred approval of the magistrates may be regarded as being, the stipulation was that twenty able and honest persons shall "enroll" with Major Pynchon to settle upon the granted lands. Their qualifications in honesty and ability and whatever other respects might be exacted in the final acceptance were to be determined by the General Court.

Major Pynchon's responsibility by this stipulation sinks to the level of a clerical duty. His list submitted within the required year bears twenty-three names. Here again are the assured names—Alexander, Lyman, Jeanes, Pumery, Dickinson, Bascom and most of the others of lasting significance, with at least one other new to the list, that of Cornelius Merry, the one Irishman of the settlement's beginnings. Missed from the new list are the two Allens and the one Webster, forecasting the absence of these family names in the earliest settlers, even though identified in later generations with the life of the town. The Allens were to figure in the affairs of Deerfield and the daughter town, Greenfield; the Webster who was a petitioner of 1671, but not an "intender" on the Pynchon list, is to be more of Hadley than of Northfield of the succeeding years.

Legislation now proceeded with an approach to swiftness. The Northampton men were in earnest. Pynchon was prompt and active. By October the Springfield major had filed his list and on the eleventh the General Court ratified its action of May 15 and, adding two names to the committee to manage affairs, confirmed the grant. This time, however, there is a closer definition of the territory. It is to be a village "at Squakeke upon Connecticut river above Hadley." The tract of land shall "amount to the content of six miles square."

Was there fear that the settlers would appropriate long stretches of the rich meadows to the neglect of the back lands? It was guarded against by the proviso that the lay-out be not more than eight miles in length by the river sides. Again the reservation of 300 acres "for the use of the Country" appears with the new specification that it shall consist of upland and meadow and shall be near the town. The legislators were alive to real estate values. No remote waste land would answer for "the Country." The Committee—Lieutenant William Clarke, William Holton, Lieutenant Samuel Smith, Cornet William Allys and Isaac Graves.

. . . . .

Autumn had come. The maples of the Connecticut valley were aglow in red and yellow. Their leaves were carpeting the trails along the river. Legislatures might delay; but the pioneer promoters of a new town were not to contribute to delay. The month of the General Court's action had not passed before Lieutenant Clarke, Cornet Allys and Isaac Graves were on the territory and laying out the town. The little brook Natanis was "appointed and ordered" the southerly boundary on the west side of the river. Fittingly so, inasmuch as here they were on the edge of the Pacomptock domain, no part of which had been purchased. Thence they would go along the river to the limit of the river-front they were permitted to take; it brings them to the "little river," which in time would be far beyond Northfield's territory, miles within the state of Vermont. On the easterly side of the Great River, the lower end is the "three little meadows" below the town's plot and again up the river eight miles.

The region had been studied and the sharply rising hills to the west of the Connecticut were seen to have slight promise of value, while to the east were the great meadows, the broad plateau above them and the gentler slopes of the easterly hills. Three-quarters of a mile was all the width of any use to the west, while to the east three and three-quarters was little enough but must be the limit to keep within the "six miles square," which could only mean that the takings should be held within 36 square miles.

Here then was the future township, eight miles on the river, four miles wide, its boundaries were in straight line only at north and south while those at east and west were in curves that would parallel the windings of the big stream. Shrewd plotters were the Clarke committeemen. They had appropriated from nature the utmost of good tillage and home-sites that could be brought within the limits of appropriation their charter had set.

The Committee proceeded to formulate the rules and regulations for settlement. First—All those who have land granted shall be there with their families within the time fixed by the General Court. This could be not later than April 11, 1674. Second—Mere formal occupation should not suffice. Some might "tarry so little as may frustrate the settling of a Plantation." All who take up land shall build upon it and continue there with their families for four years or forfeit their title, exception being only made in case of death or other "inevitable Providence." The "inevitable Providence" of destruction of the homes by Indians and abandonment was provided against, with slight apprehension of such disaster after the years of peaceful occupation in the lower settlements—with no defeat of title under such dispossession. Third—The takers shall bear all charges according to the number of their acres. Fourth—Fences shall be made. Fifth—There shall be home-lot and meadow for the minister. Sixth—No inhabitant shall be received without the approbation of at least three of the committee and a majority of the company.

Upon such command of the situation by the proprietors of the New England town was grounded the refusal to admit the improvident, the prospective pauper and the irreligious, taking its form, as time proceeds, in the cheerful practice of "warning out" for any who might have come mistakenly into the fold.

CHAPTER IV

ARRIVAL

A New Land Occupied as if Made Ready

THE LONG PROCESS of "settling" was already familiar to those who had come to know the depth of possible mud in these alluvial lands. It was to remain so in the years to come before road construction broke away from the dependence on the native material. For the Northampton people who were now in agreement to take possession of the Squakheag domain, there was only to wait through the long winter and the months when the Great River was in flood and the sun and spring rains were making possible the northward march. The waiting time served for study of the committee's plans and the assignment of definite lots to the first settlers.

Following the fashion of all the inland town settlements, the plan marked out a long, wide street. The lay of the land determined where the street should run; it was to be on the plateau whose front was the steep bank rising from the meadows and far enough from this terraced line to give ample room for the spacious homesteads that should line on the street's westerly side. To the east there was no such limit, short of the hills.

Each of the lots was to be twenty rods wide on the street and those on the westerly side were to run back to the brow of the meadow's boundary hill. Here was equality in estate among all the engagers, quite in disregard to their somewhat varying wealth. With each of these was to go an allotment of the meadow land, the mine from which was to be drawn the dividends of the venture. These were not to be so evenly divided. Moreover not all the meadow lands promised equal productiveness. This uncertainty of value must be met and the device proposed was to divide the Great Meadow, with its 385 acres, and Pauchaug, with its 130, into sections—three in the larger and two in the smaller. Each holder was to have a tract in each of these sections. What his holdings should be was determined by the amount of his investment, but whatever the total, the division assured him against inferiority in the productiveness of his land.

When at last the clay and the loam had yielded their frost and the river flood had left the lowlands, the procession moved up the valley, along the trail which was no more than a bridle path. Horses and oxen carried their weight of household belongings and of the clapboards for the new houses. Northampton had a saw-mill; there would be none at Squakheag. Some of the women rode but more of them shared with the men the thirty miles of marching. At the end of the line were the cows, held to their place and pace by the boys with their hickory whipstocks and lashes of deerskin. The final halt was on the open land where in a gentle rise it reached the height thenceforth to be the site of the protecting fort, near to the council rock where the Indians had signed the deed of the second summer before.

It was deserted country now. Providence had made it ready for the new possession. One sturdy oak stood at what was the southern bound of the first cluster of houses and here and there a maple had been spared. For the rest it was treeless. Should the houses be placed on the broad lots allowed each of these pioneers? A caution born of recollection of the fate of Connecticut settlements forbade such separation. About the gentle hill, in a space of thirty by forty rods, was marked the location of each of the closely set little houses. Around them should be built a stockade of stout posts for protection against wild animals and human enemy.

Sound of axe and adze and hammer gave the charm of new enterprise in these spring days. Quickly framed were these houses of the adventurers, stoutly built with hand-hewn timbers, covered with clapboards and roofed with thatch gathered from the virgin fields, where the rank grass grew breast-high. Turned loose upon the plains in ample pasturage, held in common, were the cattle of the little herd.

When the sun dropped behind the hills on the first Saturday night after the little colony had taken possession of the knoll which was the centre of their new village, only the barest shelter had been provided. But the tools that had been kept hot in action were laid aside. Now each family separated itself and the little groups entered upon the solemnity of the Sabbath. The children, such of the numerous flock of them as were too young to share in the pressing work of home-building, had wearied themselves on new and unbounded playgrounds. They sleepily listened to the prayers of their fathers and were stowed away at candle-light with little between them and the stars of a solemnly quiet May night.

The Lord's day found a pious people without the meeting-house which they were to place just outside the stockade, the first timbers already lying there as the testimony of their holy intent. They were not without the minister, good and orthodox, required in their charter. He had selected the place for his first service and early in the first day of worship the procession moved down the slope to where, on another lesser knoll, the big oak tree lent its branches for the roof of the primal church of God.

Here the learned William Janes, schooled in the scripture, practiced in pious teaching, read the Old Testament story of another pilgrimage into a promised land and discoursed more than an hour long on the blessings and the sacred duties of the people who were now in full freedom of their faith. There was a modest meal at midday and then another service under the oak tree. Then came the feast, already traditional as the amplest of the week—venison and samp and dandelion greens, corn-bread and tea. The setting of the sun this day was signal to children who had been held to quiet through that small eternity of a Puritan sabbath to romp and roll and chase through the long twilight.

Time for building had to yield some of its hours for planting. It was community farming this first year—the season was too late to allow for dividing the meadows into privately owned lots. Acres of corn, with pumpkins later to trail between the rows, fields of wheat and other fields of flax, were planted and sown. Richer soil never yielded to wooden plow.

There was a glorious sense of boundless possession, with just one qualification. As the men worked at their first furrows in the great meadow they looked across the river to land still held by the natives. It gave the one obvious bound to their domain, and it vexed.

"It seemeth to me," said Hutchinson to the others as they walked up the meadow bank to their homes on one of the first sun-downs of their occupation, "that the favor of our brother Joseph (he did not need to add 'Parsons' to the designation) should be sought to make purchase of the land of the Pacomptocks, so far as it confronts our grant."

"Is not our burthen of debt full irksome now?" It was the thrift and caution of the Scot in the person of George Alexander that raised the question. "Consider we ha'e not yet full paid for that whereon we stand."

"But it is the clear and visible design of the Good Lord that this region shall be turned from the possession of the heathen and become a part of His servants, and He will scarce bless our timidity in the face of His need. These fruitful fields by our diligence shall recompense in full measure for all we do and all we venture." Thus the reverent but courageous counsel of Elder Janes silenced the doubts as to further venture.

The taking of more land was the chief point of discussion through the summer months. Perhaps it took the plenteousness of the crops with its assurance of ample means to close the argument. It was late summer when the younger men were sent to Northampton to ask Parsons and Clarke to negotiate for the lands on the westerly side of the Connecticut. These master traders responded, raised the money and hunted out the Pacomptock proprietors, if that is the word to be used for the nebulous ownership the Indians had.

"This deed made the 9th 7th 1673 between Joseph Parsons and William Clarke . . . of the one party" so began the second deed to land for the future Northfield. The grantors—first of all a woman. She was the daughter of Souanett, the princely owner of all this region, whose proud wigwam had stood out in full command on the slopes that some day should be the site of one of the white men's famous schools. Asogoa was the name of the daughter, the owner now of the lands Nallahamcomgon, sometimes spoken of with the name Natanis. With her will join Mashepetot, who claimed the upper section, and Kisquando, whose interest was even less defined, and further to make clear the title there shall be the consent of Pampatekemo, she "which is Mashepetot's daughter."

Two hundred fathoms of wampumpek—resolve that consideration into modern dollars and the cost is found of 3,000 acres, facing the Connecticut and rising from meadows up steep banks and away to rolling hills—a "great ledge of hills"—six miles away to the west. There was a southern boundary on a brook which later gets the name of one of these men who inhabit the country across the river, Bennett, and for the northern one to the land, wherever it was, only described here as Massemet's.

The four Indians signed the deed, had their wampumpek put in their hands, and when Timothy Baker and Sarah Clarke, daughter of William, the grantee—introduced to the scene perhaps to show white men also had some regard for woman's right to share in transactions—had signed as witnesses, the matter was closed and done. Could this bargaining and deeding have been carried out on old Souanett's estate, the ride of the buyers up the valley being undertaken by Sarah with her father as well as by Timothy Baker, simply to be witnesses? Did our Princess Asagoa and her sachem friend and the other grantors deign to go down the valley to Northampton? Quite likely the latter, for there was a familiar trail, worn by the native traders in furs and skins, to Northampton. The deed in time reached Squakheag, with its assignment by Clarke to the inhabitants there under date of June 15, 1675. And the confidence of Elder Janes that the lands would yield their own purchase price was justified within two years.

CHAPTER V

INSECURITY

Peaceful Possession Disturbed by Threats of Attack

Summer and winter. Again summer and winter. Once again summer—great fields of corn and wheat and flax, holding out promise of added wealth to the fortune of New England's outpost. Undisturbed possession through the two years now well on the way to the third. No molestation by Indians. In Pacomptock country, across the river, wigwams renewed summer by summer, corn planted by the natives with the settlers' unspoken but ungrudged consent. Some trafficking in pelts, vastly profitable to the white buyers, a trinket for a beaver skin—a kettle for a man's burden of muskrat and marten and weasel—a gun or two for an uncounted pile of dressed deerskins. Debts discharged. Houses, stouter and better than at first, venturing farther from the stockade. Children born, new intermarriages of already interwoven families, health and contentment, unity in faith and worldly effort. Above and over all, peace. And a deepening sense of permanence and security.

Why then, this marching into the village, under the hot sun of an August day, of twenty armed men from Hadley, down the river? The news they brought was ample reason. Brookfield had been attacked by the Indians in the war that Philip had transferred from the Plymouth towns into Massachusetts territory. Its people had been slaughtered, all save a few who had been rescued after days of torment from fear in their stockade, surrounded by howling savages and again and again saved from burning by their efforts and finally by a providential shower of rain. The Nipmucks, trusted allies of the English, as far as trust could be placed upon any of the Indians after the repeated treacheries of Philip and his followers, had joined the enemy. The Connecticut valley was clearly marked for the next theatre of war for white extermination. Already prowling Indians had given the lower settlements cause for alarm. Not one of the villages must be left unwarned or unguarded.

Twenty soldiers added to the population of this little outpost, most exposed of all, farthest removed from other settlements, set in the midst of the forest, brought the burden of support but brought also the comfort of protection. Their arms added to the practiced flintlocks of the settlers, with the shelter of the stout stockade, could meet attack and protect the people. There would be no deserting these homes so long as they could hold their ground. Major Pynchon had sent the armed company under command of Lieutenant Samuel Wright. Thus came to him the first military service which in years to follow would be borne with valor by those of his name and race. His blood was to be the first to redden the soil of Northfield.

Alarm, mingled with confidence, courage, resolution, and prayer marked the August days. Not yet had the sign appeared of Indian design upon this far-away village. There had been unbroken peace these three summers. There were no known enemies in the few Indians who were the somewhat vagrant neighbors. Not so confident were the men of the lower and larger towns. Pynchon was sending his scouting troops here and there about the valley, some of them as far as Deerfield. The peace was unbroken—but had not Philip and his band moved to the west from Brookfield? And where but in the forests along the great river could they be lurking?

The silence of the great stretches of primal country about Squakheag was unbroken save by the lowing of the cattle and the soft bleating of the sheep. Then, one day, the bleating was not heard; the flock had vanished, somehow captured and driven away. No question now of the unfriendly presence—and the loss of the sheep should be reported down the valley to add an item to the accumulating signs of impending trouble. Joseph Dickinson, one of the younger men among them, was chosen by the villagers to carry the message to Hadley. He left his wife and his five children, the youngest among the first born of the settlement, on the morning of August 19, 1675, and before the day's end was in consultation with Hadley's people, pleading that the Squakheag post be strengthened or that its exposed people be brought away. He was not again to see his Phoebe and their little family.

Days passed with no message from Dickinson. Down the river, the settlements were seething with excitement. From Hadley, the news of the sheep raid at Squakheag was relayed to Major Pynchon at Springfield and thence to the Connecticut council under date of August 22 as an added item in the appeal of the commander for greater aid. The scouting parties had discovered only empty wigwams, which they burned. Captain Watts, at Pocumtuck with a squad like that of Wright at Squakheag, was asking to be called off but Pynchon distrusted the calm and suspected that the enemy was gathered at Paquayag, "between Hadley and Squakheag, about ten miles from the Great River." He would have Watts stay and the protection of the two northern-most settlements strengthened.

At Hadley, Dickinson witnessed the massing of the English troops under Captains Watts, Lothrop and Beers. Here he sat in the council of war which took note of the gathering at their fort below Hatfield, across the river, of the Nonotucks—no longer to be trusted as friends since they had given eleven triumphant shouts the morning after Brookfield's battle, one each for the eleven white men killed. They were close relatives to the Quabaugs—against whom they would not fight as against their mothers, brothers and cousins. The years of peaceful co-dwelling in the Northampton country were now to be broken. The poison of Philip's savagery had been injected into Nonotuck blood.

The Nonotucks moved first, were out of their fort before the Hadley troops arrived. The one wise counsellor among them, a sachem of unknown name, who had pleaded that they stay in peace, had met his reward by death at their hands. Close in pursuit, the hundred men under Lothrop and Beers, had overtaken the Indians and in the broad level below Wequamps (Sugarloaf) was fought the battle that goes down in history as the "Swamp fight." Then a week of quiet, of concealment and tense uncertainty. But the Nonotucks had gone northward—it could only mean their union with the Pocumtucks—and let Deerfield beware. The blow fell there on September 1, and only the rush into the fort saved the lives of the villagers while their homes outside the stockade went up in flames.

The tide of exterminating warfare was moving up the valley. It must next reach the farthest outpost but it would give no warning of its approach. The gunfire of the Swamp and at Deerfield did not reverberate so far.

The wheat was yellow in the Squakheag meadows and the flax was at the point when it must be gathered. What occasion was there to wait? Dickinson's long absence could only mean, as the Squakheag dwellers reasoned, that there was no need of speeding relief. What occasion for varying from the regular work? None but the recollection of the stolen sheep; but that a mere marauding of hungry and improvident natives.

Giving prayers for the safety of their homes, the men went out on the early September morning—it was Thursday the 2nd—to harvest the grain in Great Meadow. With them went the soldiers, under arms, but quite as much ready to share in the labor as in defence. Others of the men found their day's task in the home lots, for these too were in full yield. The children played on the slopes of the fort hill—not to wander far away, their mothers warned, they not easy in their recollection of the stealthy capture of the sheep the fortnight before.

Then the shriek of the Indian yell, the rush from every quarter of the fleet savage warriors. Gunfire in swift return, splitting the air in the meadows and close about the fort—but at an enemy that hid behind tree and bush and under the shelter of council rock. All the exposure on the side of the surprised wheat-harvesters and the households.

Quick as the flash of the guns the rush of mothers to gather their children into the fort, only to be followed by the men from the fields, their climb up the meadow's steep bank covered by the guns of the militiamen. In an hour, there huddled inside the palisade the whole of the settlement's people, there to hear the guns of the Indians trained now upon the cattle in the pastures, and to breathe the smoke from burning wheat-stacks. The calm that now settled over the scene was one of waiting for what new attack or what merciful relief from down the valley hours and days might bring.

They were fewer by nine than in the morning. Of these, three were of their own—Sergeant Wright and two of the Janes boys, sons of the Elder—Ebenezer, 16 years old, and Jonathan, two years younger. The others had proved their valor as defenders, six soldiers, giving their lives that the homesteaders might live—Ebenezer Parsons, son of the first petitioner, Joseph, John Peck of Hadley, Nathaniel Curtis of Northampton, Thomas Scott and Benjamin Durwich, from what homes is now unknown—"probably eastern soldiers" is the nearest identification that Trumbull, the Northampton historian can give them.

What Dickinson had thus far failed to accomplish at Hadley was brought about when the news reached headquarters of the Deerfield attack. Preparations were hastened for an expedition to Squakheag to bring off the exposed settlers. The September morning when that first tragedy was falling upon the outpost, the militia captains were making ready the relief party, drafting the little troop, impressing one Montague to take a supply of bread, taking oxen, horses and carts from private owners and putting all in readiness for marching early Friday morning.

Hadley to Northfield, not an hour's journey as civilization would reckon it, comparable then to a venture from Boston to Buffalo in a later day, a distance to be covered at best between sun and sun, with the rate of speed set by oxen, the motive power with the world's record through centuries for slowness. Nor was there known reason for expedition. It had taken a fortnight of pleading by Dickinson to get the expedition started, his direst evidence being the loss of the sheep. What crime was being wrought there, what terror had befallen, what pendency of utter destruction, all that was happening of tragedy on the morning the Beers party was toiling o'er the trail, none of this was known; had it been, the oxen might have been whipped up to livelier step or left behind and the horses put into speed to reach the beleaguered and distressed hamlet.

Night fell upon the slow-moted relief party with Squakheag unreached. Dickinson, who had been all the long way impatiently urging haste did not avail to tell the captain that the village was not more than four miles farther on—a hopeless four miles in the darkness of this wilderness—and Beers knowing the region quite as well as he. The night's encampment was under the shelter of the trees along Stony brook, the four-mile stream that rushes from the region of Old Crag and reaches the Connecticut at Pine Meadow.

All day the keen, experienced eyes of Beers' men had watched for sign of Indians. Pynchon had warned them that the foe was probably gathered just to the east of the trail they were following. Nowhere had they heard a sound other than those of the forests without human occupation. But other eyes were watching. Every step of the march had been followed. Behind the trees, at night, the calm encampment was measured by scouts whose message was to put into effect the scheme to waylay and utterly destroy the relief party before it should reach its objective.

"Tomorrow at sun-up," said Captain Beers to his company, and to ears that he had no thought he was reaching, "we shall be well on our way over the little distance to Squakheag. We shall pass near the hill where I first saw this region with Captain Gookin six years ago. We will divide our company so that the village will be reached early and made ready for return to Hadley. Few will be needed to guard our horses and oxen and the most of us will march across the plain and to the village. We have passed the region where there was danger and we have no sign that our march was so much as seen by the savages."

The tragic story of the fourth of September, 1675, is the most familiar page in frontier history to every succeeding generation in the neighborhood of its scene. Captain Beers, confident but ever wary, trained by years of command in encounters with Indian foes, led his men afoot across the plain ever since to bear his name, keeping well away from the deeper valley that Saw-mill brook cuts through as it nears the great river, over the beaten trail that crossed the little stream to approach the settlement over the level by the path which later became the South Warwick road—Maple street when roads were to take on definite names. The slower moving carts followed and reached the southerly edge of the plain when the drivers heard musket fire crack the air a mile up the trail.

Captain Beers and his troop were crossing the brook, when from behind the trees and up from the tall grass and brakes there sprang upon him the Indians who had been waiting here in ambush. The shots from their guns were instantly met by the return fire of the surprised white men. They were too long seasoned to be thrown into panic, and foot by foot, man to man, they defended themselves. To slight purpose. Death and capture all but exterminated them.

"Every man for himself!" Such was the one order the captain is said to have given his men. Doubtful it is that he so much as put into words the command that all their training in Indian warfare would instantly form in their minds. Fighting in retreat, sheltering himself behind tree and rock, giving shot for shot, the captain found a momentary shelter in the ravine near the little hill he first knew in the region, there to fall as he stood fighting to the end.

Thirty-eight men left Hadley in the relief party on Friday morning. Thirteen of them stumbled back into the town Saturday night, to tell the story of the darkest day the valley had yet seen or was again to see until, nearly a generation later, Deerfield should be sacked. Sunday morning, a straggler followed and, before the day was passed, another. It was six days after the battle that there wandered into Hadley, a mumbling, starving, hardly clothed man, scarce able to tell that he had been of those who fought with Beers. No more could he tell how many days had passed, nor what day was the battle; but this he knew that he leaped into the leaves that had been blown into a ravine and under the cover had heard the savages going about, searching for such as might not have made their escape, shouting over their victory, busy, as not even he yet knew, in torturing such as they captured and hanging them to trees for agonizing death.

One man, Robert Pepper, first counted among the killed, was yet to tell his story of captivity, far into the winter when Mrs. Rowlandson, prisoner and staying in Philip's camp at Squakheag, was to hear it, of his hiding in the crotch of a great tree, being found by Sagamore Sam and made to lie for two days in the open and then in the sagamore's hut to see if he would but die of his wounds, taken away to Philip's camp, near the Mohawk country, brought back and left on the path to Hadley which he dared not try to follow lest he be shot down, by this choice staying captive to what further experience he could not know—and the world was never to know.

The casualties of the ambuscade and battle of Beers Plain included twenty-one killed. Not all of these were shot down in the engagement. The wounded were saved for ingenious torture. Their bodies hung to the trees, along with the heads of the slain impaled on poles along the trail, were to tell in their silent ghastliness the cruelest part of the story to the next relief party that should pass that way.

Cooped tight in the stockade, the helpless and hopeless families of the settlement awaited an unguessable fate. The morning after the second night, they heard the sudden fusillade to the east of them, not a mile away, then the scattering shots, diminishing in nearness and number. They reasoned rightly that it was battle between savages and the white men coming to their relief. Silence again befell and unbroken waiting, through the Sabbath with its fervid prayers, and then another day with deeper despair, hopelessness that any venture forth could mean else than death and resignation to whatever end Providence might send them to their torture of body and mind.

Monday had not far advanced when the silence was broken by the approaching sound of horses' hoofs. The gate swung open to greet a great troop with Major Treat at its head. It was the fifth day of their seemingly eternal separation from the world. Before a word was spoken as to what had taken place outside, before a single question was asked as to the battle they knew must have occurred, they fell upon their knees in thanks to God for their rescue and release. Then, first of all, was Dickinson here? He had shared the fate of Captain Beers. Were there others of their kin in this slaughter? No, none from Northampton, one only from the valley, William Markham, the younger, of Hadley; the rest, soldiers from the Bay towns.

Outside the fort the men of the settlement sat down for council with Pynchon and his elder officers as to what now should be done as to settlement. Resolute spirits were for holding the ground. The fort had proved its worth as shelter. The meadows and the plains were as much as ever the God-given place for Christian homes. Three years had sanctified its possession. Were they now to quail before perils that were not different from those they had all the while faced? Was the General Court to fail in their defence? Was the kingdom of Jesus Christ and his cause on earth to admit defeat?

Against the outpouring of an unquelled devotion to the cause that had just sent these people into the wilderness, could only be advanced the plea of a saving prudence. It was a season of distress and it would pass; but while it lasted there should be no reckless exposure. The warlike state was the product of an arch-fiend's designs. Philip, renegade from Christian friendship, son of the faithful Massasoit, becoming possessed of the Devil, had taken the valley of the Great River, as his battleground. He had poisoned the minds of the Nonotucks and the Pocumtucks, with no grievance of their own but now arrayed in deadly enmity. Who, indeed, were these who had slaughtered Sergeant Wright and the Janes boys, but the Squakheags—for who but they would have known this country?

There was but one conclusion possible out of such weighing of the chances in an encounter with an aroused and united mass of heathen. It went into action in the loading of such possessions as could well be transported, the devising of ways to mount the less strong of the women and the infants, the putting into marching trim of men and boys and women, and the departure of the entire settlement for the retreat down the valley.

The sun of September 6, 1675, set upon a deserted cluster of houses, of cattle left behind to become beasts of the wilderness, fields of grain ungarnered if not blackened already by fires set by a savage enemy—the end, until a day none could predict, of the outpost of civilization in the Connecticut valley.

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Puritan America's outstretched hand was now withdrawn, bruised and bleeding, from its farthest reach. It grasped for a moment, at its next hold, the Pocumtuck village. Then, because its grasp was plainly insecure, it withdrew to the guarded hamlet of Hadley. The vast region between this post and Canada, into which Squakheag had been the daring intrusion, was abandoned by civilization.

Mingled with their old neighbors in the lower settlements, the surviving people of the outpost learned the relation of the last tragic days at Squakheag to other events which were the evidence of the Indian drive to exterminate the white pioneers. To them was now identified the leader of the onslaught as Metacomo, renamed Philip, son of Massasoit, the chieftain who had given the Pilgrims their welcome at Plymouth. He and his warriors had been driven from Rhode Island in July and were now only too clearly making the valley of the Great River the theatre of their campaign of destruction. Brookfield's burning in mid-summer had given warning of the savage uprising.

At Hadley, now become the military headquarters for the frontier's defence, were Major Treat, with his hundred or more Connecticut troops; Captain Appleton of Ipswich, commanding men from the Bay towns; Captain Thomas Lothrop of Beverly with a choice company, the "Flower of Essex"; Lieutenant Cooper, with Springfield men; Captain Samuel Moseley of Boston; and, with these, a body of friendly Mohegans, under a son of Uncas, their former chief.

The day before the attack on the Squakheag settlement, Deerfield had been attacked and its people driven into the garrison house, there to be besieged while the unsheltered houses and barns were burned. It was again attacked September 12. Promptly a company under Lothrop set out from Northampton for Deerfield's relief and to bring down a quantity of threshed wheat. On the return, having passed a dense forest for a mile and a half and skirted a bushy swamp, the soldiers, in advance of the loaded carts, paused at the side of a brook, laying down their arms and feasting on wild, luscious grapes. Suddenly the fierce war-whoop rang in their ears and a murderous volley burst from the swamp. Overcome by the attack of a thousand red men, only seven or eight escaped the slaughter; of the seventeen Deerfield men in charge of the grain-laden carts, all were killed. The brook ran red with the blood of the "Flower of Essex," whose commander, Lothrop, shared the common fate. It was now that Deerfield was completely abandoned.

The shadow deepened with the advancing autumn. On October 5, Springfield was attacked and burned. Then warning came from a captured squaw that an attack was to be made on Hatfield, Hadley and Northampton, now the farthest settlements of the valley. Successful resistance was made at Hatfield and the astonished Philip changed his plan by breaking up his braves into small bands for continuous pillaging. None of the valley towns escaped their marauding and the scattered murdering of their men. Eastward in February (1676) Lancaster was destroyed, the men of its fifty families killed, its women and children carried off as captives, among them Mrs. Rowlandson, the minister's wife. Then Weymouth, down on the coast, was attacked, and Groton, thirty miles inland from Boston, destroyed.

By March Squakheag had become the rendezvous of Philip's combined tribes, the Pocumtucks, the Wampanoags and new allies, young warriors from the New York tribes and from Canada. Thenceforward it was the capital of the New England aborigines. Presently its chief, already the King Philip of common, fearsome speech, was joined by Canonchet, son of Miantonomoh, "young, able, tall and commanding," with 1200 Narragansett warriors, and to him passed the general command.

Northampton was chosen for the first attack by this massed Indian force and there they learned a new lesson. The assault was made at daybreak of March 14. The palisade gates were passed and the invaders met within them an attack by Treat and Turner, only to find themselves entrapped, such of them as could find the gates fleeing in panic. Hatfield was successfully defended by Moseley, and a second attack on Northampton, the 16th, was completely resisted.

The wooden knoll on the bank of the Great River, where it swept around the great meadow at Squakheag, which had been Philip's outlook, was now deserted by this chief as he moved across the river to join Canonchet's councils, held on the broad flat rock, near the site of the now destroyed palisade of the white people's settlement. Assaulting bands moved out from the Indian camp and fell upon the scattered settlements down the river, as upon Windsor, Simsbury and Longmeadow, all on the same day, March 26. The valley became all but untenable for white men and word was sent out from Boston to abandon all its towns except Springfield and Hadley, into which were to be gathered the remaining people of the lesser places.

Now the tide turned. To Philip at Squakheag came a messenger to tell that Canonchet, who had ventured again into Narragansett country, had been captured and executed. It was fair warning. Philip heeded it and with his own followers moved to the fastnesses of Wachusett, where he established his lessened command.

Passacus, uncle of Canonchet, took command at Squakheag and continued the valley raids. Returning from one on the pastures of Hadley, he encamped in fancied security on the bluff near the great falls, halfway between the abandoned sites of Pocumtuck and Squakheag, only to be surprised by an attack by a troop under Captain Turner, so sudden that his men fled to their canoes, only to be carried over the falls, while others, along with women and children, were put to the sword. Fresh bands from other camps rallied and pursued the fleeing soldiers through the forests and swamps, Captain Turner losing his life in the disordered retreat. This event fixed upon the cataract the name of Turners Falls.

If the valley frontier were to be saved, the Bay Colony authorities realized there must be a massed defence and plans were made to concentrate "the armies" at Hadley. Captain Henchman, one of the four discoverers of Squakheag in 1669, was ordered up from the Bay with 400 horse and foot. Major Talcott was to come from Connecticut with 250 troopers and 400 Mohegans.

The movement was delayed pending negotiations for the redemption of captives. Among the redeemed was Mrs. Rowlandson, who had spent the early days of her captivity in Philip's camp at Squakheag. By mid-June, Hadley was to quarter a garrison of near a thousand men. Before all the troops had arrived, 700 Indian warriors swooped down upon Hadley, met with unexpected resistance and fled in panic. Meanwhile the Mohawks had fallen upon the camp of Passacus, at Squakheag, sacked it completely and left 50 women and children dead in the ruins.

Dislodging the hostile Indians from the valley had become the determined policy of the Bay government. Detachments sent out from Hadley ranged in all directions, rarely encountering the shifting remnants of Philip's braves, destroying the growing corn, gathering in stores of provisions, removing the abandoned forts and wigwams. Captain Swain was in command of the Valley forces. In August, the fields of corn at Squakheag were destroyed by his soldiers, gathered from all garrisons. With this final stroke, the war of Philip in the Valley ended on August 22. The chieftain, driven to bay by the great fighter, Captain Benjamin Church, his ablest braves slain, deserted, betrayed, bereft by the capture of his wife and only son, had fallen and his head been taken to Plymouth on a day appointed for thanksgiving, long to be exposed on the battlement of Plymouth fort. His boy, the last of the Massasoit race, was sold as a slave in Bermuda.

Squakheag, for a fateful year, the capital of the Indian realm, now reverted to wilderness. Presently the picture of its occupation by Philip was to be drawn by Mrs. Rowlandson, who had been held there, on the way to her Canadian captivity. She had been redeemed and the story of her captive days became the possession of the people of the Colony, to be printed, as the first record in printed page of the tragic days, in 1685. On the afternoon of her "seventh remove," she had reached Squakheag, "where the Indians quickly spread themselves over the deserted English fields, gleaning what they could find. Some picked up ears of wheat that were crickled down. Some found ears of Indian corn. Some found ground nuts and others sheaves of wheat that were frozen together in the shock and went to threshing of them out. Myself got two ears of Indian corn, and, whilst I did turn my back, one of them was stolen from me, which much troubled me."

On the second day of her stay, Mrs. Rowlandson was escorted to the river bank, on the way to visit King Philip, at the hill which was his lookout, but as she was about to go into a canoe, a great shout arose and she was forced to step back. Her visit to Philip came later and some miles up the river, at Coassett, where on March 7, she was regally received with an offer of a pipe, which she declined, having given up the smoking of tobacco. She wrote into her faithful record, "I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of Pagans that were on the bank."

The grain Mrs. Rowlandson had seen gleaned in March, 1676, was the frozen remains of the crops of the first settlers. That gathered in by Captain Swain was of the planting of the Indians the next season. There would be no more until the colonists should venture again from the lower settlements into a region of still doubtful security.

CHAPTER VI

SECOND SETTLEMENT

Pioneering Takes Little Note of Peril

SOMEWHAT OF ROMANCE would be missing in a second settlement. The men of 1672 advancing into unknown country, to break virgin soil for civilized homesteads, carrying forward to new bounds the realm of Christendom, guided by pioneer impulse, with prudence subdued, and calculation of advantage offset by pious determination to have and to hold at whatever cost, were heroes as not they nor their sons would ever seem to be again. The same men, for themselves, and their sons through their seasoned guidance, would take reckoning of perils ere they set out to reclaim what had been tragically lost.

Not for a moment had determination to occupy the fair site of the upper valley weakened. It waited. The evil days of the succeeding seasons, the vicious incursions of the red men, the desertion of Deerfield in the same month as that of Squakheag, the raid which had driven even the Northampton families into closer quarters, the slaughter that had given the Falls fight a sequel full of warning against offensive movements, had wrought instruction in caution. Philip, known instigator of the savage plan of white extermination, had died. Scouting up the valley, a never-ending enterprise, had revealed diminishing numbers of the enemy. Some negotiations toward peace had disclosed a lessened if not an abandoned enmity. And there was the constant lure of the rich lands which for three seasons had responded bountifully to their husbandry.

It was inevitable that the discussions as to re-settlement should sound more like the proceedings of a real estate exchange than the outpourings of a prayer-meeting. Collectively, the title-holders displayed caution; individually they would meet danger with unquailing spirit. Some of them, older now and instructed in the serious business of pioneering, were conservative; but among them were valiant sons whose names should yet be immortalized in frontier annals.

Not in the meeting-house, as in the days when the project of forming a settlement at Squakheag was a community undertaking, but at one or another of their houses, the grantees gathered to talk over the return to their abandoned lands. Now it was at William Holton's new house on Meeting House hill, which had replaced the one burned by the Indians in their raid of March 14, 1676—the only house to be destroyed within the palisades. Its destruction had been a gain rather than loss to the community—and to the whole valley—for the Indians learned such a lesson in loss of life that they henceforth respected palisades as traps to be avoided.

Or gathered at the house of William Clarke, still newer, on the ground that far in the future was to be occupied by the main building of Smith College. Here they would recount the still recent sensation furnished by the negro, named Jack, when he locked the Clarke family in the house and set it afire, an act for which he paid the penalty of being "hanged by the neck till he be dead and then taken down and burnt to ashes in the fire with Maria, the negro." In Maria's case, she having set fire to two houses, the preliminary of hanging was omitted, burning at the stake being more appropriate.

Whether at Holton's or Clarke's the Squakheag land-owners were in the presence of a great man of the town. Both were seasoned councillors, to whom the people had turned in every problem of church or town and of war or peace. Holton was now 71 and Clarke 73 years old. Both of them were ready to serve as best they could on the committee for the second settlement as they had on the first.

Late in the winter of 1682 a petition to the General Court was drawn up, asking that a committee be authorized to order and regulate the affairs of the plantation. It was less reverential in its phrasing than the one of a decade earlier but it did not fail to ask the blessing of God and divine direction in the legislature's proceedings, a formality that in time would come to be omitted in legislative petitions. It made note of the deaths of William Allys and Isaac Graves of the first committee and asked that their places be filled. Allys, who died in 1678, had long been cornet of the Northampton trained band and Sergeant Graves, who was of Hatfield, had been a member of the council of war appointed by Pynchon in the troubled days of that year.

The General Court at its session of May 24, 1682, made its order upon the petition and gave a new spelling to the troublesome name of the plantation—Squaheag. It named as new members of the committee: Ensign John Lyman, Sergeant John King and Sergeant Preserved Clap. They with William Clarke, William Holton and Lieutenant Samuel Smith, surviving members, made up the committee which should take upon itself a restored government of the revived village.

Ensign Lyman was the first American-born son of Richard, who came from England in 1631, bringing with him in his family group the son, Richard, who was the progenitor of the Northfield Lymans in one line as this John was of another which ended in the town with William Swan Lyman. When John was thirteen he had gone with his father and brothers in "the great removal" with Hooker to Hartford. Sergeant King was English born (1629), was at Hartford in 1645 and Northampton in 1654. He was now Northampton's representative in the General Court as he was to be until 1689, a period of ten years. He had married a daughter of William Holton but his name was not to be perpetuated in the town where he was an original grantee. (Temple and Sheldon include a Samuel King as one of the grantees of 1682 but as this son of John was but seventeen years old at the time and the name does not appear among the settlers this may be one of the rare errors of these exact antiquaries.) Lieutenant Clap was younger than his associates, born in 1643. He was a man of affairs, the trusted bearer of the rich shipments of furs which Joseph Hawley periodically sent down to Pynchon at Springfield. His house, outside the Northampton palisades, had also been burned in the Indian onslaught of 1676. His little girls, Sarah and Waite, were among those first girls of the town to go to school, pupils of the already famous Joseph Hawley.

The worth of these new men, established in their leading share in Northampton's life, was further attested by all three of them having been in the Falls' fight, the major historic event of the period between Northfield's first two settlements.

There was yet another member of the committee, as he had been of the earlier one, Lieutenant Samuel Smith. He was the son of the

Rev. Henry Smith of Wethersfield whose leadership in a controversy there was so effective that it led to a numerous emigration to Hadley, even though it occurred after his death. Lieutenant Samuel had been for several years in Northampton but was now of Hadley and later of Hatfield. The youngest of his children was born in August, 1677, in the midst of all the alarm and excitement of the war, when almost any child born in the Connecticut valley could appropriately have been given the name which was henceforth to be repeated along the generations of the Smith family—Preserved. Lifting the veil on the future, the descent from Lieutenant Smith is found to have included the Oliver Smith, whose benefactions were made permanent in the form of the Smith charities, and his sister, whose name stands as that of the great college for women; likewise, Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke, through marriage into the Miles Standish family, another distinguished list; and, at Northfield, the Mattoons (Isaac of the nineteenth century), the Doolittles (including the Mrs. Lydia Everett, whose home next to the First Parish church was later that of Ira D. Sankey), the Alexanders (through the mother of Major Elisha Alexander), the Strattons (and thus of the Lord and Webster families).

Caution and deliberation were to be expected of a committee made up so largely of men who had been immersed in the conflicts with the savages of the valley and who could give full appraisal to the perils of exposed plantations; the farthest advanced one had been Squakheag, as it would again be if it were re-established. They deliberated a full year, not idly but cautiously. As they met from time to time at the homes of the Northampton members, they canvassed the list of the original grantees, made note of the removal of some of them and uncovered the dubious state of mind of others who had become fixed in the safer shelter of populous and progressing towns such as this one and others farther down the valley. But they found no disposition to relax title to the abandoned lands of the northern-most plantation.

The committee's mind-searchings of the holders of the titles by virtue of the first settlement and their weighing of conditions which must put to test their readiness to revive them in actual occupation came to a definite point in the spring of 1683. They reached these momentous conclusions—

1. That there shall be forty families settled on the tract; and that the home of each shall be twenty rods wide.

2. That Pauchaug meadow and the upper division of Great Meadow shall be "thrown up," so that future settlements shall be encouraged.

3. That every person who has sixty acres of interval land shall settle two persons upon it.

4. That these owners must be there by the 10th of May 1686, or forfeit their lands.

5. That if any fail to settle two families upon the 60 acres they shall have the remainder of their land at the further end of the plantations.

The outcome of such an arrangement was clearly foreseen to be a compact town, without unoccupied homestead lots alternating with the actual homes, but not with narrow bounds. The map they drew was of a settlement of hardly less than magnificent distances. There would be a main street ten rods in width, with each estate having a frontage of twenty rods, and reservations for common use or for the public occupation as the community's needs should develop. Given great expanse of territory and no present occupancy, the committee plotted a town as none of the earlier towns had been developed, with their adjustment to the possession of lots by the chance of personal occupation.

An antiquarian interest attaches to the list of thirty-five allotments made by the committee but it has a fragile relationship to the actual settlement. Names abound therein which never found their owners transplanted to the ground nor reappear in the later life of the then problematic community. Deeply discouraging was the response and it was quite another year before a plan on paper was transferred to lines on the soil. Three men had been given the task of marking out the highways along which the homesteads were to face. They were Micah Mudge, the youth of the first exploring party and now but thirty-four; John Broughton, also in the early thirties, stepson of William Janes and half brother of Samuel and Benjamin, small boys now and future sharers in the new town's life; Benjamin Wright, now but twenty-three years old but matured beyond his years by the experience of 1675, when he had seen his father killed in the Squakheag debacle.

Whenever in the future, the breadth and the straight lines of Northfield's "street" should be admired, credit would be given to these three young men who with rod and rope and rod-long pole, crude implements of amateur surveyors, ran its lines. They plotted as well a grand intersecting avenue, of the same amplitude, running to "the meadow fence west and so (it runs) into the woods eastward," a design that some time, when landspaces should seem not so limitless, would suffer a contraction in breadth by nearly one-half.

The youthful surveyors had performed their town planning in the first weeks after the heavy soil of the valley, here underlaid by a water-holding hardpan of clay, had yielded its sticky hold on the frost. Their report was delivered under date of May 28. Every man's holdings were exactly defined on their map. There was now no physical reason why they should not take possession. It was late for planting but not forbiddingly so, and there were splendid months ahead for house-building. Given the enthusiasm of the 1672 settlers, the season would not have passed unimproved. The four years within which titles must be secured by occupation would begin to run in November. The urgency was not extreme and the proprietors were quite comfortable in their Northampton and Hadley homes. Moreover, there were lingering doubts as to Indian infestment, although the surveyors had been undisturbed and seemingly unwatched by native eyes.

The summer passed with slight indication, on the ground, of a purpose to occupy. With the autumn, the fires were started on the meadow lands and the plains, after the fashion of the Indians, to free them from sprouting brush and rank growth. The year had counted for next to nothing. Then followed the winter with its succession of meetings of the landlords at one end and another of their houses in Northampton. One day, when the spring was appearing, they were at Ensign Lyman's house, and came out of their fruitless winter-long talk to a conclusion that, since the "bound marks between men's lots were lost since the time they were driven away by the Indians, being about ten years since," the home lots and the meadow lands should be measured again and each man should "have his just due."

This decision, not such a difficult one as to have taken months to reach, was made April 8. It took three weeks to reach another, that the men who found that their meadow lots were too small or too poor in quality to be a fair share should be granted a portion of the upper section of Great Meadow or of Pauchaug "until it be equalized." Then the prospectors made a significant addition to the project by granting John Woodward, William Clarke (the son of the veteran head of the committee of 1672) and Richard Lyman and "any other that shall join with them, liberty to build a saw-mill." The first industrial grant was liberal and reflected the sense of amplitude of space that guided all the proceedings—"a stream, so much land as they need to pond on and to lay logs upon, 20 acres of land near the mill for pasturing or any other youse, . . . and liberty of the Commons for timber what they need to build with."

The settlement project was expanding—in prospect, and to get more room a petition was sent the General Court for extension of the grant two and a half miles to the south, reading "Fower Miles Brooke." It was dated May 23, 1685. The statement in it that there were "neare about forty families preparing to settle there within a little time" was based on such assurances as William Clarke, the wise and experienced leader and the sole signer of the petition, would need for any representation he would make. The petition was granted. Thereby were added valuable home-sites and a wealth of timber but no meadow, that region later to be known as Pine Meadow having been spared the Indian's annual burning over and being heavily timbered as its name suggests.

Another year was getting into its summer season. The meadows invited the plow. The home lots were marked out. The territory had been enlarged to meet all demands. Where were the forty families? The answer was that half of them were still reckoning with the perils of a home so far removed from other settlements and recalling the fate of their kin and neighbors in the earlier venture. The committee members were eloquent in their advice to the other land-owners to go forward but none among them set an example.

Among the older men, William Miller was almost the only one to show an active interest. He had come early to Northampton, was one of the first colony at Squakheag, a resolute pioneer, moreover he had a daughter married to Godfrey Nims and living in Deerfield, much such an exposed place as Squakheag would be. Micah Mudge, first explorer, in the first settlement, surveyor of the new one, was keen for the new venture. There was no doubt in his own mind nor in that of any others who knew him that Benjamin Wright would be among the first; his blood never cooled from the heat of that day his father had been killed. John Alexander would not be outdone by his sister, Mudge's wife.

Cornelius Merry, the Irishman, completed the Northampton group to go to the new town this summer. He had won his way against odds in the older one. He was one of few Irishmen in an English community, and all of them were held in disdain. Among them only three were ever permitted to hold land and they were denied citizenship. Cornelius was the servant of John Lyman, held in cast-iron indenture. He was the first of his race to receive a grant of land, when the town-meeting ordered three acres to be allowed him, "yet not so as to make him Capabelle of acting in any town affairs, no more than he had before it was granted to him"—which was none at all.

Prior to this action, in 1666, the court ordered "Cornelius Merry to be whipt 20 stripes for abusing the authority in this country and the English by seditious speeches." Cornelius was probably the first among Irishmen transported to America to give voice to the undying antipathy towards the English—this was the purport of his "seditious speeches." A portion of the penalty of stripes was remitted, the number of stripes reduced.

Even so it was not Cornelius Merry's first offence. For a misdemeanor he had previously been fined thirty shillings. He paid all but ten shillings of the fine and his master, John Lyman, agreed to pay that sum, with two shillings for costs and the Court ordered the Irishman to serve his master twelve days more after his term of apprenticeship should have expired.

Even at this, Cornelius was less unfortunate in the contumely of English superiors than others of the Irish servants in Northampton. Another of the three to receive a grant of land was David Thro, his grant being "upon the same conditions that Cornelius the Irishman was." After his apprenticeship was completed David went to Springfield, where he also broke through the racial lines by marrying Priscilla, widow of William Hunter, in 1678. But David had the same Hibernian gift of fervid speech as his friend, Cornelius, and in 1665 had been presented to the Northampton court "for contemning the constable's authority, commanding him into the meetinghouse in the time of God's ordinances last Sabbath." David's resistance to church attendance under the constable's command caused him to be ordered to "sit in the stocks during the court's pleasure."

The third land-holding Irishman was Matthew Clesson, who had his three acres "granted to him as the other Irishman haue it granted theme not as a hom lote." He had acquired fifty-nine acres of land lying in twelve different parcels; his dwelling-house was one of those burned in the raid of 1675; and he had taken the oath of allegiance in 1673. Clesson's name was in the first petition to the General Court in behalf of Squakheag and in the list of those granted land in the first settlement.

Cornelius Merry bore his slights with calm. He was as jovial as his name suggested. Indeed Northampton people believed it had been acquired through this trait. He was as good as any of them—and on one occasion, stirred by some particular meanness of his civic superiors had declared, "a dam sight better." He taught them a lesson of racial equality that jarred them deeply by marrying Rachel Ball. He was always ready with his gun for the Indians and bore his share in the Falls' fight. He was in the first Squakheag colony and now he was keen for the second venture.

Others to reach Squakheag in the summer of 1685 were from other towns than Northampton—Samuel Davis, who went up from Deerfield; Benjamin Palmer, from Hadley; and John Clary, Jr., whose father had come from Watertown to Hadley, the son reaching Northfield after residence in Hatfield.

CHAPTER VII

BUILDING

Confidence Broadens Spaces and Plans

Hardly a trace remained of the village of the decade before. The site of the stockade was strewn with charred timbers and for the rest there were but few marks of the destroyed homes. The Indians had made the destruction complete. But these had vivid memories for Wright and Mudge and Merry at least. They and their companions set about building homes, less primitive than the earlier ones. They worked together and before the summer was gone there were scattered houses along the wide stretch of land which was to be the future street. Now they were not building with nearness to a protecting palisade, much less within it. They were appropriating the spacious lots, each for himself, taking first steps towards a symmetrical, expansive town.

John Alexander and Micah Mudge were near neighbors, on the west side of the street, with the intersecting avenue to the meadow between them. Next Mudge, to the south, was Samuel Davis, while one hundred rods down the road Cornelius Merry was building, nearly down to the site of the former stockade. Nearly opposite him was William Miller and on the second lot north Benjamin Wright was settling. John Clary, Jr., was far up the street, on the brow of the slope to the brook which was already in his mind as the site for the saw-mill. Across this little valley and coming down to the brook as it approached the street was Benjamin Palmer.

Not an Indian in sight the summer long. The men kept their muskets close at hand as they worked on one or another of the houses. Early in the season, Cornelius Merry had raised the question,

"What about the haythen? In the ivint of a call from thim, where will we give thim a fittin' reception?"

"This is not for jesting," responded the graver Benjamin Wright. "Everyman of us will depend his own. But, again there is no reason for us not to safeguard our people. Not to shelter our homes by a fort is to expose us to the danger that will be about us till the last redskin is gone."

There was no dissent and every other task was to be laid aside until the stout fort should be built. But where?

"I'm f'r the auld place," said Merry, "it's where they'll be lookin' f'r us. And thin it has the p'int in its favor that it is nearest m' own habitation. The younger of you can run better thin one of my advanced years. I'm for puttin it on that place—whose is it on y'r fine plan of the city?"

Mudge pointed out that the knoll was on Robert Lyman's home lot, easily located as near to where Council rock stood in the middle of the street. Not out of deference to Merry's claim to particular protection but as the natural commanding site, the fort was marked out on the site of the former stockade and there it was built, even while the houses were left far short of completion.

The other community need was the grist mill. Primitive ways of reducing corn to meal had gone out. Clary had been the miller in Hadley and to him fell the planning of the mill on the brook that crossed the street. It was part of his reason for being here that he had been granted twenty acres of land in Great Meadow as a condition of his setting up a like mill here. Henceforth this was to be "Mill Brook."

With such cultivation of the meadow lands as the busy little community could give along with the home-building, the season passed into winter, with a general sense of achievement and of security.

Meanwhile the committee, largely non-resident as it was, carried on its consideration of such difficult matters as the division of the meadow lands. In the possession of the home lots on the street there was a perfect equality. Even the Irishman was on the same footing with the rest. Each had his lot with the uniform twenty rods frontage. The meadows, the real source of wealth, would go in due proportion to the investment of the settler in the costs of the land as it had been or was to be bought, the cost of surveying, the building of the common fence along the brow of the meadow hill and whatever outlay was out of community need.

Special allotments must be made for a minister, for a smith, for the burying ground. There were roads to be laid out in a way to reach each meadow lot, and broad reservations of land to be held in common for pasturage. Moreover, here was the Connecticut river, dividing the town and putting the meadows on the westerly side out of reach unless a ferry should be provided. And again, the ever-vexing question of fences must be settled on a basis of fairness and an equalized burden.

How these issues were met may be followed through the records the committee kept and the succession of its prudential orders, leaving no community need unrecognized and having their greatest difficulty in a just and acceptable adjustment of individual land-holdings. They attest the sound judgment and ingenuity in meeting new situations of the men who had come into a new land with the sound equipment of practical experience in older settlements.

The name the new community had thus far carried had little to commend it. There was no uniformity in its spelling—and no end of difficulty in adjusting the word hissed through Indian teeth to English pronunciation. An order passed by the committee, relative to the conservation of timber, recognized "Squakeage alias Northfield."

The choice of name was, apparently, the first official recognition of a name that followed the familiar fashion of using the word "field" as basic for town names. Prefixes followed some more or less distinct physical feature or local occurrence. Along the valley had been developed Wethersfield and Enfield, Springfield and Hatfield. Pocumtuck had become Deerfield and Woronoke changed to Westfield. What might have been Southfield was euphemized into Suffield. If the base was to be used for the newest town's name the prefix appropriate was "North"—and it was not long to stay an alias.

Half settled, or less, with more absent landlords than residents, there was enough of a body to hold a town-meeting, the first such assemblage, on March 18, 1686. Ensign John Lyman and Benjamin Palmer were chosen supervisors; Micah Mudge, constable; John Clary and John Lyman, fence viewers; Micah Mudge and Benjamin Palmer, measurers of land. Limited as was the roster, there were not men enough for the offices without duplication. That somewhat of the exclusiveness of the parent town followed the limited group of citizens was shown in no office being awarded "Cornelius, the Irishman." He was, however, clothed with authority as a land-holder and when certain Indians, original grantors, appeared and grunted their discontent with the settlement received in the purchase of years before, he was joined with Mudge and John Lyman as the grantees.

. . . . .

"Injuns!" The industrious builders, who went about as a crew to bring nearer completion one after another of their houses, were about their work one morning of early summer when Benjamin Wright dropped his axe and seized his gun. He was not one ever to forget the day when the first settlers were driven inside the stockade, to which his father never returned; his eye was keen to catch the first sight of prowling natives. He had hardly uttered the word of alarm before seven Indians leaped into the presence of the builders. Only two of them had guns and these they held at arm's length over their heads.

"Fren's, Fren's!" they had shouted in answer to the alarm. They were made to put the two muskets beyond their reach and to sit on scattered logs before any attempt was made to discover their errand, evidently a peaceful one. Micah Mudge recognized two of them, Massemet and Pampmohook, as of the group that had signed the deed of land in 1671.

What now was their errand? It was not easy to discover. They were "fren's" and wanted their friendship recognized. Wright asked them where they were when Squakheag was attacked years ago. They had had nothing to do with it. They knew about the sheep-stealing but they had no share in it. Innocence was never more marked on Indian faces, never more persistently asserted. But they had been wronged. They had not been fully paid for the land they sold. They wanted money.

Mudge asked which of them was not paid. Had not Massemet and Pompey—as he called the other—passed handfuls of earth to Joseph Parsons to show that the deed they signed was real delivery of title? They remembered the ceremony but said there was a mortgage. Either they had remembered the word "mortgage" or had captured it since; they were now sure of it. As to the other five, what claim had they? These recruited "owners" were as insistent as the rest; indeed they had been deprived of their lands without any share in the wampum the others received.

The nebulous claim of title to land by Indians who happened at

BEFORE BRIDGES SPANNED "GREAT RIVER"

Courtesy, Mass. Dept. of Public Works

NORTHFIELD-ON-THE-CONNECTICUT
As Framed by the Arch of French King Bridge

the time to be in a discovered region was perfectly illustrated in this episode. The two who had an original even though shadowy claim had made a perfect delivery years before. The others had nothing to show of possession, past or present. As to all of them, the bloody assault on the settlement had wiped out any obligation; to sell land and then to drive out the people to whom they had sold, killing some of them and destroying their property, was a gruesome and complete defeat of any claim. But legal abstractions of this sort could have no effect upon their greedy minds. They wanted money; and after the long and hopeless parley, the little group of settlers could only conclude that money better be given them.

Now it was that the thrifty Cornelius, the Irishman, proved his value. He had money. So had Micah Mudge and John Lyman. Let them advance it and be the grantees in the quit-claim deed these demandants should sign. The instrument was drawn up and signed, some of the quit-claimers being able to write their names and some affixing their fantastic marks. It was noticed that the names signed were different from the names they had given during the parley and a postscript was added to the instrument to make clear that they were the same persons.

The "deed" the seven natives left in the hands of the settlers granted nothing that was not covered in the real one of years before. It was at most a removal of the shadow they had tried to cast upon the title—being aside from that a treaty of peace. It contained a declaration that the "aforementioned Indians were the proper owners of the premises and that this land is free from all bargains, sales, right, title, inheritance or incumbrance whatsoever"—a lying statement as to most of them and of value only so long as another set of claimants did not appear; but it went on to bind the grantors that these grantees and the company they represented, their "heirs, executors, administrators," should "possess and enjoy peaceably and quietly without any molestation from by through or under" the signers or their "heirs, executors, administrators or assigns"—as if these begging natives would ever have any such—and, further, that they would acknowledge this to be their "free act and deed before authority when called thereunto."

Legal talent was not represented in the group of white men who were the direct beneficiaries of the transaction; but some of the stock phrases of such instruments were remembered and their insertion lent impressiveness to the document. When the signers had vanished into the wilds—and the town-builders read again the remarkable product of their combined wits, their pride in it was jarred by Cornelius, the Irishman.

"Our fren's," observed Merry, "have agreed that they and their appurtenances, if that's the name of 'em, will come and acknowledge this pa-aper to be their free act and deed"—and here he stopped to recall the draft on his reserves and remark with an Irish oath that "it wa'nt so free after all."

"As I was saying," he went on, "our fren's will admit it before autority whin called thereunto. And thin they went away and left no addresses."

An undisturbed summer and autumn, during which the scattered houses along the street were finished and the meager crops were harvested, merged into a winter of planning for further development of the town. Meanwhile a second fort had been built, indeed so early in the year as to be mentioned in the peace treaty. It stood on the brow of the slope towards Mill Brook, Cowas, as it had been first known, and commanded the site of Clary's mill.

Eighty-seven's spring came bringing scant signs of further settlement. These landlords had become too firmly footed in the settled towns. The pioneering urge had relaxed. But they held to their titles and seemed likely to do so to near the end of the four-year period. Joseph Parsons, first grantee in Indian purchase, presiding genius of real estate captures in the valley, had never been more than a visitor. William Janes did not return to preach again under the oak, but one of his sons, Samuel, was among the '87 arrivals. William Clarke, although active as head of the committee in charge of affairs, was engrossed in the affairs of Northampton. George Alexander, the Scot, was now an old man and having three times transplanted, was content to remain on his ample Northampton estate. His son, Nathaniel, arrived. Two Lymans, Robert and Richard, remained in their settled homes, but each sent a son John, one of whom, the ensign, was named in the Indian quit-claim deed of 1686; with him came his son Moses. The absentee landlords kept their claims good to the extent of paying taxes and took their chances of sale of the spacious lots on Northfield's street, each with its allotment of meadow land, before the title should be defeated by non-settlement at the end of four years.

With a sense of security, deepened by the absence of Indian threat upon their possessions, the actual settlers, some of whom were already located beyond Mill Brook on "unpurchased" land, opened negotiations with the Sachem, Nawelet, for territory to the north. On the 13th of August, that chieftain, accredited with possession of land on both sides of the Connecticut, went down to Northampton and signed the deed that more than doubled Northfield's expanse. It embraced 72 square miles. Mill Brook was the southerly boundary and this base line continued on the west side of the river. The northerly bound was fixed by the brook Wanascatok, which empties into the Connecticut, six miles away, some time to be well within the territory of the state of Vermont. To east and west, the tract was six miles wide on each side of the river.

The deed to this broad domain ran to William Clarke, Sr., and John King, Sr., both of Northampton, agents for the proprietors of Northfield. With Nawelet, and assuming to be sharers with him in possession, were four other Indians, unknown to history aside from this transaction. The witnesses to the deed included Peter Jethro, an Indian of the Natick tribe, who had profited by John Eliot's teaching and turned his knowledge of English to account by drafting the deeds from the natives; with him, Jonathan Hunt, Preserved Clap, William Clarke, Jr., Joseph Atherton and Isaac Chauncey. The consideration was 45 pounds "in trade goods already in hand paid or secured to satisfaction."

With a domain of such extent and such undeveloped wealth, there was no reasonable doubt that settlers would arrive. At least the present owners must surely come to their lands. Not in all the frontier, if anywhere in the colony, was such agricultural and domestic potentiality. Here was the one town lying on both sides of the Great River, in complete command of stretches of meadow, the whole product of the river's untold years of deposit of tilth through a dozen miles of its windings, and above it the broad plains on either side for secure and healthful homes, with yet a background of noble but accessible hills clothed with heavy virgin forest.

Pioneer spirit was at ebb. The assured comfort of established homes in the lower towns, the manifold ties of kindred, the involve-ment in official and church responsibilities and the memories of the disasters that had befallen exposed settlements contributed towards a resistance to the lure of such a paradise. When the next town-meeting was held in February of the following year it was found necessary to draft formal notice to the land-holders that their absence would work forfeiture of title. The lands and all that had been done upon them, the vote ran, should be forfeited to the use of the town if the owners were not here with their families by the tenth of May next ensuing.

Expectation was high among the settled townsmen and means were not lacking for civic development. The town-meeting of February 29 voted a levy of forty pounds five shillings on the grants of meadow lands for to build a meeting-house and a bridge over Mill Brook, the stream that intersected the main street. John Clary, Jr., was deputed to submit the projects to the committee.

The meeting lengthened the roster of town offices. Nathaniel Alexander was chosen constable. Jacob Root, William Miller, Judah Hutchinson, measurers of land; Isaac Warner, Jacob Root, fence viewers for Great Meadow; Joseph Warriner, Samuel Boltwood, for Pauchaug; Zachery Lawrence, Joseph Root, haywards for both meadows; Moses Lyman, William Miller, highway wardens. Miller could hold two offices, Root three, but Cornelius Merry, useful as he was when Indians must be bribed to keep the peace, was not deemed worthy of even one. He was still Cornelius, the Irishman, in a society that had the full measure of English race consciousness.

CHAPTER VIII

RETARDATION

Colonial Shift Dampens Frontier Spirits

Young Clary had no difficulty in securing the consent of the committee at Northampton to the building of the bridge across the brook near his mill and of a meeting-house. Cornelius, the Irishman, called them the "two breedges." How so? "One," said he, "to the upper end of the town and t'other to Heaven."

The miller messenger improved the chance to talk over affairs at Northfield with the committeemen at Northampton. What was it that kept the land-owners from coming to the town? What had so broken the spirits of men like Deacon William Holton, Sergeant John King and the rest? Clary was told of the troubled state of the whole colony. The charter under which it had been building up a great new people had been annulled and in its place had come a merciless and unholy rule by an arbitrary governor.

Sir Edmund Andros had now been for over a year exercising his unyielding rule. Himself only "a poor Knight of Guernsey," he had been clothed with princely authority. He had landed in Boston from "his majesty's frigate, *King Fisher*," accompanied by a troop of military, and, arrayed in resplendent attire of silver and lace, had proclaimed himself "Captain General and Governor in Chief" of all New England. The General Court had been abolished and in its place there was a council chosen by the governor, made up of renegades, of whom the despised Dudley was one. The holding of town-meetings had been forbidden and burdensome taxes had been imposed upon the people.

When Clary, on his visit to Northampton, asked what all this had to do with a new settlement far away from Boston and undisturbed by its troubles, he was told that the very titles to their homes had been denied. The King's ownership of all the lands had been declared and new apportionments to those who stood in the governor's favor were threatened.

"But does this wicked governor know not," asked the Northfield miller, "that we have deeds from the Indians and the land is ours?"

"He has been shown these," was the reply, "and he has said that deeds from the Indians were no more than a scratch of a bear's paw."

When Clary returned to Northfield and told the story of the distress that had befallen the whole colony, his fellow villagers observed that instead of being good reason for the land-owners not coming on it was an added one why they should wish to get as far away from all this trouble as they could, in a village that could go on with its home-building and farming and trading undisturbed. They had their deeds of land from the native claimants thereof, both the warranty of years ago and the quit-claim for which they had only lately paid in good measure.

Political troubles in Boston seemed far remote from the business in hand and the shifting of the English crown from one tyrant's head to another's was quite a minor matter to getting their crops planted and their houses built. They were not holden to any frump of a governor and would hold town-meetings whenever they chose. They called one for April 11 and to show both their appreciation of the services of the committee which was handling their "prudentials" and their command of their lands voted their honored committee, William Clarke, Sergeant King, Deacon Holton and Ensign Clap five acres of land each, "for all their cost, pains and labor about the settling of the said Northfield," adding that if these patrons would serve a year or two more they would demand no pay from them.

One day mid-summer, while the settlers were busy about their home affairs, there pranced into the village a little company of horsemen whom they saw at a glance not to be of their own, aside from the guide who was recognized as a Hadley man. Clearly the chief of them was an official of distinction. He proved to be the detested Sir Edmund Andros, the captain general and governor in chief, Clary had been told about on his Northampton visit. The red coats of the escort were impressive but one of the settlers, probably Cornelius Merry, later remarked on the good targets they would make for the heathen.

Sir Edmund was in a hurry. While the horses were being baited with the precious grain of the village, he looked at the forts, walked unceremoniously into a house or two, took a view of the meadows, and was off again to Hadley, where he was to hold, the next day, a council of the valley towns to consider the defence of the region against the Indians. The Hadley man had given the information that the governor was on the way back to Boston from a journey to New York, where he had proclaimed himself in command there as well as in the Bay colony and all the rest of "New England" and served notice that Governor Dongan was henceforth out of commission.

There was now a new topic for conversation in the village and for serious discussion. The settlers had been given a demonstration of royal authority. It was impressive but failed to alarm. If this governor was going to raise an army to defend the valley towns he was by so much an improvement on any the colonists had put in office, as Northfield could testify out of its past.

"High honor it is has been paid us," said the Irish philosopher among them. "I'm not sayin' we can take on the style of thim sojers but I'll set up Ben Wright here to be as good as the whole of thim to attind to the haythen. Where, now, are the Injuns to worry us at all?"

One matter of grave concern had not been revealed in the governor's flying visit. It was that the French governor of Canada was already sending small parties of Indians down the New England valleys to kill and to scalp. The strife between France and England, of no concern when on European soil, was a threatening cloud to every exposed settlement when it became warfare to determine which should gain dominion on American soil. Its terrors must enter into the heart of every home in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, should it take form in the hiring of savage marauders.

The peace that had followed the inglorious death of Philip had been reflected through the years now passing in the friendly relations between the neighboring Indians and the settlers. Slaughter at their hands had been replaced by trading, with its yield of great gains to the white people and subduing gratification of primitive taste for trinkery and fiery drink, forbidden though traffic in this latter commodity was. But the forts that even a little town like Northfield had been building were token of the abiding distrust of native friendship.

"Who are ye? Where from?" These the questions put to four or five Indians, strangers to the village, who came running into it on the morning of the 23rd of July.

"Scagcooks, Fren's." One of these words was as good as the other for the Northfield men already knew that these Indians from the region of Albany were good allies of the New York white folks and were trusted to scout in the north woods for enemy natives. They had left their canoes in the great river and come up to the village to warn the settlers that some North Indians had just gone down the stream and that their errand was not a friendly one. The Scagcooks had fallen in with them far up the Connecticut and the two groups had paddled and floated down the river together. The North Indians could not be made to tell why they were coming down or by whom they had been sent.

"Go and kill and scalp." Such were the orders the governor of Canada had given his Indian hirelings. "When you meet Indians who are friendly to the English or can get to the English themselves, kill and scalp. Bring no prisoners to me and for their scalps I shall give you ten beavers for every one of them." This and more the friendly Scagcooks told the Northfield men—there were eleven in the party of North Indians that had now gone down the river.

"Be upon your guard. We know not whether their hearts are good," was the warning message of the Northfield visitors.

"We are not afraid of them," answered the resolute villagers. "We are not concerned in the wars of Canada."

Down the river, the North Indians paid Deerfield a visit, some of them staying over a night at the house of Thomas Wells. Nothing was told of the motive or object of the visitors. They gave no sign of unfriendliness. That Indians should wander, that they should paddle their canoes in mid-summer down the great river, that they should have no object, was not taken as so unusual as to give alarm. Down the river they disappeared.

How innocent and how harmless this visit was came to view three days later when five peaceable Indians were mysteriously murdered at Spectacle Pond, near Springfield. The gentle visitors had struck their blow and could carry back souvenirs to the governor of Canada, good for fifty beaver skins.

The morning after the Spectacle Pond slaughter, the Northfield men saw a party of unfamiliar Indians near the town. Micah Mudge, joined by eleven of his townsmen, went out "to see where they now were." By dusk they found several of them by a fire a mile from the town. As he later told the story, as soon as the Indians were come upon "they immediately stood to their guns."

More forts! By so much did the Northfield people show a concern they would not confess in words. They would stand by, but they would have better shelter from possible attack. The third fort was set on Mudge's home lot, half-way point between the one at Clary's, commanding Mill Brook, and that on the lot below Merry's. Remembering what happened to the meadow workers in the attack of 1675, it was decided to put a small garrison house at the lower end of the street "to secure the passage to and from the Great Meadow."

The men were busy on these fortifications when Colonel Pynchon in person appeared, and with him two others from Springfield and twenty-four men from the towns between. They set about helping on the fort-building, which with such a crew was completed in three days. There was another such visit within the week but the Northfield people had arrived at such sense of security that there seemed no need of tarrying. Pynchon wrote in his diary that things were settled in Northfield.

Settled! Calm and security and other business in hand than worry about Indian visits. The eleven tourists from the North woods, who "stood to their guns" when Mudge came upon them, had not been seen since. Three weeks had passed and if they had intended harm, there would be no such delay.

The morning of the sixteenth of that August brought another answer. It came in gunfire and Indian yells, out of the glen below Clary's fort, and followed the fleeing miller, his family, his neighbors, up the slope. It ended as suddenly as it began—the Indians were gone—but on the banks of Mill Brook lay the dead body of John Clary, the miller, and that of his Sarah, a girl of 15, and those of two women and of two other men—six victims of the French governor's Indian-hired warfare.

Carpentry was turned to a new task. Boards meant for home for the living were shaped into caskets for the slain. The burying-ground, begun on the meadow bank where Benjamin Wright's father fell, in 1676, was not to be reached without too great exposure. The victims of the new massacre were buried just outside the fort. Even this was after Sam Janes, having with him Josias Marshfield, a garrison soldier, had set swiftly out to carry the word to Pynchon at Springfield.

Janes and his escort could truly report to Pynchon that when they left, the savages were "at the upper end of the town." Not that they were lingering there! Pynchon's company of sixteen soldiers, sent the next day after the murders, under command of Lieutenant Thomas Colton, directed "to surprise and take the Indians and pursue them," was back in Springfield by the 23d, with a report of pursuit but not of taking or surprising.

Then followed a succession of arrivals of soldiers and of departures after brief staying. Lieutenant Taylor and twenty-four men came the same week and went away for further scouting. Ebenezer Graves and John Perry arrived August 21st to man the garrison and stayed until September 4th. Sergeant John Bigelow arrived from Hartford before the two men left and stayed until October 9th. On September 6th came Thomas Powell, James Mun and Nathaniel Blackleach for garrison service, bringing twenty-five pounds of powder and forty-nine pounds of bullets, and went away after stays of from twenty-two to sixty-nine days, some of the time spent in the unending and fruitless business of scouting. Joseph Marks brought four firelock guns on the 11th and stayed a week.

The peace and quiet of Northfield was lost in the comings and goings of troops and scouts, without added disturbance from the Indians until early November, when the enemy was seen near the town and another runner was sent to Pynchon, who even broke the Sabbath to get off a troop of fifteen, to be recruited up to fifty men from the upper towns. At Northampton he ran into the feud that had sprung out of minds disturbed over Governor Andros's conduct; Pomeroy and others of the Hampshire patriots would take no orders from an officer who had accepted an Andros commission, as Pynchon had done. Forty men of this expedition arrived, ranged the woods for a few days, discovered nothing and retired to their home towns down-river.

Whatever indictment could be brought against Sir Edmund Andros at Boston—and it was a rapidly lengthening one with ample evidence of his tyranny, he could not be charged with indifference to the frontier's protection. He knew the meaning of the Indian outrages. He was sending protests and demands to the Canadian governor and getting no replies or only insolent ones. This was England's war with France and he was at one of its fronts.

It was on orders from Andros, issued within ten days of the murders, that the Hartford troop had been started to Northfield's relief. It was to him the Northfield committee wrote, October 30th, revealing that the settlers there were not likely to stay. It was as a result of his orders out of a council of war held at Hartford in November that a company of sixty, raised in Connecticut, under command of Captain Jonathan Bull, went to Northfield for permanent shelter to the town.

The doom of the Northfield settlement was clearly fixed by the murderous attack of August, 1688. Half the families took it as notice and left the town. The resolute stayers showed no weakening in their determination to have and to hold. They protested the departure and demanded that land-owners become actual land-holders. They instigated a letter, October 30th, to the Governor, pleading for compulsion upon the owners to occupy their lands and confessing that without such aid the town was in peril of complete desertion. The Governor's council, on November 9th, ordered the settlers to return, an order that had its one chance of fulfilment in assurance of ample military protection, which the Governor proceeded to secure.

Naught availed to bring a return to Northfield of those who had left in panic nor a new settlement there of those who owned but had not occupied the lands. The military arrived—and stayed. The soldiers were billeted on the town. They were nearly as many as the population. Every household had added to its burden the maintenance of from three to five garrison men. Military relief was translated into an economic burden as crushing to hopes and more destructive of resolution than the most that savages had done or could do.

In the face of Northfield's distress and perhaps with a pious purpose to better its state by spiritual means, one of the famous family of Puritan preachers, Rev. Warham Mather, was sent in the autumn of 1688, to be a minister there for six months. He expected his pay of fifteen pounds from Andros but was caught to that extent in the calamity that befell the tyrant governor and subsequent records show he waited twelve years for his stipend. Welcome as a spiritual leader should have been and needed if ever distress in a community has a claim to ministration, the Rev. Mr. Mather was just one more person to be sustained through that afflicted winter.

With the spring of 1689 came the culmination of the colony's conflict with Andros. The bloodless revolution of the 18th of April, in which Boston had one of its days of great excitement, reached its climax in the imprisonment of the royal governor. Attention to a suffering outpost, far away from the central scene of the colony's revolt was impossible. Northfield's people had correspondingly little concern in the disturbance, with greater distress and deprivation than ever. It was all the same to them that Andros was out and the aged Simon Bradstreet was recalled to the governorship. Indeed there was a sense that somehow they had lost a friend in the passing from power of a governor who had provided a real defence of their town, albeit they were having their troubles in feeding the small army of defenders.

The manifold woes of the decimated village were poured out in a long letter to the restored General Court, dated June 27, 1689, which the Rev. John Russell of Hadley, who knew something of ecclesiastical troubles as well as of frontier deprivations, was persuaded to write. It was a graphic tale of the woe of "objects of pity and commiseration," whose state was very afflictive. It told of the destruction of the first settlement, the failure of the owners to return to their lands, the murder of the six people the previous summer, the reduction of the population to twelve families, the exhaustion of their estates by the support of garrison soldiers and the crushing burden of fear upon the wives and children. It asked the General Court to do one of two things—compel the return of the owners to their lands, failing in which they should "quit them to others," or to order the remnant now there to "throw up all and leave it wholly to their enemies and their insulting."

Samuel Davis and Micah Mudge, brave souls who had never flinched, were the signers in behalf of all the people that were left at Northfield. Pynchon wrote Governor Bradstreet reiterating the need of action. A committee studied the situation from July to November, an early model of legislative delay, and the General Court passed an order. In every one of these documents there appeared the plea, and in the legislative action the command, for a return of the deserters to their lands.

If the attraction of the location could not induce occupation, by what process could the actual owners be compelled to transplant to such unfavoring conditions? None is known to the codes of civilization. The independence of the settlers who stuck was but nobler kin to the independence of those who fled. It took another long and dreary winter to chill the hearts of Northfield's lingering dozen families to the point of surrender. On the 25th of June the County Court, seated at the parent town, Northampton, ordered the curtain down.

The climax was not heroic. The inhabitants were ordered to bring off their hogs, horses and cattle within the space of six or eight days or they—the pigs, horses and cattle—would be taken for the use of the country. The cows deserted in the first settlement's disaster had the self-reliance to find their own way down to Hadley. It took a court order to accomplish the same salvage in 1690.

CHAPTER IX

THIRD SETTLEMENT

A Quarter Century's Wilderness Reclaimed

IT WAS EVER a new Northfield that engaged the settlers. As all but the slightest traces of the first settlement were visible when the second attempt was made to plant a village, so when the third was undertaken, there were but the stones that had been the foundation of some of the houses to tell of a prior occupation.

Nigh to a quarter century of bloody history had been written in the valley since the second abandonment. Savagery had been the vicious tool of French warfare. It had kept the settlements in constant terror. It had wrought the full measure of barbaric assault upon one after another of the towns. The crowning atrocity had been committed in the Deerfield massacre of 1704. The welter and the terror which gains the dignity in history of being called Queen Anne's war had spread over a dozen fearful years. The pioneer spirit that had been twice beaten back from Northfield had resisted the like abandonment, in whatever stress, of the lower towns. Even in the midst of constant peril and under the terrific blow of that February night in 1704, Deerfield, taking its place as the farthest outpost, had continued to be.

Northfield's contribution to the intervening history of carnage had been in the persons of those who had shared in its earlier faltering existence. A Nathaniel Dickinson, Jr., and a Samuel Dickinson, boys of 13 and 11, had been killed in the Hatfield meadows July 14, 1698. There were Boltwoods and Kelloggs and a daughter of James Bennett in the killed or captured at Deerfield. In the spring after the Deerfield outrage, two sons of Elder Janes, Samuel and Benjamin, and a son, Moses, of Ralph Hutchinson and their wives and children, were caught in the savage assault which wiped out the hamlet at the foot of Mt. Tom. The three men were among the nineteen who were killed, and such of their families as were captured were carried away only to be knocked on the head, scalped, left for dead or to vanish in captivity. Captain John Taylor, of the second Northfield, met his death in pursuit of the murderous hirelings.

Out from the stricken years had risen the figure of the supreme hero of his times—Benjamin Wright. The prayer he had made on the fearful night of September, 1675, a boy of fifteen, when his father failed to come back to the besieged stockade, was being answered in the leadership of the bands that pursued the savages as they fled after each murderous blow. It had its echo in the "Here am I, send me" of the letter he sent to the governor of the colony, September 19, 1709, instant answer to the call for troops for a master attack on Canada.

Expectation of peace and security in the valley had been twice shattered. Northfield's two abandonments had been grimly illustrative of the course of events which had put to naught the hopes and ambitions of the pioneers—the first a sacrifice to Philip's scheme of white extermination, the second the far-flung symptom of the warring rivalry of England and France for possession of the North American continent.

By the end of the century which had just finished, France had thrown a long, broad band around English America. The world has few stories of personal bravery and dauntless intrepidity to rival that of La Salle. From Quebec to the mouth of the Mississippi he had marked for France's own the vast domain of the length of the St. Lawrence, the region of the great lakes and the boundless region drained by the greatest of America's rivers and all its tributaries. Fighter against his rivals in royal favor, cajoler of native chieftains, builder of scattered forts where great cities would some day cluster, endurer of cold and famine and treachery, he had wrought mightily for France before, at 43, he was caught in ambush and killed. He had driven in the outposts of England's advance and reduced her people to geographical inconsequence.

France claimed the Kennebec for her boundary, possessed the eastern coast beyond, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Newfoundland and Labrador, and the whole interior of the continent, and was pressing down upon the settlements along the Hudson. Her craft far outmatched English blundering in the game of Indian alliance. Her priests played a game with savage superstition vastly more effective than the Christianizing efforts of Eliot and Gookin. By 1688 America belonged broadly to France and her dream was of continental empire. But her census showed 11,249 of her people within the broad reaches of her vast possessions, not a tenth of the number of English in New England, not a twentieth of the English in the seaboard colonies. Against this disparity, there was but to play, in all its wicked possibilities, the weapon of Indian raiding and murder.

The Abernakis of the North were the sole hope of her cause. Had not the English sold 350 captured Indians into foreign slavery? How might not resentment be made to rankle in savage breasts? How tender the ministrations of Jesuit priests, how generous the rewards of French governors—ten beavers for an English scalp—how sheltering and kindly the indulgence of her captains. Maine settlements, one after another plundered and destroyed. Schenectady murderously wiped out February 8, 1690. Then the peace of Rysick ending a war that had echoed in Indian yells along the narrow frontiers of New England.

Again the hope of peace in Europe and its reflected calm on American soil. For how long? After La Salle, by years, but serving the same master and the same designs, came Frontenac. New York was to know of him. There were the English allies, the Iroquois tribes of the Mohawk region, an obstacle in the French path, and against them the Canadian Frenchman threw his invading Indians so late as 1696.

A peaceful interlude, it was no more than a moment, between the war in which William and Mary had met the French King and there came another inter-colonial war—Queen Anne's—sending its new destruction and terrors to the New English frontiers and designing to strike at the heart of the colony by the taking of Boston. In return, expeditions by land and sea to drive France from Canada, like the ill-fated one which brought disaster to the fleet from Boston in the ice of the lower St. Lawrence in 1711, and like the projected one for which Benjamin Wright had uttered his, "Here am I," never to be carried out.

Thus had the long years after Northfield's second abandonment been filled and thus had the spirit of New England been crushed and its resources drained. What Philip had done to the struggling frontiersmen of the seventeenth century, French design and Indian alliances had carried into the first ten years of the eighteenth. The war—this second outright struggle between the rival nations for American supremacy as a pawn in European conflicts—had stretched from 1702 to 1713, when, on April 11, there was drawn "the uncertain peace of Utrecht." France now yielded vast regions in North America to England, Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, Acadia, leaving issues which "were never to be adjusted amicably."

To the people in the Connecticut valley who knew the full meaning of European conflict when it involved the possession of American territory and trained upon their homes the hired weapons of savage alliances, the new peace read like a summons to retake their abandoned regions and an assurance that now there would be no threat upon their security. It meant, in the Connecticut valley, the repossession of that farthest and twice yielded outpost, Northfield.

Forty years of history—and now a wilderness! One evening in the late spring of 1714, the men who had led the way to the new possession may be pictured as sitting on Council rock and talking over the situation. Little given as they were to dwelling on the past, there crept into their talk some recollections of the days in the sixteen-eighties when they had shared in the effort to get their fellow land-owners to join them in land possession. There were fainter memories of the brave venture of the seventies and its tragic end. Ben Wright was made to tell of the days and nights when the families were penned up in the stockade, of the waiting for Joseph Dickinson to return from Hadley, of the echoes of the battle out towards the hills from where they now sat, of the mournful leaving and of the gruesome sights along the southward trail. He was next to the oldest of the group, a grim warrior, a man of few words, full of resolution, now at fifty-four the perfect type of the fighting pioneer. He was more concerned at this moment in what was before them and even that of less importance than the days' works directly in hand.

Was there to be another exasperating struggle to get the land-owners to come on? It seemed so. The resolute spirit of the first venture had not shown itself in the second—what was to revive it now? The truth of the matter was that caution had taken possession of the common mind in the valley towns. Why should it not, when incaution had paid costly penalties year upon year, in blow after blow from a detestable, because cowardly enemy? Plainly enough, conservatism, a deadly atmosphere to pioneering, had gained possession of people as the comforts of life had increased. Now, at Northampton and at Hadley or farther away in still more secure settlements, the earlier engagers had comfortable homes, large families, privileges such as a settled community develops, church and school chief among them. They were large owners of land, reduced to orderly fertility. Social and vested interests were weighting the heels of a race that in the generation before had been swift to new ventures.

Then the talk shifted to land titles. The articles of agreement they had signed the month before were designed to clear up all doubts, but there was a lingering question or two about the reality of titles that had been so long neglected. How conclusive were the Indian deeds? Could not the natives re-assert their ownership after over twenty years of non-possession by the grantees? Was not the native repossession, which had been undisturbed all this time, as good a foundation for title as most, if not all, of the Indians had ever had?

The incident was recalled of the visit to the second settlement by claimants whose right to further compensation was as fantastic as the paint on their bodies when war was brewing. Were more quit-claims, as spectacular as that document of 1688, to be extracted from as poorly credentialed demandants as the seven Indians of that episode?

Even assuming that white title was good as against the red, who were the owners, when the first engagers were nearly all gone? Had not the General Court, during the second settlement required actual occupancy as a condition of title, a condition that had been grossly unfulfilled by those who never came when they might have done so, and invalidated by all of the owners when they had withdrawn twenty-five years ago? And some time back, had not an accredited governor of the colony formally swept aside all titles and put the bear's-paw interpretation on Indian deeds?

To the extent that such abstractions found place in the minds of the newcomers, they were swept away by the confidence that there would be no dispute among those who had signed the new compact and it was not conceivable there were anywhere on earth people who would be interested to displace them. The committee named by the General Court, Samuel Partridge, Samuel Potter and Henry Dwight, had been clothed with power to settle finally and for aye any question of title. If new people should show a wish to join there was ample land to grant them on terms the all-powerful committee should fix. As to the Indians, if any of the old ones or any newly recruited ones with them should try again to exact tribute, let them try it!

Among the men thus on the ground there was settled opinion that rights to title acquired in the first and in the second ventures were continuous. They should be and would be respected as first rights in what was now counted upon as permanent. In the same light did the General Court regard the formerly acquired titles and all the doubts that non-possession and the lapse of time might raise were swept aside. Somewhere in the permanent settlements down the river were to be found the original owners or their heirs or, in a few cases, persons to whom title had passed by purchase. No new claims were recognized save as they linked by heritage or purchase to the old or were granted to new and actual settlers by the proprietors and by taking on of new territory within the broad boundaries of the plantation.

The three settlements were linked together by ties of kinship. Sons and grandsons were recorded on the roll of the heads of the new households. As the men who were now marking out the town and laying the foundations for permanence, they faced the fact that there was but slender survival of the brave first engagers. Were there indeed any of them now living?

George Alexander, leader in the first exploration, had died. So had Thomas Bascom. James Bennett was killed in the Falls fight. Joseph Dickinson was the messenger whose plea had brought Beers to the intended relief of the settlement and had fallen with him in the battle of Beers Plain. The list ran on, the list of those who had died—John Hilliard, Ralph Hutchinson, William and Joseph Janes, Robert Lyman and William Miller. It included, too, Cornelius the Irishman, who had gone southward from Northampton and whose descent would henceforth be traced in Connecticut and on Long Island.

Spared out of the first settlement but not to share in the third, although still on earth, stood out the name of Micah Mudge. He had proved and was still proving his penchant for marking out new towns. He had indulged it as an original proprietor of Lebanon, in Connecticut, and was just now more concerned in surveying a new town, Hebron, in the same state, than in coming back to the one where he had shared in the discouragement of the second effort to build. With him in this shifting enterprise was the Mary, daughter of George Alexander, of whom he was mooning as he marched up the valley in 1671. They were at this moment presiding over the hospitality of the tavern in Lebanon. Some time, far in the future, as this story runs, it may be that the line of their descent will be traced to the Northfield to which they did not return, under the names of Phelps and Belcher.

Joseph Parsons, son of Cornet Joseph, the first grantee of Northfield land and never a settler, had been at the first settlement as a boy and at the second as a youth and was still living, but not sharing an intention to return. His brother, Ebenezer, was killed in the Indian onslaught of 1676. Thomas Poat had died in 1694; William Smead in 1703; Thomas Webster in 1686. Samuel Wright's death in the murderous last days of the first settlement had been the starting point of his son's, Benjamin's, devotion to Indian warfare. Judah, brother of Samuel and so the uncle of Captain Benjamin Wright, who might also recall the tragedy of 1676 as a witness, had just now (in 1713) died at the age of 71.

To follow the blood line from settlement to settlement would be to rival the entrancing interest of the "begats" of the Book of Kings. It may be assigned to the genealogies where remote descendants can gather pride out of a resolute pioneer ancestry. What the settlers of the second decade in the eighteenth century recognized was that they were in the main of the same blood as the first patriots of the valley's pioneer period, which had been spared from Indian murder. This flowed through the sonship of the second settlement and now filled the veins of sons and grandsons in the third. It was still the pure English blood and sustaining the same sturdy manhood.

CHAPTER X

PERMANENCE

Blood of First Pioneers Recruited by New

Here was again a paper town, spacious in its homesteads, as the revived plan of the second settlement indicated them, more spacious in the stretches of unoccupied holdings between the eight houses that in the summer of 1714 displayed the enterprise of the few new pioneers. Only two of these appeared on the easterly side of the long street—Captain Benjamin Wright's, of course, for here was a persistent promoter of a real town, and Nathaniel Alexander's, with one vacant ten-rod lot between. Far to the south, where the first stockaded fort had stood, was Zechariah Field; 20 rods to the north, Isaac Warner, Jr. in his father's stead; another gap of 20 rods and then, adoining each other, Thomas Taylor and Hezekiah Stratton; beyond the north meadow road, Joseph Alexander, succeeding his father, John, in the ownership of the corner lot; three lots lay between him and Peter Evens, where John Woodard had owned the first title, now the farthest out in this scattering settlement.

Another waiting year, 1715, followed with but a single new arrival, Ebenezer Mattoon, way beyond Mill Brook, on land of which Joseph Warner was the earlier owner. Mattoon, Stratton, Field were new names to the town spirit of enterprise in the scattered homes.

These promoters of the settlement, for which there was strong hope of permanence, were no chance group. They were united by bonds of inter-relationship, by residence in common in Northampton or Deerfield and by their baptism in the terrors and the sacrifices of the half-century. In the main they were young men. The oldest among them was Nathaniel Alexander, a patriarch at 62, seeming not a year older than the battle-seasoned Ben. Wright, who at 54 was veteran of nearly 40 years of Indian conflict and pursuit. Isaac Warner was 44, Peter Evens 40, Thomas Taylor was 34; Joseph Alexander, 33, Zech. Field, 29; Hezekiah Stratton and Eleazer Mattoon, 25.

Nathaniel and Joseph Alexander were uncle and nephew. Eleazer Mattoon was cousin by virtue of his marriage to a Boltwood. Zech. Field's wife was Mattoon's sister. Warner's mother was a Boltwood, tieing him in kin to Wright and Mattoon; moreover, his brother Samuel had married a sister of Zech. Field's wife. Stratton's sister was the youthful second wife of Benjamin Wright. Joseph Alexander had married Margaret, the daughter of Philip Mattoon and so a sister of Eleazer. Peter Evens' wife, Mercy, daughter of Edwin Allen, was a cousin of the wife of Nathaniel Alexander. Eleazer Mattoon, besides the connections already mentioned, had a sister who was the wife of Isaac Warner, Sr. In such a web, the nine households were but one, cousinship and in-law-ship binding them in cross ties that would some day be the puzzle of genealogical pursuers.

Tied as closely were these newcomers to old soil by the events that had made the history of the valley. Benjamin Wright, from the terror of September, 1675, had been in the front of every battle and the leader in the valley's defensive and offensive. Nathaniel Alexander could tell the story of the Falls' fight. Zech. Field was the son of Samuel, in the Falls' fight and killed by the Indians in 1697. His aunt was killed in the massacre at Deerfield—when, too, the family of his cousin John was broken up, the wife being one of the captives later returned from Canada. Zech. Field, a captain now, had shared in the pursuit of the Indians fleeing from the scene of their murderous assault in Deerfield, and in the Meadow fight. He had just now (in 1711) married Sarah Mattoon, another Deerfield captive, into whose life had come the further tragedy of the killing of Mathew Clesson by the Indians at Deerfield in 1709, whose will had left a bequest to her "who was like to be married to said deceased."

Isaac Warner had been a boy at Northfield in the second settlement and knew its sufferings. Deerfield's destruction had come home to him in the captivity of his brother, Ebenezer, with all his family, later among the redeemed. Thomas Taylor had been wounded in De Rouville's second attack on Deerfield (1709) and under Lieutenant Samuel Williams had been a sergeant in the convoy of French prisoners to Canada. Young Joseph Alexander had made his escape from the captive crowd out of Deerfield on the first night of the march towards Canada. Peter Evens in the late days of King Philip's war had been in the midst of Deerfield's events. Eleazer Mattoon was the son of Philip, soldier under Turner at the Falls fight, and Elizabeth, his wife, had lost her father, Samuel Boltwood, in the Meadow fight after Deerfield's capture.

Absentee ownership persisted. A full year had elapsed. The winter of 1714-15 had merged into spring and the planting season had passed with not a sign that the owners, all of whom had held tight to their titles, were to fill in the wide open spaces of the village alongside the few inter-related new pioneers. The General Court had assumed that when it reaffirmed the titles there would be a response in actual settlement. On that assumption it had placed upon the settlers the maintenance of the town.

With a craftiness greater than their patriotism, surely greater than their pioneerism, the owners settled back in their snug neighborhoods down the river and let Ben Wright and the few others build up around their lots. No taxes were laid upon the absentee owners. They were prospective beneficiaries in the way of unearned increment. They were also gathering the resentment of the few of their kith and kin who were struggling along to make their detached homesteads resemble a town, which it fell far short of being. And this resentment, poured into the ears of the non-resident committee, finally led to a change in the scheme, a radical tax reform. Through Partridge and the others of the committee it reached the General Court, which, on June 15, of that second summer ordered

(1) That the time for settlement be extended three years further.
(2) That the committee "be directed to settle the town in the most regular and defensible manner that may be."
(3) Most importantly of all, that the town taxes be levied upon the owners, resident or not, particularly visiting upon them the maintenance of the meadow fences.

It was the second article that first bore fruit in action. There was no visible threat upon the security of the town; no Indian visitations had been unfriendly; there was peace in the valley; but to look at the scattered houses, nine of them spread over more than a mile's length, was to sense the peril of any attack. To make the town defensible was to compact it within the bounds of a stockade—and this the Committee proceeded to do.

Town planning took a new turn. The broad street was to be narrowed to three rods. It was now to be a central highway, running from a north to a south gate, a distance of but 40 rods, with four highways intersecting and running to highways, only two rods wide, along the sides of the plot and just within the stockade. Within these close bounds were to be 24 lots, all of them less than 5 rods square. Within those bounds were the present settlers to remove and the future comers to find their abode.

Visions of a noble town vanished in this project. It was "defensible" only in the liberal sense of being enemy-proof. And it developed prompt attack from within. The property of four of the settlers was within the bounds; five were outside its limits, and would have to transplant.

When the proposal of the committee for a consolidated and confined settlement reached Northfield, there was precipitated the first violent difference of opinion. Captain Wright, Nathaniel Alexander and Thomas Taylor, the fronts of whose lots, with their house-sites, were within the proposed stockade, were agreeable to the plan. They knew the perils of exposed homes. They were for preparedness.

All the five whose home-lots were outside the plan opposed it. Family ties did not control them. The Alexanders, even, divided—Nathaniel for it, the nephew, Joseph, against it. Isaac Warner, Jr., and Zechariah Field down the street; Peter Evens and Eleazer Mattoon, away to the north; those stood out for their detached homes. To their side came Hezekiah Stratton, who was geographically within bounds, but personally an independent.

In the array, for and against, the resisters were in the majority, six against three. It was closely a division between cautious age and resolute youth. Majority ruled and outrightly enough to make the presiding committee, down at Northampton, abandon the restricted project. The resisters had saved the town to its future expansiveness, against a scheme which was held out to them to be only temporary but which they sensed was a practical abandonment of the project of a spacious town, with its long main street and its ample homesteads.

The absentee committee realized that it was dealing with a resolute even though small group of settlers. The resistance to the stockade plan led them at once to new action. It appointed from among the men on the ground a surveyor of highways, Zechariah Field, and fence viewers, Hezekiah Stratton and Eleazer Mattoon—all of them from among the insisters on the open town, adding Benoni Moore, who had succeeded to Lieutenant John Lyman's rights and was then living at Deerfield but presently to remove to Northfield. The committee went further in recognition of the expansionists and ordered these surveyors and measurers to parcel out Bennett's meadow and Pauchaug, to measure out Great Meadow anew and place boundaries to the individual lots, reporting their action in the form of a plan of the allotments.

Another year (1716) showed results of the new tax policy. The advantages of non-residence had vanished. Benoni Moore, who had been granted a home-lot with its share in the meadows, arrived, and in the course of the season, Remembrance and Daniel Wright, Jonathan Patterson, and two of the Janes family, Deacon Benjamin and Jonathan. The newcomers fitted readily into the inter-related community, themselves tied to the slightly earlier settlers by bonds of blood and marriage. Only one, Jonathan Patterson, was a comparative stranger.

Patterson brought a new romantic association. His father, who had died in the first year of the century, had been a soldier in the loyalist army of Charles I and was one of the soldiers captured by Cromwell at the battle of Worcester. The Great Commoner sent him, with the other captives, to the Massachusetts colony, to be sold. He arrived at Boston on the *John and Sarah* in 1652. He did service in Philip's war and was made a freeman in 1690. His older sons settled in Billerica and Groton but Jonathan, the youngest, born in 1686, learning the tailor's trade, struck out for himself when he became of age and after a few years at Watertown had arrived in Deerfield in 1713. Grant of land had now been given him at Northfield on the usual condition that he should settle there, as he did, bringing with him his wife, a Deerfield Hawks, and their infant son. The town gained a patriot and a maker of clothes.

In the nine households scattered along the street by the end of 1715, childhood was slightly represented, compared with the population of the first settlement. It included 17, but most of them were infants and life was lonesome for the few older boys and girls. Captain Wright had the one big household, with David, 18, the son of his first wife, and William, 13; Mary, 11, and Experience, 9, by his marriage to Mary Baker. To this he had added the young family of his son, Remembrance, who had brought his wife and the grandchild, Lydia, now two years old. Late in the year there had arrived a little Remembrance.

There were three eligible girls in Nathaniel Alexander's family. Abigail had reached the remarkable age of 26 for an unmarried person but was said to be the object of chief interest to Jonathan Smith of Hadley, whose brother, Joseph, had just now (in November) married her sister, Sarah. The others were Ruth, 24, and Thankful, 21. Here too was the one boy, Thomas, 19. The other Alexander family, that of Joseph, Nathaniel's nephew, was highly promising. He and his wife, Margaret Mattoon, had brought four children into the world, and to Northfield—John, who was now 9; Joseph, 6; Philip, 4; and Aaron, not quite 2. Their fifth, Rachel, born October 4, was one of the first native-born additions to the little colony.

Romance and annual childbirth marked the household of Zechariah Field. Here the mother was that Sarah Mattoon (sister of Joseph Alexander's wife) who had been in captivity in Canada, been redeemed, just missed marrying Mathew Clesson by his death in 1709, and at 24 had married Zechariah. Here were the infants, Seth, who was 3; Sarah, 2; and Catherine, another girl of Northfield birth, born February 11, 1715.

There were two young children in the Peter Evens household. He had married Mary Allen, of Deerfield, and here were John, scarcely four, and Peter, born February 11, 1714, just before the removal to the new town.

Beyond these there were only prospects, but ample ones as the fashion went in the productive valley towns. Two of the settlers had married this year, Thomas Taylor to Thankful, the daughter of Eleazer Hawks, at Deerfield, and Eleazer Mattoon to Elizabeth Boltwood, at Hadley. Hezekiah Stratton was the remaining bachelor and there were indications of his interest in another of the Deerfield Hawkses. He had rather elderly parents, living in Concord, whence he had recently come, and there was a notion in the village that he might have a design to bring them to his new house. An older sister had married Jonathan Minot of Boston but there were three brothers and two sisters younger than himself still in Concord.

Tom Alexander and Dan Wright remain in the picture as the natural boy companions. They had to take their full share of the work that fell upon the builders of new houses and the tillers of new soil. There was the plowing with the fearfully heavy wooden plows, behind unhurried oxen, the seeding of corn by the dropping of the prescribed number of kernels in each hill of the long rows, the pulling and spreading to dry of the flax, the sowing of wheat and barley, and in the harvest season, the cutting and "stooking" of the grain. The hay and grain had to be brought up the steep hill from the meadow and stacked in good form in the yards.

There were long slow trips to Hadley and Deerfield, chiefly the former, to cart back the boards and the provisions, there being no successor to John Clary and his household, all slaughtered by Indians back in 1688. The boys had not arrived at the skill required for hewing the timbers but they took their turn at cutting wood in the hills to the east of the settlement and when winter came they had their full share of snaking the logs over the snow with ox-teams.

Winter indeed brought no release from labor even for youth. There was the laborious husking and threshing and winnowing of the grain, the care of the stock, and, when not otherwise employed, the relief of the mothers in the slow process of butter-making in the deep stone churns. The appetite of the big fireplaces for fuel was one of their banes, and sawing and splitting was next to endless. There was well established in their minds that long-abiding rule of New England farm life that "change of work is play."

The nearest to play coming into their lives was hunting and fishing. Even these, along with the trapping, were subservient to the practical needs of the households and profit in trade. When the Connecticut was running full of shad and salmon, there was another kind of harvest. Shad were in such abundance that it was almost a sign of poverty to be found making this fish the principal item in any meal. Getting salmon took on the form of sport and almost of art. There were few good spearing forks in the town and to be granted the use of one was a favor. The spearing places had also to be known. They were the points where rocks jutted from the shore into the river, adding a risk to the enterprise which was the cause for the mothers to caution the boys as to their footholds and for worry all the time they were known to be on the slippery ledges.

The woods were the boys' chief delight. There was game in abundance, large and small; deer were plentiful and smaller animals and game birds, chiefly the partridge, were numerous; but there was need of skill to locate their haunts and for the quick, sure aim to bring them down. The furs of the animals had dropped out of domestic use but they held an important one in the commerce of the valley towns, with only increasing value as they ceased to be brought in by the Indians in abundance and traded for trifles. Northfield had every advantage in its nearness to deep forests, in the number of the streams that came down from the hills, the abode of fur-bearers like the otter and the beaver, and in being the outpost of a region from which the growing human population was driving out the wild life.

On their tours into the hills and woods, Tom and Dan, as the two boys called each other when out of range of parental ears which would only tolerate Thomas and Daniel, would sometimes take along with them the next younger in the town, Dan's brother, William Wright, and they had their troubles in keeping out the nine-year brother of Tom, John Alexander, who had his own notion of age and consequence. Even William, whom they dared to call Bill, was a hindrance to their greater exploits, was not permitted to handle a gun, was too noisy at times when stealth was the need, as when trout fishing and partridge hunting, and had no patience with their man-fashion practice of creeping up upon imaginary Indians.

If play was a forbidden word in the boy vocabulary it was quite unknown to girl life. The daughters shared the toil of their mothers. They carded, spun and wove; they sewed and knit; they set the mash and brewed the beer; they skimmed the cream from the earthen pans and if they did not work the dasher of the churn, they had the salting and rolling of the butter. They married young and to the toil of the households they presently added the duty of childbearing and rearing. That they were not reduced to moroseness was somewhat the fortune of ready, even pious, acceptance of their place, and for the rest, the product of their sound physical health and the capacity for companionship with others of the same sex and place in life at social functions no more exciting than a quilting bee or a husking party, with its added thrill of the presence of boys and young bachelors, surely on their way to early matrimony. How the three Wright girls had escaped marriage was a marvel and even they had a secret notion that Hezekiah Stratton ought to be saved the travel to Deerfield for his courting.

CHAPTER XI

BROAD PLANNING

Social Foundations Laid for All Time

There were traces of the second settlement on the lot where Zechariah Field was to build his house and farther up the street where Micah Mudge's house had stood, and again on the brow of the hill where John Clary and his girl were killed. The stout timbers with which the houses of the earlier settlement had been built had withstood the weather of a quarter century. They were partially decayed and that they were not wholly gone may have been due to the charring from fires set by the Indians.

The nine houses that by the end of 1715 scattered along the street were much alike. They were two stories high and had pitched roofs. Their frames were of heavy hewn timbers, with the sills set close to the ground with a little under-pinning. The covering was of clapboards, the roofs covered with hand-shaved shingles. In the center rose the big stone chimney, broadened out at the base to provide the great fireplace, which furnished the heat for the entire house and with its hooks, pots and kettles the means for the family cooking. The inside finish, both floors and walls, was of pine boards, some of them as much as two feet wide. The furnishings were hardly more varied, high-backed settees which could be moved to face the fire, a few chairs and more stools, a stout table or two and beds with square posts, plain head- and foot-boards and slats nailed to the sides, the frame being held together with wooden pins.

Captain Wright's house had two exceptional features. One was a cellar, under a part of the house, without a wall and without light, entered by a trapdoor. It was wet in the seasons when the ground was full of water but it was cool and had its uses for keeping vegetables and butter. The other was the lean-to, the "lean-ter" as the Captain, for that matter all the settlers, called it. The house stood with its length facing the street and the roof was extended at the rear, with the same slope, to a one-story height, furnishing additional sleeping room for his numerous household. It had the usual few and small windows, with small panes of glass set in frames that either were immovable or hinged to swing open, inward. These were protected by board shutters. The doors were of heavy oak plank. The houses that had stood a year or more had by this time taken on the brown of exposed boards, which would darken to still browner with the years.

Notions varied as to the location of the barn, which each place had. The rule was to have it on the line of the house, with a barnyard between, but two or three owners had varied by placing it at a little distance back of the house, with an open shed, convenient for the house wood, connecting.

There was another difference in plan, in relation to the street line. Some of the houses were set back a short distance but most of them were nearly on the front line of the lot. Plenty as was space, there was outright criticism of the waste of it for a front yard which could serve no useful purpose. The street was wide enough as it was. It was waste space, except that it furnished a road-way, which wandered wherever carts happened to have been driven, and the storage of any of the carts or the plows or accumulating manure piles. There were scattering trees, including the oak, under whose shade Elder Janes had preached the first sermon forty years ago, and some clumps of brush that had sprung up in the neglected years. It was an imposing avenue on the plan, a wide stretch of next to unused land on the face of things.

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Visitation of taxes upon the non-resident owners, which had been counted upon to induce their removal to the town, was proving next to ineffective but it put some activity into sales. The staunch settlers scattered along the street watched these transactions with renewed hope that they would produce actual neighbors.

Could it be expected that Joseph Parsons, son of the Cornet Joseph, to whom the first deed of Northfield land had run, would come again to the scene of those two or three years of his boyhood, where he had been one of the group driven into the fort for torturing hours of uncertainty of their lives, where he had seen his brother slain by the Indians in their attack and which he had left in that woeful company Major Treat had saved? He was a judge now, had been for years the representative in the General Court from both Springfield and Northampton and had accumulated wealth. He was typical of the conversion of pioneer into capitalist, of venturer into conservative. The Northfield estate lost its charm with the recurrence of tax bills. It was sold in this summer of 1716 to another citizen of Northampton, Jonathan Hunt, somewhat younger but yet a man in middle life. The lot was across the street from Captain Benjamin Wright and the new ownership gave him the prospect of a friendly neighbor, about his own age, and with a family of eight children, the oldest boys 22 and 19, and the youngest but four years old. Hunt was a malster and a cooper and a substantial addition to the village.

No more could all the inducements held out by the committee in charge of Northfield's affairs, none of whom set an example of interest sufficient to make them move up from Northampton, have an effect upon the Hutchinsons. They had been at Northfield in the first years, in the person of Ralph, and at the second settlement in the sons, one of whom had been killed with one of his children in the attack on Pascomuck in 1704, while the others had settled down in the comforts of Northampton or sought fortune in Connecticut. Their expansive holdings down near the south meadow road were deeded this summer to Joseph Petty, not so good a prospect as a new citizen. He and his wife had been through captivity following the Deerfield massacre, had been redeemed, and were settled at Coventry. Perhaps he would come later but his present interest seemed to be in land trading and he was known to be negotiating with the Janes heirs for property adjoining that he had just bought.

Cornelius Merry's heirs were still farther away from interest in Northfield, where their father had been made aware, in those distressing second settlement days, of the disadvantage of being simply Cornelius the Irishman. Holding property there in anticipation of increased value through the enterprise of actual settlers had lost its charm and they sold out to Robert Cooper. There could be no enthusiasm over this transfer. Robert had been more or less of a soldier and as the result of a wound received during the Queen Anne war his right arm, with its elbow stiffened, had withered and hung helpless at his side.

There was slight encouragement in such transactions, when the villagers took account of the new owners. Captain Wright had to enlarge to his neighbors upon the blessing that had come in Jonathan Hunt's prospective arrival. To add a romantic interest to the event, he may be heard telling the story of a wedding day back in 1684, late in September, in some such way as this—

" 'Taint directly connected with Leftenant Hunt, who's comin' here, but you know my brother Ebenezer married his daughter, Hannah. That's his second wife. When he had just turned one-and-twenty he was to be married to Jedediah Strong's girl, Elizabeth. Their weddin' was set for September twenty and six. Elizabeth, that's my sister, was betrothed to Thomas Stebbins and she said it would be pleasin' to have their weddin' at the same time as that of Ebenezer and the other Elizabeth. Then my good mother, who had been a widder since that day when the heathen fell upon us and my father was killed on the medder hill, told us she was to marry Nathaniel Dickinson, one of the Hadley tribe, and she would be happy to have her weddin' that same day. Her name was the same as t'other brides. So our minister had to say, 'Elizabeth, will you have this man to be your wedded husband' three times agoin' and not twice to the same woman, either."

CHAPTER XII

A COMMUNITY

Spiritual Fortifications Supplement the Physical

Any measure of the town that was slowly getting foothold on the easterly bank of the Connecticut must include other dimensions than the number of the people that had responded to the efforts to secure settlers. It was a little town, a scant dozen families, less than a hundred people. But it was a town and a self-conscious one. The community was complete in the sense of having a solid unity among its people. It was no longer experimental in their minds. They had no notion that it would again yield its ground. They were not only determined but confident of its permanence. Their vision of a town of size and importance was clear.

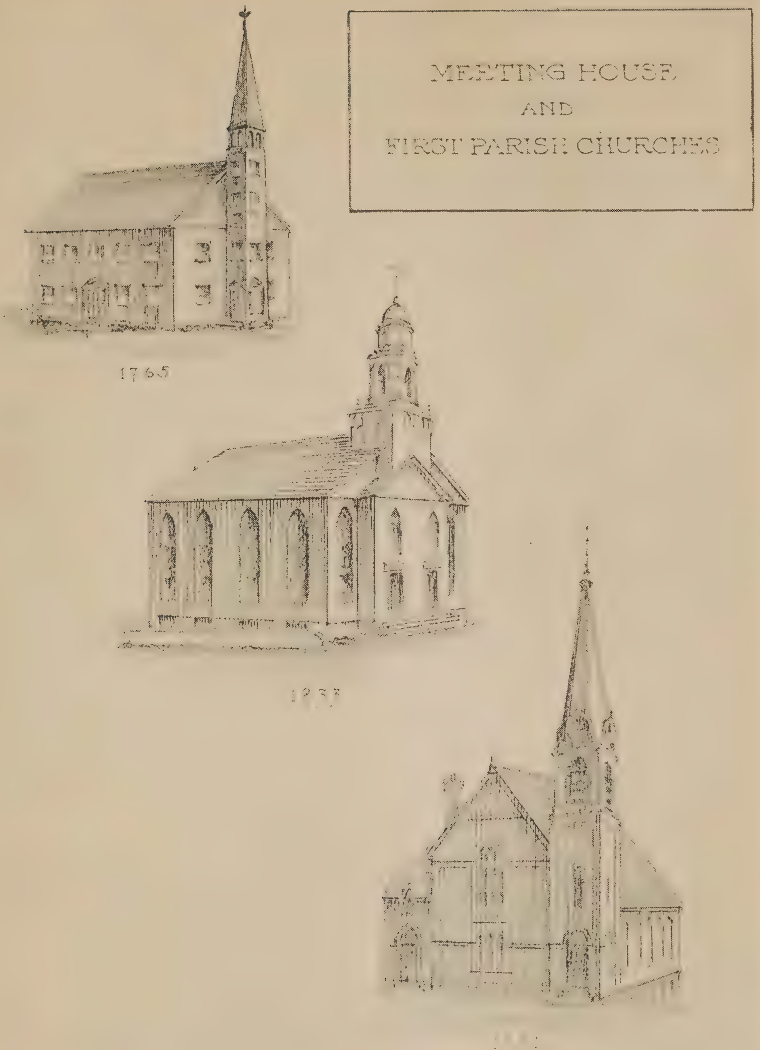
These people were of one blood. They were English, save for the Scotch strain supplied by the Alexanders, already interwoven and never having been distinctive, inasmuch as the bonds of a religious unity had held them as one group from the beginning. The one Irish element, confined to the Cornelius Merry family in the earlier settlements, had withdrawn and had left no descent here, in contrast to the survival of the family of Clesson, coming down from another of the three indentured Celts at Northampton and mingling now in the blood of Deerfield. The Northfield people were drawn solely from the Puritan emigration to the Bay Colony. Their fathers or grandfathers had come from the provincial counties of England. They were of the middle-class in the old country, sturdy, self-reliant, and in the main, agricultural. That they were in America was due to the revolt against the dominance of the Anglican church. Piety and independence of churchly authority were characteristic and controlling, with no lessening from generation to generation.

Among them the effect was evident of their extraction from the migrators from the Bay to Connecticut. This curve in the line by which they traced back to Dorchester and Watertown was significant.

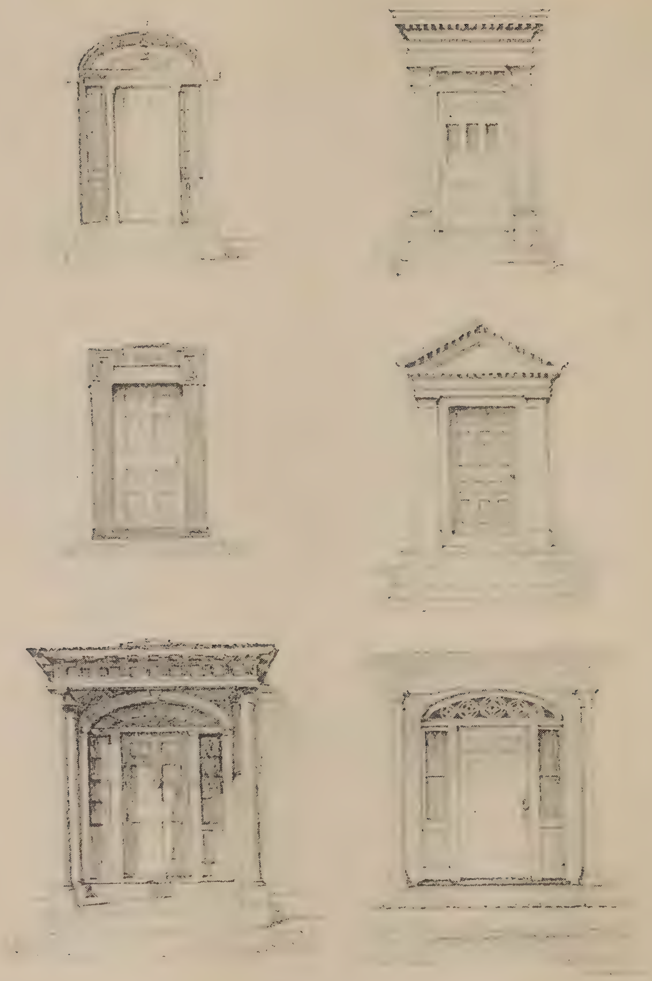
It brought them the change from the authority of the clergy, which was signalized in the founding of Hartford and New Haven. At a time when the coast towns were still holden to the notion of the Cottons that the minister should be the recognized head of town affairs, the valley towns were forming on the plan of the purer democracy of an unhampered Congregationalism, following the impulse of venturers like Hooker. In consequence, not only were church affairs in lay control but those secular interests which in common speech were being called "the prudentials" were vested in committees made up from the people, chosen by them or designated temporarily by the General Court.

Detachment of this little community from every other only carried independence and self-rule to its ultimate. There was as yet no minister of the gospel here. When one should come, he would be the spiritual servant and the political equal. For the time being, each household preserved in its own way, even though a commonly accepted one, those pious exercises which made the Sabbath to be solemnly observed and every day's beginning one of family prayer. In town affairs, there was still the intervention of a committee, non-resident and named by the General Court, but its authority was not final, as had been shown in the successful revolt against its plan of drawing the town into the confines of a stockade. Moreover, the town-meeting was getting its start in the election of a growing list of officers and only awaited a larger population when it should be in full control. The new town was still small but it was a pure crystal of democracy.

Captain Benjamin Wright, the leader in all affairs, even though he was not always followed, as in the instance of the town plan which even he could not control, was continually pointing out that the people were too nearly like heathen in having no minister of the gospel. The committee at Northampton in charge of affairs took note and in the autumn of 1716 (October 3) ordered that a house be built for the present accommodation of a minister. It was to be far short of a mansion. The committee specified that it should be about 16 foot long and 12 foot wide, to be set near or adjoining the dwelling-house of the inhabitant with whom the minister should lodge. By the same order, the selection of Mr. James Whitmore for the occupant was announced. He was engaged for only half a year and for his "encouragement" it was agreed to give him 25 pounds, subsist him and keep his horse.


MEETING HOUSE
AND
FIRST PARISH CHURCHES
1765
1833

CHANGING CHURCH ARCHITECTURE



SOME OLD NORTHFIELD DOORWAYS

The minister was three months short of 21 years old. He would bring the Connecticut tradition with him, being a native of Middletown, a river town a little below Hartford. He was two years out of Yale college with an A.B. From such a youth, the Northfield people heard the gospel preached, out of doors, after the fashion of Elder Janes of years before, or from the front of one or another fireplace during the months of that first winter.

Military preparedness kept pace with the spiritual and through the winter a company of ten men guarded the town, one of them being the sergeant-in-command. Indeed it had preceded the minister by a few months and in the absence of military demands the men had been of use in the work of the day, on the lands and helping in house-building.

No fort had been thought necessary in the absence of any threat upon the peace and security of the settlement. More in need were a grist mill, to replace the tedious teaming with oxen to and from Hadley, and a saw-mill, to relieve the greater difficulty of carting boards over the same route. Two brothers by the name of Belding, Stephen, living at Swampfield, and Jonathan, of Hatfield, were induced to establish the mills by liberal grants of land in Bennett's Meadow, across the Connecticut but the best that was left for such gift. The Mill Brook, crossing the street in the middle of the village and falling in rapids to the big river, was the obvious site and here, by the summer of 1717, both were placed, near to the site of John Clary's mill in the second settlement. A dam was built very near to the line of the street and a broad pond was thus spread to the east of the bridge which had been re-built to connect the two sections of the village. The mills were built up from the edge of the stream, with heavy logs to the level of the bank, each with its mill race and wheel, from which operated, in one case, the up-and-down saw and, in the other, the upper millstone between which and the nether stone the corn was to be reduced to meal.

All the town lacked was inhabitants. Three years had passed and there were but twelve families where there should be no fewer than forty. The possible homesteads on the street were as desirable as those occupied but they were stoutly held by owners, whom even the taxing device could not compel to come.

"There only remains to us," said one of the younger and more impatient settlers to his neighbors, "to deprive them of their title who refuse to come hither. It is not meant that they shall gain by their indolence while we toil here. The land is theirs who use it. Have we not warned those who do not come to us that they shall come within this year or their estate shall be forfeit?"

"Such votes," joined another, "have been often passed by the General Court and no heed has been paid unto them. Can it be thought that the order of our honorable committee, now many months recorded, will have greater weight and effect?"

There was but one power that could compel the surrender of title, the Governor of the province, and to him Mr. Partridge was asked to write, as he did, setting out the opinion that the town would soon be settled, "were the lands at liberty." He asked, as well, that the garrison of soldiers be made constant, as without them the town was defenceless. In November, the General Court ordered the garrison of ten men to be provided, with the proviso that they be not of the present inhabitants.

The spiritual defences had likewise been neglected since the departure of Mr. Whitmore in early summer. He seemed to have no partisans. His youth and culture seemed to show a churchly learning that savored of the formalities that had been left behind in England. Through the Mattoons, who had come from Wallingford, Connecticut, the townspeople learned of a Benjamin Doolittle, grandson of one of the settlers of New Haven, whence he had come from England, and son of a revered townsman in Wallingford. He was of the same age as Mr. Whitmore, and a graduate from Yale even later by two years (1716), but there were assurances of his full sympathy with the simple, unadorned faith of the people. He accepted the invitation and preached his first sermon in November of 1717. An immediate result on the part of the town was the laying of the first tax levy—six shillings on the poll, twelve pence per acre on the meadow lands, six pence per acre upon the uplands. On the part of the minister, it was matrimony. He brought with him his bride, Lydia, daughter of Samuel Todd of New Haven.

No sixteen foot by twelve foot house was fit domicile for a married minister. A better one had been made available by an event that had brought genuine grief to the townspeople in the late summer just passed. It was the drowning in the Connecticut of Lieutenant Thomas Taylor. He had been a good soldier and bore the scars of wounds received in De Rouville's attack on Deerfield in 1709. Later he had been in the company under Lieutenant Samuel Williams that convoyed French prisoners to Canada in the summer of 1712. He had married Thankful, the daughter of Deacon Eleazer Hawks of Deerfield, and they had an infant, Thankful, born in Northfield; and another child was born a few weeks after his tragic death and given his father's name. Through negotiations with Deacon Hawks, the Taylor house was secured for the minister. It stood on the west side of the street, not far from opposite Captain Wright's.

The town was getting under way. Developments even now were none too swift, particularly in population. Some more emigrants from Connecticut had arrived, including the Merrimans, who had followed the youthful minister from Wallingford. What now appeared was, in the main, the further evidence of the vigorous enterprise of the men who were the actual founders. A new feature in town government, looking towards independence, was the election of a committee to take charge of town affairs. Captain Wright was, of course, the chairman and the others were his compatriots, Benoni Moore, Peter Evens, and Isaac Warner. The town-meeting gave them, with the addition of Zech. Field, the additional duty "to manage the affair about building a meeting-house," directing Captain Wright and Ensign Field to discourse with the "honored committee of the town" about building it and asking the General Court for some relief in its cost. Warner was assigned to the care of the town boat.

The Great River which gracefully curved through the town was at once a blessing and an obstacle. It was useless for navigation, at least until there should be devised some fashion of boating that would relieve the ox-team in commerce with the lower towns. It annually, at least, overflowed its banks and brought new tilth to the broad meadows, here and there doing the disservice of depositing a covering of sand. It yielded fish in the fickle fashion of an overabundance of shad and salmon in the season of their up-stream migration for spawning and a spare yielding of pickerel and perch all the while. The receding flood left a temporary lake in Great Meadow with a landlocked profusion of bull pout, which gave the boys a rewarding sport in the capture of a fish that was not in high favor for food.

With all this, the river supplied a problem, the means of transporting crops from the meadows on the westerly side. Some of these, hay and corn, not needed at harvest time, could be left in stack and stook until the mid-winter ice furnished a safe bridge. The town boat, a broad flat-bottomed scow, served at seasons of an open river. Propelled by poles and oars, not an easy method, it was moved up and down stream, to connect with Bennett's meadow to the south and Moose Plain much farther up the river. The town early had a canoe for carrying the farmers to their lands on the westerly bank and there were smaller ones, little used by their owners but having possibilities if Indian troubles appeared.

On came the meeting-house. It was voted on the third day of March and the honored committee of the town was promptly visited by Captain Wright and Ensign Field. By the eighteenth, the order was given. By mid-summer the General Court had granted aid to the amount of forty pounds, for the support of the ministry. Construction had been with like speed and by August the first church stood in the centre of the town tract. Moreover, it stood in the centre of the street, now for the first time in its length and breadth occupied by any structure.

An August town-meeting extended a call to Mr. Doolittle to permanent settlement and voted him "encouragement" in the substantial form of fifty acres of meadow land, ten acres of pasture, a dwelling house (if possible the Taylor house in which he was living), one hundred pounds in three annual payments, fifty-five pounds more annually for the first six years and seventy-five pounds annually beyond that time, such stock of wood as the circumstances of his family shall require for six years and, beyond that term, as much wood as each man might cart on sled in one day of each year.

The Rev. Mr. Doolittle had favorably impressed the little community in his few months of ministry. The appropriation of lands and money, assuming proportions beyond all that had been reached by all other undertakings and pledging a future of debt, was the free-hearted gift of a struggling little village. Would the honored committee, presiding over the town's prudentials, sanction such outlay? Precisely a week later it registered its approval and by way of courtesy added another ten acres of upland. The beneficiary, twenty-eight years old, two years out of college, with a new house, acres upon acres of land and money in hand and in prospect, a landed proprietor and an endowed preacher, showed his appreciation by promptly signing his acceptance of the terms. He could now know he had preached profitably to the people—and to himself.

CHAPTER XIII

SEEKING TOWNSHIP

Political Entity Cautiously Bestowed

The spirit of youth asserted itself in the town-meeting of March 2, 1719. It was the first held in the meeting-house. The new setting lent a sense of reality to the notion that Northfield was a political unit. More men than ever before were gathered to consider its affairs—and more affairs were to be considered. The day was bleak, such as mark the slow, unwilling yielding of winter. The sledding was poor and cart wheels sank into mud at those spots where the frost was working out. It was the season of a compelled leisure. There was no outside competition and the townsmen settled down to a full day of talk and action.

Major Stoddard had made out to come up from Northampton to act in his capacity as "clark" and to represent the committee which presided over the town. After a fervent prayer by Parson Doolittle, he went into the pulpit and after telling of the committee's continued interest in the town, called for the election of a moderator. Eleazer Wright was chosen. The usual town officers were elected, constable, fence viewers for each of the meadows, haywards, surveyors of highways, tything-men and a committee to manage the minister's supply of wood. Then the aspiration for home management showed itself.

How long was this town to be less than a town? Was not this the time for it to assume control of its own prudentials? The questions were boldly asked by some of the younger men who had already answered them in their own minds and were ready with arguments, the chief of which was that it was the only settlement in the valley which still required "guardeens." Some of the older heads were for waiting. They argued that only the General Court could alter the present arrangement and they went so far as to chide the restless spirits for disrespect to the honorable committee. What officers would they name to take their place?

The answer to this question was ready. It was moved that three men be chosen as trustees. The name was new, it was imposing and it won its way. It would carry its own meaning and there was no need of instructions. The progressives were ready with the names of the three to be chosen—Benjamin Janes, son of the elder of the old days and survivor of that savage attack on Pascommuck, where he had seen his family slain; Thomas Holton, one of the three brothers who had brought to the town their numerous families, grandsons of that William Holton, who was on the first town committee; Eleazer Mattoon, the older of the two brothers now here, sons of Philip, the Indian fighter in Captain Turner's day, and representing the honored Boltwood family through his recent marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel.

These facts about the proposed trustees did not need to be stated in a meeting of men who knew every item as to one another. The outstanding fact was that they were the younger generation, Ben Janes being forty-seven to be sure, but Thomas Holton only thirty-eight, and Eleazer Mattoon but thirty.

When Major Stoddard carried the record of the town-meeting's actions to the committeemen he was not able to transmit the spirit that prompted the election of "trustees." They sensed the possible conflict in authority and they would abdicate—they used a less objectionable term to describe their retirement from command—when the General Court ordered it and not before. Mr. Partridge, the chairman, met the situation by taking his pen and interlining in the records, after the word "trustees," the significant and settling phrase, "to lay what is necessary for the town's affairs before the Committee for their approbation and confirmation." The uprising of independence was quelled at a stroke. The election of trustees the next year was an empty gesture, and so it was each year until 1723, when the determination to be a town in fact, as well as in name, overruled all opposition and a petition for incorporation was sent to the General Court.

In the petition for recognition as a town, the facts relied upon were that management of affairs by a committee living thirty miles away "brings a great difficulty and inconvenience upon the affairs of the town," and that the number of inhabitants "is so far increased that they judge themselves capable of managing the prudential affairs" of the town. The house of representatives at its May session received the petition and ordered that

> The Town of Northfield be and hereby is authorized and impowered to have use exercise and enjoy, all such powers privileges and immunities which other towns have use exercise and enjoy.

The Council "read and concurred" and the act was completed when on Saturday, June 15, 1723, it was "consented to" by the Governor, William Dummer.

It was coincidence rather than recognition of any anniversary sentiment that the formal creation of the town was precisely a half-century from the year when the first settlers began its existence. The reasons, however, were hardly stronger than when the rebellious spirit showed itself in the town-meeting of 1719. The number of polls taxed in 1720 was 38, and it increased by only one in the years that followed, being 39 in 1723. What the colonial government actually recognized was, not that "the number of inhabitants had so far increased," but the more potent fact that they judged themselves capable of managing their own prudential affairs, as they emphatically did—and as they undoubtedly were.

If population had not much increased in the four years between the first outbreak of the spirit of independence and its consummation in a town charter, several things had happened which contributed to the town's completeness. In the first place, it was bigger territorially than it had previously known it was. The town lines had been run for the first time. Timothy Dwight, Esq., of Northampton had been assigned that job by the committee and he justified his selection by making out that the town included 8,256 more acres than the original grant had allowed.

Dwight's survey, which was made in 1719, had its point of beginning at the south-east corner. Good servant of the town's interest that he was, he founded that corner at the extremity of an addition that was rather loosely made during the second settlement, miles below the original purchase. He struck inland from the Connecticut three and three-quarter miles for his base line and took in another three-quarters of a mile on the west side of the river. Then he went north on the east side only one hundred rods short of twelve miles, which took him well beyond the Ashuelot river, keeping three and three-quarters miles east of the general course of the Connecticut. Thence he struck across the great river in parallel to his south line and drove his stake at the mouth of the broad brook that empties into the Connecticut beyond all that had ever been claimed and beyond all the meadows there were on that side. The westerly line he was compelled to hold down to eight miles in length because here he met what Deerfield claimed as its territory. Even so, he enclosed a small empire of 31,296 acres.

Instead of the thirty-six square miles which was the limit first set for Northfield's area, Timothy Dwight, Esq., presented it to the world as containing forty-five square miles. He accomplished this expansion by taking nothing off the top of his map to compensate for the addition on the south end of the town which had been made in 1685. It was not for any inhabitant or land-owner to object to this appropriation of territory, although every one of them knew that the northern boundary was supposed to be pulled in when the southern one was moved down the river. It was unclaimed wilderness to the north anyhow, and why trouble about a few extra square miles? The General Court proved not to be aware of the enlargement or, if aware, not to be fussy and it promptly accepted Squire Dwight's acquisitive survey.

That there was a prevalent sense of amplitude in land had already been shown in the free fashion with which it had been presented to the minister, whose trial trip in preaching had opened the hearts of his parishioners. It now displayed itself in wholesale presentations to the members of the committee that had run the town's prudentials. It began the same year (1719) that the vote was passed to create trustees and when, to give the members of the committee a few hundred acres would show that there was no personal ill-will in this move towards independence, Major Stoddard was given all the Little Meadow, and if there had some time been a grant within it to some other person, plain land was to be added to complete a hundred acres. This was reward for service as town clerk, past and to come. The next spring the committee, following a vote of the inhabitants, allotted themselves one hundred and fifty acres each, omitting, however, Major Pynchon, that prime citizen of Springfield, who perhaps had all the valley lands he could desire. Samuel Porter, Henry Dwight and Samuel Partridge, committee members and non-resident, each acquired one hundred and fifty acres. The three tracts adjoined each other in the southerly part of the town, where there had also been set aside a country farm reservation, thus creating seven hundred acres of pre-empted land, country farm and committee farms, henceforth to be known as "The Farms."

Other events, also colored by the sense of broad empire, were marking advance towards completeness of town equipment. A Deerfield man, Ebenezer Field, was given thirty acres of land on condition that he employ here his trade as a blacksmith. He came in 1720 and took the lot on the main street which had been owned by Jonathan Patterson, who had died in 1718, and promptly set up his smithy in front of the lot within the main street. That broad strip of land had already been invaded by the meeting-house and by that little twelve-foot by sixteen-foot house for the short-lived first ministry of Mr. Whitmore and by all sorts of appropriations by the other dwellers along its sides. Also a good section of Bennett's meadow had been presented to four men, Sergeant Benoni Moore, Joseph Petty, Ebenezer Field and Nathaniel Mattoon, in consideration of their setting up a saw-mill.

Further to help Parson Doolittle, he had been given a little plot, twenty-four feet in breadth and thirty-two in length to set a house on, and this went into the main street. There was developing a sort of jealousy of that broad avenue, which was almost everything else than an avenue. Did it really need to be so wide? Back in 1718, the committee had decided to narrow it for a good share of its length. The three lots on the easterly side below the Mill Brook had their front lines moved out so as to leave the street only six rods wide, and that reduction in width was accepted for all the northerly end, the region beyond the brook.

Was the town properly secured against attack by an enemy? Captain Wright, with all his other enterprising ideas for the place, was urgent that there should be better defences. If dissent on the ground that there was no enemy in sight or in prospect existed in the minds of the younger men and those who had more recently come up from the secure lower towns, it was not outspoken.

The Captain's distrust of Indians was deep-seated. He was credited with having caused some papooses to be killed in the days of real warfare on the ground that "nits would become lice." The heathen were still in the neighborhood. They were on trading terms with the settlers and there was a steady-going and profitable business in furs and skins. They did not inspire confidence. They were suspected of being ready to sell their murderous services to the French, whenever there was again a market. Behind their mumbled and hissing few words, they still harbored a notion that these white people were occupying and constantly taking in more of the lands than by right were theirs. Was it safe to have these homes, scattered as they still were, and the mills on the streams and the meeting-house and all else left unsheltered?

A militia company was kept active. It was required by the colony's law that every man between sixteen and sixty should be kept in training. There being in the town less than sixty-four, the standard quota for a company with a captain, its commanding officer was a leftenant, and he was annually appointed by the town's committee. Captain Wright had served for three years from 1714. Thomas Taylor succeeded him in 1717, and when he was accidentally drowned, that very year, Zechariah Field was promoted from Sergeant. Eleazer Wright came to command in 1719. There were regular training days and the men kept their flintlocks in constant readiness for action.

The General Court, at first fitfully but by now steadily, provided a small garrison, usually of ten men, not inhabitants, who were paid for their service by the state but were quartered and subsisted in the homes of the settlers. Then there were two who were a special guard for the minister, who were kept in his household. By another turn in its usefulness, the sixteen-foot by twelve-foot original ministerial residence was made a guard-house.

Still it was an exposed town, open to assault, barren of shelter for its people under possible attack. The committee supported the home demand for defences and two forts were ordered built. The historic sites, both of which carried memories of Indian attack, were the natural ones for the new stockaded forts and their mounts, heavy log structures rising to a sufficient height to serve as watch-towers—the Zechariah Field lot, on which was the hillock once wet with the blood of the first settlers, and the John Clary lot, on the top of the bank above Mill brook, where still were the unmarked graves of that first miller and his household. Here, in the four-year period before incorporation, the forts were built.

The town was now real. Its equipment was not inferior to that of the down-valley towns, even though it had but its score of families. The minister was also an educated physician and chirurgeon and his practice was his week-day occupation. Some attention was turned to the teaching of the children. The wife of Ebenezer Field, the smith, taught a class of young children at her own house for the twenty-two weeks of each summer, being paid at the rate of fourpence a week for each child. She was of the Arms family in Deerfield.

In every household were the big and little spinning wheels, one for wool, the other for flax, and the looms from which were turned out the stout fabric of the men's and the women's wear and the linen that came to be stocked in plenty for current needs and in anticipation for each bridal outfit. Saw-mills were supplying the boards for the houses and barns and the household furnishing. Grist mills were turning the corn into meal and the wheat into coarse flour. The clay bank near the old oak tree at the south end of the street had been dug into and a brick-kiln was burning the brick, with which some of the newer houses were interlined. A malster was supplementing the regular household production of beer. Some apple trees, set out during the second settlement were now bearing, and the cider press was set up at the mill on Mill Brook. Independence in town affairs had its complement in self-reliance in all the features of village living. To complete its resemblance to the more populous towns, Ensign Field had a slave boy, "Caesar."

CHAPTER XIV

A MILITARY OUTPOST

Threats and Acts of Attack a Call to Arms

Politics, of the personal sort, appeared at the outset of town government. The legislative act of incorporation signed by the governor June 15, 1723, had directed that Captain Benjamin Wright and Lieutenant Eleazer Wright notify and summon the inhabitants to assemble and meet together for the choosing of town officers.

"Does the General Court think there are none other than Wrights in our town?" It was from some of the younger element who had asserted themselves as of importance in recent years that the question could come. This charter, they noted, had distinguished the Wright brothers as "two of the principal inhabitants" and there were democratic citizens to deny anybody was more "principal" than the others.

When the town meeting was held on July 22, after Joseph Petty, war veteran and redeemed captive, was chosen moderator, and Eleazer Holton, another of the old guard, one of the three grandsons of the emigrant William who were not residents, was made the first local town clerk, the rebuff to the Wrights was delivered in the election of the first board of selectmen without any of that "principal" family in the list. They were Captain Zechariah Field, who was already marked as a spirited independent, Benoni Moore, who had no local background of ancestry, and Joseph Petty. In the entire list of these first officials neither of the distinguished Wrights appeared, while a son of each of them was elected a hayward, the least significant office in the roster, a left-handed compliment at best.

War clouds hung on the horizon of the newly constituted town. In the June before there had been an Indian outbreak on the Kennebec river, in which nine families had been made captive. The instigators were two Jesuit priests, the more conspicuous being Father Sebastian Râle. There was a mission at Norridgewock and from this the opening sally was made. On the surface the conflict was between the Eastern Indians and the English, whose efforts to establish themselves on the northerly coast were resented. Behind it lay the French determination that Canada be saved from England. The two European powers were at peace but Frenchmen who had transplanted to northern America kept the opposition alive and belligerent. The Indians were their easy tool and events already indicated that the French governor-general, Vaudreuil, was actively in sympathy, with its dark threat that the Indians of the St. Francis river region would presently be employed for rapine in the Connecticut Valley.

Northfield men, seasoned in warfare with the French and Indian combination, sensed at once the significance of the new demonstration, far away as it was, and in the month of the Kennebec outbreak petitioned the General Court to put the town in a position of defence. The answer was an order in July that the soldiers at Northfield garrison one or more suitable houses, with a request that the inhabitants assist them with their teams. Lieutenant Joseph Kellogg was in local command and, after haying was over, two stockades were built. The military burden grew apace. A full company was billeted upon the town. Captain Kellogg's report that the existing forts were in mean condition carried information to the governor that the townspeople were not willing, even if they were able, to make forts defensible.

After all the attempt to make this a real town, was it worthwhile trying to keep it up? The doubt which had years before caused the people to leave, gradually out of weariness under the threat of war, or in haste when some outrage occurred, was again taking possession of some of the townsmen. Any overt act of war might any moment lift it into certainty that it was a region too much in peril to be inhabitable. Would such an event occur?

August of the year of the town's independence brought the answer. The silence of a mid-summer day was broken by the sharp crack of gunfire in the meadows. Two men fell under it—Thomas Holton, 42, father of a numerous family, and Theophilus Merriman, 31, father of three little children, one of them a deaf and dumb boy of five. The scalps of both the men had been taken. Panic would have resulted but for Lieutenant Kellogg's persuasion and the prompt action of the governor in sending more troops to guard the men at harvesting.

Suspicion that the attack was at the hands of Gray Lock, sly old chieftain, known only too well as the constant watcher of the towns, was confirmed from Rutland, miles away over the easterly hills, where he attacked Deacon Joseph Stevens and his four sons in the hay-field, the father escaping, two boys killed, two carried away, and coming upon the minister, Joseph Willard, murdered him. The Rutland attack, in which Gray Lock was seen, following so soon upon the killing of the Northfield men, fixed the guilt of both upon him.

A company of cavalry rode into town at the end of August, and sheltered the harvesters for a fortnight. September brought new alarm in the word from New York's governor that Gray Lock had again set out with 50 of his braves from his camp at the head of Lake Champlain. The corn harvest was on in October when down upon the men in the meadow came again the Gray Lock marauders, killing Ebenezer Severance, wounding Hezekiah Stratton and Enoch Hall and carrying away Samuel Dickinson for his second captivity—the first having been when as a boy of 11 he had been taken prisoner in Hatfield, and rescued in a thrilling event.

The town now became the centre of the strategy of the valley's defence. Kellogg was given a captain's commission with a full company in his command. It was again the English outpost. Scouting up the valley and through the hills had here its starting-point. Captain Benjamin Wright, aroused to action by the new peril, besought the General Court to give him a troop for a far-flung venture to the north, only to be answered by a consent so sprinkled with "ifs" that he chose to wait.

Late in December the government ordered the building of a real fort on the west side of the river, just beyond the northerly line of the town. At the outset it was given the name of the alert governor—Dummer. Northfield's best carpenter was Stephen Crowfoot, who had come up from Hadley two years before and had built the scow for the town. He was put in charge of building the new fort.

"Should an Indian be entrusted with the building of a fort against Indians?" was asked by one of the troopers new to Northfield and not knowing that "Crowfoot" was a good English name and its possessor, Stephen, a sturdy son of an emigrant, who might have saved confusion by spelling it Croffut. His mother was a Hadley Dickinson, his wife a Hatfield Graves and his brother, Daniel, one of those Deerfield captives of 1704 who had not returned from Canada—credentials enough as to his fitness to build the first great fort in the valley.

It was mid-winter, the snow was deep, the cold bitter, and Stephen and his men, one of whom was Daniel Wright, had to lie in the woods, next to unsheltered, and to labor early and late to push the fort along. They rarely traversed the 12 miles back to town but, when they did, Stephen had to report on the fort, the stronghold of the town's hope.

"It is big and sturdy," he reported. "'Tis made of the heavy yellow pine timbers provided in the fields about that region. These logs are locked together at the corners. It is 180 foot long and the same in breadth. The inside of the log wall is the back of the houses for the soldiers, all under the one roof. The remainder is open and a good parade ground. No heathen will ever break down the gate we've made. If any of thim ever git inside, they will fall under the guns in the houses. One big cannon is to be so placed that it will give alarm. Ye'll be hearin' it in the town."

Captain Timothy Dwight's company was in the fort before the winter's end—some of the men from Northfield, Sergeant Cooper, Corporal William Syms, Privates Jonathan Janes and Nathaniel Mattoon—and with them some Maqua Indians Captain Kellogg had gone to Albany to hire into the service. By March 27th, Colonel Stoddard, the valley's commander-in-chief, had come to the conclusion the Indians were of no use.

"Not wuth the provender to keep 'em alive," was the comment of Crowfoot, who saw them at the fort.

"Wuth nothin' at all," Captain Wright may be heard responding. "Cap'n Kellogg might have saved himself all that journey to Albany to git those redskins. The only place for a live Injun is fur enough off so he'll stay there."

As it proved, the Maquas were good soldiers in the fort while all was peace and quiet and what they did at the first sign of trouble was to get away, which on the whole was the best part of their service. It was discovered after they had gone that their tribe had been bought up by the French governor before Kellogg had invested in them.

The English were as ready to employ Indian allies on pay as were the French but they were much less adroit in the business and distinctly less successful. The primary difference was that the English were ever trying to deal with them on the theory that they were men;

the French regarded them as tools. And the two notions had the widely different result that the French gave full play to their savagery, put no restraint upon their murderous performance, indeed stimulated it and counted upon it to the limit of its deviltry, while the English wasted their efforts to mold their conduct into some semblance to civilized warfare.

Now, it seemed, Northfield was to develop into the town of the hopes of settlers who had clung to their homes in peril and had gained independence of non-resident authority. It was sheltered by the strong fort just beyond its northern border and there was no sign that Indian assaults would ever again disturb the quiet industry of a farming town, whose resources had not yet been employed to more than a fraction of their rich possibilities. It was no longer needed that Captain Kellogg should stay to keep the town in the "posture of defence." He was ordered to recruit a small company to garrison Fort Dummer, from which Captain Dwight and his company had been relieved.

Even Dummer became more of a trading post than a military stronghold. Indians there were—a considerable number, as Major Partridge reported to the governor in 1727, but they were using the guns the English and the French had placed in their untrustworthy hands in the pursuit of game instead of the human beings they had made a source of profit by slaughter. The market for scalps was replaced by one for furry pelts. Trading with them gave play to the shrewdness of the thrifty settlers and, as Partridge told the Governor, to the employment of an ignoble ally, rum.

An Indian drunk was easy on a trade. The Major saw a new peril in the process. When the native sobered off and found he had parted with his furs "for a small matter," which small matter might have been only the potion that made him pliably good-natured, he was "mad and cared not what he did." New Indian atrocities were a possible sequel to a trade of substantial pelts for a transient stimulant. There was further peril in the sharing of the strong drink by the white man in the trade, producing upon him the effect of making him revengeful for some treasured recollection of a past outrage.

Perhaps it was when he was aroused by the spirits that Daniel Severance, whom Major Partridge cites as a disorderly instance, exclaimed, "I'm going to kill the Injun that scalped my father."

Daniel was a good soldier, already a lieutenant and clearly marked for further service if occasion should arise, even now in Captain Kellogg's new company and warrantably resentful of the killing of his father, Ebenezer, while harvesting corn in Great Meadow four years before; but the commander down the valley disapproved his outbursts and told the Governor of the danger of such threatenings.

Remedy for the unfair trading and protection against its consequences was found in making Captain Kellogg truck-master and turning Fort Dummer into a new defensive service by centering the fur-trading there. The Northfield men stationed at the Fort were now receiving a new liberality in pay, 40 shillings a month, and there was warrant for it in the profits the truck-house came to yield.

The town, as such, entered further into the realization of being an organized part of the province when, in 1727, it experienced its first general tax. Along with it, however, came the encouragement of a grant of money from the government, amounting to £94 in bills of credit, which could be loaned to the inhabitants on an interest charge of six per cent, only four per cent being turned over to the provincial treasury, the other two per cent staying in the town's hands. The tax list of this initial year carried forty-eight names, which was a proud array in contrast to any previous enumeration of heads of families, as these largely were. There were nine Wrights in the list and these with the Mattoons, Holtons, Fields, Alexanders, Stebbinses and Warners made up half the whole number, fresh evidence that it was an interrelated population.

A people that had thus far, under the stress of Indian peril and the slow advance of land-owners to actual possession, kept itself in occupation of but a fraction of its widespread territory, could now turn to the business of distributing its personally unowned lands. The method had been established in other towns and consisted of distribution by choice, meaning that as each citizen drew his name from a box he was permitted to take as many acres as were represented by his citizenship, each poll being good for ten acres, and a valuation of £1 or more yielding another ten. Reservation was made to the town of the timber, wood, stone and herbiage for seven years and forever, if in that time, the lands were not fenced. April 1, 1731, brought the first division. In it certain families added largely to their holdings, the Holtons, for example, getting eighty-one acres on the west side of the river and away from its banks.

Other divisions followed, the third, in 1732, revealing no less number than 62 men who qualified for an allotment, the Wrights still holding their pre-eminence by having fourteen names on the list. With the new sense of landlordship these awards of acres upon acres stimulated, there developed the instinct for speculation. Certain propertied men down the valley were purchasers and what was realized from the lands was such clear profit that Northfield territory went in large tracts at a trifle per acre. One of these buyers acquired 2,124 acres and sold it in a lump to James Brown of Newport, Rhode Island, for twenty-two cents an acre. Jonathan Morton of Hatfield, a neighbor of that Oliver and Sophia Smith who were laying the foundations of their great fortunes, captured 1,048 acres.

Land was inexhaustible in extent in all the region. Just as, years before, it had been passed to a new minister in generous hundreds of acres and to committeemen almost as freely, it was now awarded to the brave defenders of the settlements. Captain Benjamin Wright came in for the compliment of a free grant of six thousand acres westerly of Braintree, the new Braintree, which lay north of Brookfield. Then the General Court committed a disturbing blunder by giving Governor Belcher five hundred acres of land above the Ashuelot river, which was promptly discovered by Northfield people to be territory they had held for half a century.

Such duplication of possession as the gift to the Governor precipitated was cause enough for protest and Stephen Belding was sent to Boston to bring about a rectification. Belding failed to impress the General Court and came back defeated, the problem unsettled.

"Let me go," was Captain Benjamin Wright's new form of volunteering, in all the spirit of his "Take me" in his remembered letter of years before. He mounted his horse on a June day in 1732 and struck out over the Brookfield trail, over which the discoverers came, still the one route to the Bay.

The arrival at Boston of this veteran of valley defenses could not fail to impress the General Court. He was seventy-two years old, vigorous, as he must needs be for such a journey, and with a repute that was spread throughout the province. He was not to be refused any request and he was not denied this one. He returned with a complete concession of Northfield's claim, which was but a final ratification of the survey that land-capturing surveyor, Timothy Dwight, had made some years ago.

Over the high hills to the northeast of the town, up the Ashuelot river, there was a section that had not yet fallen within the division projects. In early April, 1733, the General Court, being out from under the persuasion of Captain Wright, granted a plantation six miles square to Colonel Joseph Willard and some others for the establishment of a plantation to be known as Earlington, soon to get spelled Arlington and then changed to Winchester. This grant cut three thousand acres out of Northfield's domain but in a section that had been undeveloped.

Land grants were in high favor. Northfield lost in one direction and gained in another. It suffered no serious loss by the creation of Arlington and it stood in excellent chance of eventually acquiring the grant to William Hack of Taunton, who was given one hundred and fifty acres near Millers river on account of his great losses in an expedition against Canada in 1690. A tract of two hundred acres, lying south of the highest mountain in the region, which some time gained the name of Mount Grace, was given to Joseph Severance of Deerfield and three hundred acres on Swift river, off to the east, was passed to Nathaniel Alexander of Northfield. South of the Northfield boundary, three hundred acres went to Joseph Clesson of Deerfield, son of the companion of Cornelius Merry in a memorable scorn of Irishmen in Northampton. Three Northfield patriots, Benoni Moore, Joseph Petty and Robert Cooper, persuaded the General Court to give them two hundred acres each on Millers river, a dozen miles up from its mouth. The town of Pembroke, in the Plymouth country, was awarded five hundred acres, just below Northfield, to enable it to keep and maintain a grammar school, this tract being sold promptly to Reuben and Noah Morgan, with the practical certainty it would fall within Northfield bounds. In the same region and bordering on the town, John Quincy of Boston was presented with one hundred and eighty-five acres.

CHAPTER XV

HOLDING DIFFICULT GROUND

Only a Brave Captain Prevents Desertion

The Indians best known to Northfield people were the Scaticooks, a tribe that had lingered in the region and shown a friendly feeling, at least to the extent of being ready to trade and barter. News came in the early spring that Gray Lock had enticed even these away. From this time there was no reliance placed upon Indian help, at any price. The latest defection only made clearer the need of full protection and Captain Kellogg's company in the town was steadily kept at 45 men or more.

Under such seemingly sufficient guard the meadows were planted in the spring of 1724. Colonel Partridge learned in mid-June that Gray Lock had started for the valley with a small company and thirty Obenakis had also set out upon raids. The sly old chieftain took account of Northfield's garrison and paid Fort Dummer due respect by avoiding both. He passed them by and fell upon the haymakers down at Hatfield where, on June 18, he killed one man, took two captive and slaughtered the oxen. A scouting party of 17 started up the valley after him but, as the story of scouting usually ran, they found only "signs."

Even while they were scanning the woods, up the valley, Gray Lock's scattering strokes fell upon one after another of the lower towns, and settlers were picked off at Northampton, Deerfield and Westfield. Late in June, Kellogg's scouts found signs of a party of Indians, guessed to be as many as forty, as near to Northfield as the Ashuelot valley, but made sure they had gone off towards Monadnock.

Connecticut had thus far kept aloof from the continuing conflict. It was for New Hampshire and Massachusetts to look out for themselves, as they were doing actively. Governor Dummer's direct appeal to Governor Saltonstall finally met with a response, taking form in a company of seventy-five men under Captain Goodrich and another, made up of thirty white men and forty-two Mohegan Indians, under Captain Walter Butler. These were billeted on Northfield, leastwise the English soldiers, the Indians being sent further on to scout. The red men would have found poor welcome in the town.

So sheltered, largely through the unceasing demands of Captain Kellogg, the summer passed in peace and under armed protection the ample meadow crops were harvested. How long the town would have to go on in its peaceful pursuits under an armed force, the subsistence of which was a heavy burden, was of all things the most uncertain. It was irksome at best and the rumbling of discontent was constant, its outbreak and the giving up of the effort to hold the place being held down by Kellogg's unflagging efforts.

In August news came of the success of the eastern troops in breaking up the Kennebec stronghold of the enemy in a battle in which Sebastian Râle, chief instigator of the whole malicious business, met his death. In all reason, this effective event should have ended the matter; but Vaudreuil did not so treat it, as was revealed by his efforts to ally the western Indians, those of the Hudson valley, along with the St. Francis tribe, and his continued backing of Gray Lock, who kept up his colony at the top of Lake Champlain.

Northfield went into the winter, an armed camp. With the rest, there was a company of twenty-four snowshoe men, the General Court having allowed ten shillings each to them for snowshoes and moccasins. The forts were kept fully manned and the snowshoe scouting parties were constantly in action.

To Captain Benjamin Wright this perpetual defensiveness was a weak performance. There would be no end to it until the hornets' nest on Champlain was broken up. In January, 1725, he proposed an expedition to destroy Gray Lock utterly. He met another of the recurring discouragements from the government. A scouting party did, however, set out from the lower towns in the early spring and was gone a month, the only notable result being that on the return one of the canoes which tried to run the rapids at French King was upset and six of the men drowned. Captain Wright kept up his demands and in mid-summer at Governor Dummer's request, he raised a company. He started up the river late in July with fifty-nine men.

Wright and his men disappeared into the woods for weeks. He arrived home September 2 and displayed his journal of each day's events. It told of hardships, of long marches, of struggles with the forces of nature, of difficulties and sufferings, and with no nearer approach to Indian encounter than when they saw three Indians, whom they mistook for friends, and allowed to escape, the only feature that seemed to make any impression upon the government at Boston.

"It is certain the Indians are near our borders and about to fall upon our towns and will do great damage by burning barns." So said Colonel Partridge in his report to the General Court. It was never his fault if that governing body at Boston lapsed into calm about the valley situation. The barns had particular value now that the harvest had been gathered, mostly without disturbance. The General Court responded with an order to dispatch a company of forty or fifty men to scout the borders for a week or ten days.

Old Gray Lock knew as much of Captain Wright's long tour into the woods as appeared in that commander's journal and reckoned on the towns being weakened by the absence of so many men as went with him. It was his opportunity to work his sniping craft and here and there in the valley his tactics were displayed in the picking off of a detached harvester or two or, it might be, killing a mare and her colt, a master stroke that occurred just below Northfield the preceding August, within the sight of four men who shot at the Indians and had the rare fortune to wound one of them.

Governor Dummer sent an appreciative message to Captain Wright in September, having been moved by Colonel Stoddard's recommendation that he and his men be kept under pay, a rare stroke of humor, inasmuch as they had thus far been kept quite outside of pay. He sent three hundred pounds for their recompense, which about half-way discharged the debt to them. He expressed his appreciation of the scout leader by saying he had good opinion of his courage and displayed his memory of events by adding that the new commission was "in way to retrieve your former error in letting those three Indians escape."

Captain Wright thus had cause for the moment to regret that he had kept such a minute record of his prior expedition. He set about getting a new troop enlisted, fifteen from Kellogg's defenders of the town, ten from Fort Dummer, and was at Northampton for other recruits, when news came of a scouting sally from the fort, the six men coming upon a party of Indians and shooting two of them, in return having two of their party killed and three taken captive, leaving a single one to get back to the fort with the story. Again some Indians had been seen in the corn near Deerfield. It did not seem to the down-valley people that it was necessary to set out on long tours of search for enemies, the Indians being amply evident in the immediate neighborhood; and they declined to enlist. He had to start on his expedition with a scout company of poorly equipped and reluctant men. This time he kept no journal and, for all he ever told, there would have been no thrilling events to record, not even Indians seen and mistakenly spared.

The war, if such term can be applied to the scattering murders by Gray Lock, and the tireless scouting, fruitful only of "signs" of Indians who were ever somewhere else, was coming to a wearisome end. Vaudreuil died October 25, 1725, and Father LaChasse, Râle's old partner, was left standing alone against efforts at peace. His persuasion fell upon the deaf ears of Indians who had found that there was no gain for them in the business, and a treaty of peace with the Eastern tribes was concluded at Boston, December 15.

Gray Lock was deficient in recognition of treaties and in the following months gathered an army to keep up his marauding. The military force at Fort Dummer, which this last survivor of Indian command did not know was being kept up with great difficulty, according to Stoddard's reports, and the resolute defensive of Captain Kellogg, kept him in restraint and, for all that appeared, he never set his army in motion.

Peace came thus to a wearied valley people. Its proclamation was informal and negative—simply a cessation of the personal assaults and the disappearance of "signs." Captain Kellogg was relieved at Northfield and sent to the command of Fort Dummer. Northfield had for the few years been naught else than a military post. It had been overpopulated with armed men. It had borne the heavy burden of standing at the farthest front of New England's western advance. Its own people, in moments of warranted discouragement, would have followed the example of the settlers of the sixteen-eighties and given up the effort to maintain a town. To Captain Joseph Kellogg falls the credit of preventing an end to the third settlement as ignominious as the desertion of the region terminating the second settlement.

When Captain Joseph Kellogg left Northfield, in 1740, to succeed Captain Dwight in command of Fort Dummer, the town parted with the man to whom it owed, as to no other, its preservation during the strain and stress of its recent years. He was now in his fiftieth year, too young to remember the dreary, wasting years of the second settlement. It took an old hero like Captain Benjamin Wright, who had known all three settlements, to picture the contrast and tell his fellow townsmen how great was their debt to the departing commander. This veteran was of even age with Kellogg's father and in full memory of Kellogg's grandfather, the first Joseph, who had been brought by Martin, the immigrant head of the family, from Essex in Old England, and who was an officer of Turner's company in the Falls fight.

Moreover, the aged captain and the younger one conformed to fashion in being related, even though somewhat indirectly. Captain Wright's mother, in the triple wedding of 1684, had married Nathaniel Dickinson, brother of that Joseph, who was the messenger sent by the first settlers to Hadley for relief and never returning nearer than to Beers Plain. Nathaniel had a brother John, and Captain Kellogg's mother was a daughter of John Dickinson. The exact relationship of the two captains was never clearly stated; it was enough that they were kin.

The boy, as Captain Wright was entitled to call him as he told the story of Kellogg's life, was one of the Deerfield captives of 1704, when he was a dozen years old, of the six children of Martin Kellogg to be victims of that fearful raid. The youngest boy was killed outright and the others carried off. They were in Canada ten years and Joanna was still there, the wife of an Indian chief. Rebecca had married an Ashley, over in Westfield, and was now turning her Canadian education in Indian ways and speech to account as an interpreter at the Indian school in Stockbridge. The oldest, Martin, a half-brother, who was also a captain, had settled in Suffield, as had Anna, who had married Joseph Severance.

Joseph Kellogg shared Captain Wright's unyielding enmity towards the Indians, only somewhat less violently, and was all the more useful commander because he knew all the Indian ways and their language, an outfit that would turn to good account in dealing with them at the trading station at Dummer.

The important fact was that he had saved Northfield. He had guarded it for years, trained its young men at arms, persistently demanded that the defences and garrison be kept up and spread his own resolute spirit among its troubled people. But for him, the dreary story of the second settlement's decline and end would have been repeated in the dismal wasting away of the third.

Captain Kellogg, from 1740, was the general interpreter for the frontier towns. When he was sixty-five years old, he yielded to the call of Governor Shirley to go with him on a journey to Oswego, in New York, for conference with the Indians, died on the expedition and was buried at Schenectady. His wife was Rachel Devotion of Suffield, and they had five children—Jonathan, born 1721; Rachel, 1724; Joanna (named for the aunt, the Indian chieftain's wife), 1727; Rebecca, 1729; Martin, 1734.

CHAPTER XVI

RELIGION A NEW BATTLEGROUND

Parson Doolittle Resists Jonathan Edwards' Leading

Physical peace, which now for a few years prevailed in the Connecticut Valley, furnished the opportunity for another sort of warfare—religious controversy. It was precipitated by the leadership of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, first rocked the church and community of Northampton, presently disturbed every related town and had schismatic consequences throughout New England. Northfield had close kinship to Northampton and it had a population of warriors, as piously ready for such a conflict as they had proved bravely ready for defence of their homes.

For many years Northampton had been under the noble ministration of Rev. Solomon Stoddard, whose doctrinal tendencies were distinctly liberal. He had gone so far as to develop and put into effect the idea that church communion, instead of being reserved to those fully accepted through their faith, should be the starting point of religious experience. Now in his advanced age, the Northampton people, who were as loyal to him as he was devoted to them, decided to provide an associate pastor and sought the services of his grandson, who was then a tutor in Yale college.

Edwards was born at South Windsor, Connecticut, in 1703, but had become well known to the Northampton people. He became Mr. Stoddard's colleague in August of 1726 and, upon the aged minister's death in 1729, was chosen his successor. Scholarly, philosophical, as vigorous in speech as he was learned, the young minister promptly set about to overcome the liberal tendencies resulting from his grandfather's preaching. In 1731, in a series of lectures in Boston he made his first public attack upon Arminianism, the opprobrious term under which various departures from Calvinism were grouped. Two years later he led a religious revival in Northampton, which reached such intensity as to absorb the people's attention, divide them into conflict-ing camps and threaten not only the peace but the business of the town.

Within six months, three hundred members were admitted to the church but by the next year a reaction set in, which, however, only incited Edwards to greater effort. In 1739 and the following year occurred "The Great Awakening," carrying forward the revival to greater achievements. Edwards' efforts met with the disfavor both of the cautious Orthodox and of the liberal ministers of the province's churches. The General Conference of Congregational Churches in the Province of Massachusetts protested against "disorders in practice which have of late obtained in various parts of the land," a rebuke aimed at Edwards and at that "part of the land" which was within the bounds of the Connecticut valley.

Northfield was almost instantly thrown into the controversy. Rev. Benjamin Doolittle had served the people to their deep satisfaction for seventeen years but now his doctrinal views came under closer observation. He was found to be tainted with the doctrines of the Dutch reformer, Arminius, whose life (1560 to 1609) had been distinguished by dissent from the dogmas of John Calvin. He asserted that the divine decree relative to persons saved or condemned depends upon the acts of the persons themselves; that the providence of God is exercised in harmony with the nature of the creatures governed; that man is by original nature free, able to will and perform the right; that divine grace originates, maintains and perfects all the good in man; that every believer may be assured of his own salvation; and that it is possible for a regenerate man to live without sin.

How far such views were at variance with the dogmas of the Northampton preacher was displayed in Edwards' sermons on "The Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners" and that on "Hell Fire," preached in Enfield in 1741, which pictured "sinners in the hands of an angry God." The Congregational churches of New England were split asunder by the issues Edwards had raised, the Northfield church with the rest and all the more violently because of the kinship of its people with the town where he proclaimed his philosophy.

The venerable Captain Benjamin Wright was in the array against the liberal minister. His relative, Deacon Eleazer, formulated the statement upon which the removal of Mr. Doolittle was sought. Deacon Eleazer Mattoon, who had been the prime mover in bringing the minister to Northfield, was now against him and became so disturbed by the loyalty of the people to him that he left town to spend the rest of his days in Hadley.

With these were arrayed in opposition the other Wrights and Mattoons, Jonathan Janes, Joseph Stebbins, Eleazer Holton, Samuel Smith, Nathaniel Dickinson and Daniel Shattuck. Families aligned with or against the minister, although the Holtons divided, William differing from Eleazer. With Mr. Doolittle were the Alexanders, Fields, Strattons, Beldings, Hunts, Evenses, Pettys and Beamans.

Other issues than doctrinal were thrown into the controversy. Leftenant Wright's enumeration of the reasons for the removal of the minister included the fall of money, the burden of supplying so much wood, an action Mr. Doolittle had taken against the town in court, although he had withdrawn his suit, his refusal to join in a council, his acting as proprietors' clerk for Winchester, the new town over the hills, and his practice of doctoring and chirurgery.

The leftenant was not quite frank in his omission of the chief item of complaint. It was the minister's doctrine or his avoidance of doctrinal themes that was at the heart of the matter. He had, indeed, been in active practice as doctor and chirurgeon and Deacon Wright alleged that he had told the town he would not lay it aside under four hundred pounds a year. None believed, however, that his practice of medicine would have been made a ground for removal if his preaching had followed Edwards instead of Arminius; nor would the supply of wood have seemed excessive if he had not been reserved in his picturing of Hell's fires.

Greater frankness was shown in a document handed Mr. Doolittle, February 26, 1739, the authorship of which was not revealed—joint product as it was of the opposing agitators,—Benjamin Wright and eighteen others. It began with the perfectly safe assertion that he had "a long time been acquainted with the uneasiness we labor under respecting some of the doctrines you have delivered from the pulpit and in private conversation." Upon this issue, the minister's consent to a mutual council was asked, as it could not have been upon issues of depreciated money and wood supply.

Around the question of calling a council of churches, the agitation continued through two or three years. The Hampshire Association, the recognized religious conference of the towns, held a meeting at

Northfield, May 3, 1739, and heard the story from Captain Wright and his orthodox associates. It recommended the calling of a mutual council but only after the objectors should have held a "calm conversation" with the minister, along with careful attendance upon his ministry for the space of half a year. It might as well have conditioned the calling of a council upon admission by Captain Wright that he and his associates were in the wrong. Calm conversation was out of fashion among the church people. Attending upon Doolittle's preaching for six months was inconceivable.

There was one resort left. If the Association could offer nothing better than a conversational remedy, the county court might apply a legal one. It was given the chance at its session in Springfield in April, 1740, but found the affair was not within its province. It ventured the advice, quite extra-judicially, that the people comply with the Association's recommendations, without making any additions thereto or putting any strained construction thereupon. Whichever way the warring factions turned they met only recommendations of peace. And there was no peace.

At the close of the Sabbath afternoon sermon on a winter's day, when all the townspeople might have been present and shared in the decision, Mr. Doolittle read a demand that all those who "had anything to object against my (his) Principals" should come to him and tell him the very particular article they objected "against," adding, "to see if I can't satisfie them, and if I don't satisfie them, then bring it to the church, or else to hold your peace forever hereafter."

This demand for conversation, with evident confidence on the minister's part that he could "satisfie" his critics, was put to vote by the congregation and it was voted in the affirmative. It was settled that the majority were with the revered minister. Whatever conversation followed was between the townsmen, unsanctified and not altogether in terms that would have been used in the minister's presence.

At Northampton the contest ran on for some years longer but came to its end in 1748, when a candidate for admission to the Northampton church refused Mr. Edwards' tests and was backed by the church, with the result that Mr. Edwards went to Stockbridge, beyond the Hampshire hills, and devoted himself to instructing the less resistant Indians and to writing his philosophical masterpieces.

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Somewhat more of a town, taking on the features of the long settled communities, and somewhat less the exposed outpost, Northfield approached the middle of the eighteenth century. It had a school, but not until it had been cited before the county court for not having one. It had its first paupers, but with town support only until they should be able to leave. It had its first representative in the General Court, but the only thing he undertook to do for the town, the extension of its border to Millers River on the south and to the new Arlington line on the northeast, was "passed in the negative."

No Massachusetts town could avoid provision for the education of its children. The provincial law requiring it was enacted in 1640, the corner stone of the American free school, having its pious purpose in making possible the reading of the Bible and its impulse as an object of support by taxation in the contact the Pilgrims had made with the Dutch in their first step out of England. Northfield was but hastened to it by the action of the court, acted promptly, drew on the province bills of credit for its support, chose Seth Field as the first teacher and planted the school house in the street against Samuel Hunt's home lot, thus further encumbering the band of land which was in way of becoming everything else than a street. Seth was just out of Yale College, being graduated in 1732, was twenty years old, the oldest son of Captain Zechariah and that Sarah Mattoon who had been a captive in Canada, taken there from Deerfield at the time of the massacre. He had been the special object of Parson Doolittle's interest and preparatory instruction.

New England towns had no toleration in this period for the pauper. Inheriting the English notion that they were to be kept working or kept moving, the favorite shelter against the burden of their support was "warning out." It was a method applied to undesirables generally, including those of differing religious faith or no faith, but most used to inform the prospective poor that they must look elsewhere, and no public concern taken to discover where the elsewhere might be found. It was the limit of town consideration when the Shattuck family were given maintenance until they should be able to leave.

For sixty years Northfield had remained the *ultima thule* of civilization's advance up the Connecticut valley. No white man's habitation had come between it and Canada. The bound had been set by the perils of exposure to Indian attack, not by nature. The Connecticut had built its broad meadows much farther up the river. The plains reaching back to wooded hills offered their ready availability for homes and villages. There were rushing streams beyond the Ashuelot and Broad brook, tendering their service to the wheels of possible saw-mills and grist mills. The province of Massachusetts claimed jurisdiction for more than forty miles northward from this northern-most town. At least so far, the authority of the General Court only awaited the occupation of the favoring region by new towns. Now that peace and seeming security prevailed, legislative warrant for new townships was besought by restless people in various parts of the province, with an eye to the rich meadows and ample plains, upon which no price was set except the promise of occupation, and in January, 1736, that supreme legislative body ordered the laying out of four townships on the east side of the Connecticut above Northfield.

With the south boundary of Township Number One four and a half miles above the southerly end of Merry's Meadow, and the towns to be of the uniform size of six miles square, the top line of Number Four would be forty miles above the village of Northfield. Promoters of such development rose up from the eastern towns so promptly that the enterprise overleapt the Connecticut and two more towns were plotted on the west bank. Up the Ashuelot, in a section known as "Upper Ashuelot," beyond Arlington, some actual settlers had appeared.

The immediate effect was the new impulse to occupy the upper reaches of the Northfield area, which had been unbroken except by the cart track that ran up the east bank for communication with Fort Dummer on the other side, by the only ford that was practicable.

Captain Daniel Shattuck was the pioneer of this northern Northfield territory. He was of Watertown birth, had lived in Groton and Worcester and arrived at Northfield with his second wife, a Boltwood, and two daughters, a family that had increased by the birth of two sons and a daughter in the new town. The home he built on his lot in Merry's meadow, not far from opposite Fort Dummer, was to all intents and purposes a fort. It was of heavy logs, presently duplicated by a similar structure on the other side of the brook with a plank palisade connecting and a stockade of strong pickets surrounding both.

Robert Cooper, who had come from Deerfield, now in his sixtieth year, had fifty acres of land on a bluff commanding the Connecticut's great bend, and he built upon it in 1737. John Evens, a young fellow who had married Lydia, daughter of Parson Doolittle, followed with a house just south of the Ashuelot in 1741. Meanwhile Josiah Sartwell, who lived in the village, had obtained a grant of one hundred acres on the west side and during 1738 and 9 built a blockhouse a little below Fort Dummer, stout enough to be another fortress. He was presently joined (1742) by Orlando Bridgman, whose farm was to the south of Sartwell's and who put up another of the enemy-proof dwellings. Crowning all these ventures, in point of defensibility, came the commanding fort-like house of Ebenezer Hinsdell, who had been chaplain at Fort Dummer for fourteen years when he built on the east bank in 1742.

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In the year of peace, 1743, just when the long period of calm was coming to an unforeseen end, the greatest hero of the valley's struggles, New England's most resolute scout, Captain Benjamin Wright, went to his reward. His eighty-three years covered the entire period of the colony's Indian Wars, save only the last French and Indian incursions. The year of his birth was the one in which the death of Massasoit, faithful friend of the Pilgrims, signified to an extent not then sensed the end of the comity between the native and the invading races. He was the grandson of Samuel, the early emigrant from London who was among the first of the settlers at Springfield, and again of Northampton, and he could remember the day, when he was five years old, on which that founder of the family died sitting in his chair as if asleep. His mother was of that family of Burt which had played a leading part in the first century of the Connecticut valley's stirring pioneer history.

Leaving Northampton, where Benjamin had been born July 13, 1660, Samuel Wright and his family were among the first white people to find a home at Northfield, in 1673. There were seven children, Samuel, 19; Joseph, 16; Benjamin, 13; Ebenezer, 10; Elizabeth, 7; Eliezer, 5; Hannah, 2. These were gathered into the stockade that frightsome day, September 2, 1675, when the Indians fell upon the little settlement—all but the father, who was in command of the company that had been provided for defense and who fell, first victim of Indian bullets on Northfield soil. Only Samuel, the oldest son, suffered physical harm, receiving into his body a bullet to remain there all the rest of his eighty years. But into the heart of each of them was carried a wound that would cause it to pulsate in resentment all their days. They shared the unspeakable terror of the nights and days of imprisonment in the little fort, heard together the distant shots of the Beers battle, suffered as one the awful silence that followed it and joined in the journey down the valley which left the town of their pioneer hopes a desolate waste.

Benjamin's years from fifteen to an early matured majority were spent in Northampton. He was among the first in the reoccupation, in 1683, and of the last to leave when the village had dwindled to a handful. Through the quarter-century of Northfield's existence only in name, he served in every soldierly adventure, began his scouting career in 1688, when pursuing the red men after attack upon Deerfield had rescued the two boys from their Indian captors at the then far-north point, opposite the mouth of the Ashuelot river, and was in the thick of the ventures and the defenses of the eleven years of Queen Anne's war. In 1708, he had led a ranging party far up the Connecticut, the first of those ventures which came to mark him as the premier ranger of the colonies, and the next year, with his few men, had crossed the Green Mountains to the Champlain country, boldly attacked the enemy, killed eight of them, destroyed a small fleet of canoes and thus shut off one of those French-sent invasions of the valley, to what saving of lives and homes is only to be guessed.

In 1709, then in his sixtieth year, he had written the letter, immortal in frontier annals, with its offer to the governor of the colony, "Here am I. Send me." Again he was first in Northfield pioneers, when the permanent foothold was gained. At the second settlement, he had brought his young wife, Thankful, and their little Benjamin, born in 1681. Thankful was the daughter of that Captain John Taylor, who was killed while leading the pursuit of French and Indians after they had wiped out the hamlet at the base of Mt. Tom. She had died in 1701, leaving him seven children, and he, with the celerity that marked all his conduct and was not unseemly even in this event, had within four months married Mary Baker of Springfield. William, Mary and Experience had been added to the household, and there were ten, not to mention the Thankful, Rachael and Martha, his son Benjamin's children, and the first baby of his son, Remembrance.

There were thirty years yet to be lived by this resolute pioneer. They were filled with activities that were equally distinguished when civic and when military. In both, he led. His personality marked every advance step of the town. Even his stand against the liberal departure of the beloved minister from the stout faith of the Calvinists was token of his rugged character, never yielding, never finding a ground of compromise. His mounted journey to Boston to save some hundreds of acres to the town in its northeasterly reaches, the unhesitating venture of a man of seventy-two years, and the deference paid him at that seat of government, displayed his own vigor and the esteem in which he was held throughout the Bay Colony.

His military leadership ran through the three years of Father Râle's war, when he was well along in the sixties. He was sixty-five when the Governor called upon him to raise a company of rangers and he led them through the far northern wilds in pursuit of the sly Gray Lock, whom he only failed to meet because that sneaking warrior, who never met white men in the open, clung to the woods for watching the movements of a warrior he dared not encounter. The second time in a year, he led his fourth far-flung venture, the last only because the death of the French governor put an end to strife.

In the ripe years, he had the gratification of seeing his own spirit animating his much younger brother, Benoni, who was born ten days after that fateful attack on the village in which his father was killed, and his own sons, Benjamin, Remembrance, Daniel, who were in the first garrison at Dummer, and the youngest, Daniel and William, holding commission in the fighting militia. Of the girls Thankful had married a Connecticut Woodruff and Mindwell was the wife of Stephen Belding, the new miller of the town. One son alone, Jacob, had left the home country and was settled in far-away South Carolina.

All that the town of varied fortunes was and all it was to become were linked to the devoted leadership of Benjamin Wright. That its street was the broad avenue it came to be was the product of his far-visioned planning at the outset of the second settlement. He met rebuffs at the hands of his townsmen, another evidence of his outrightness. He was for the moment ignored in the earliest incorporated elections. He was defeated in his stand against the minister, when Edwardsism and Arminianism came to battle. But he was revered and beloved. In the story of Civilization's advance over interior New England, he stands out in a form that would be called typical of the pioneer only that it was pre-eminently individual. Stronger character is nowhere traced in the personal features of a new country's heroes.

CHAPTER XVII

ANOTHER END TO PEACE

Far-away Louisburg Draws Inland Citizen-Soldiers

Why, after years of peace, was it needful to keep up forts and train all the men in the militia? Why did Shattuck build his house in Merry's meadow as if it were to resist an invasion, setting a fashion that was soon followed by his neighbors, Evens and Cooper, and presently by Sartwell and Bridgman directly across the river and, a little later and outdoing them all, by Ebenezer Hinsdell on the east bank?

Some of the new settlers in the village were warranted in asking such questions. It was no answer to say "Indians" to them. They were seeing Indians every day—harmless rovers, hunting and trapping and trading, thieves to be sure in a small way, easily made drunk and harmlessly so, unless upon sobering they found they had been cheated in a fur trade. Was aught to be feared from such placid survivors of a race once warlike but now quiet, slinking and slothful? What sense in regarding as a menace the kind of a red man who was given old clothes and allowed to sleep by the fireplace, even in the houses of men who talked about keeping up "the posture of defence"?

There was one fireplace no Indian had ever stretched his body before on a winter's night. It was Captain Wright's. Perhaps there were memories of him on the red side which would make even a native restless inside his house; but there would be no chance of it, for the old ranger had never lost his notion that the only desirable place for an Indian was far, far off. It was his counsel, and that of those who with him had been through the long seasons of warfare with a sly and treacherous foe, which kept up all the old defences and constantly built new ones against a day that might come whenever England and France again took up arms against each other.

Remote as were these valley towns, they had learned that their fortunes were closely linked to the politics, the intrigues and the rivalries of the European nations. Their wise heads watched the far-away events, stored as they were with memories of the quick transfer to the New England frontier of any conflict between the mother country and France. They knew that Georgius Secundus, who had been on the British throne since 1727, had an abiding "longing to engage in war" and had only been held in check by the crafty Walpole, his chief minister, whose statesmanship ran to developing British industry, commerce and wealth, and with great success. They sensed that when Walpole's administration of peace came to an end, as it did in 1741, it was certain that instant evidence of inevitable war, when it came, would be slaughter and rapine in their now quiet valley.

Nowhere in New England was it lost to mind that the major issue as to whether England or France was to dominate North America had not been settled and that until it was determined there would be no final security for these colonies, certainly none for frontiers such as the Connecticut valley, down which there was the well-worn warpath from Canada, and in which still lingered the purchasable experts in the use of tomahawk and scalping knife.

The band France had drawn around England in America was unbroken. It stretched from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, more than two thousand miles. Its breadth was the unknown breadth of the continent beyond that narrow belt of British colonies on the Atlantic seaboard, save only that far-north lodgment of the English on Hudson's Bay. It extended its tentacles down into disputed regions, along the valleys of the Kennebec, the Merrimack and the Connecticut and now and then flung a flaming flourish into the Hudson's borders. It held the northerly seaboard and kept ever in dispute the bounds of what was loosely granted to England in the peace of Utrecht.

That there were by the middle of the century but eighty thousand French in America, along this attenuated line, while there were a million and a half of English on the seaboard from New Hampshire to Georgia—an advantage the colonists rested upon even though they did not know it with numerical accuracy—was no final assurance of security. By sea, there were engagements to be fought with no promise of superiority and, by land, there were merciless savage allies, whom the French had proved they could command by the doubling of reward and superstitious control.

French designs culminated in the building of the strongest, as well as the costliest, fortification on the continent, the towering citadel of Louisburg. After the cession of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to England, France looked for a favoring site for a fortress which should be the shelter of her navy and the protection of her fisheries on the Canadian coast. A harbor previously known as Havre à l'Anglois, on the Island of Cape Breton, was chosen and given the name of Louisburg in honor of the King. There, at an expense of 30,000,000 livres, equal to £1,200,000 sterling, even though never completed, was built a fort with walls, granite-faced ramparts more than thirty feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide, over which was a drawbridge for communication with the town. It had six bastions and three batteries with platforms for one hundred and forty-eight cannon and six mortars. On an islet at the mouth of the harbor was placed a battery of thirty guns, of twenty-eight pound calibre, supplementing the fort's battery in command of the entrance. Within the fortified tract were nunneries and palaces, terraces and gardens.

Such was Louisburg—a watch-tower over all the English settlements and a threat upon the New England seamen in their fisheries on the banks. Remote as it was from the Connecticut valley, its significance in relation to French designs, which could be counted upon to find murderous fulfilment in this inland region, was keenly sensed and the determination of the English government to destroy it was soon to have a closer meaning to citizens of the inland frontier. Moreover it was but the most visible of the preparations carried on through the years by the French government for that struggle which should settle the domination of North America as between it and England.

On a day late in May, 1744, a mounted messenger rode into town, sought out Captain Zechariah Field and delivered a message from Colonel Stoddard that France had declared war against England and England had answered with like declaration. Two months had passed before Governor Shirley had received the news, although it had been known at Louisburg a full month before. The next morning a warrant for a town-meeting to be held the same day was posted and at six in the evening the townsmen gathered in the church, to take action for the defense of the town.

A committee was chosen and upon its report, June 9, it was voted to build four mounts, each nineteen feet high and surrounded by a stockade. One was to be located on the historic site for defense, where the first fort stood, now Captain Zechariah Field's homestead; another on high ground far up the street where Deacon Ebenezer Alexander had already on his own initiative built such a fort; the others at the minister's and at a commanding place on the other side of the street, nearly opposite the Clary fort of other days.

The town's feverish activity in putting up defences was but an item in the enterprise of all the exposed communities and of the General Court. The colony was aware of its perils and alive to preparation. The General Court, in session through the summer, ordered troops to be impressed and distributed on the front towns, a line of forts to be built from Colrain, a new town ten miles west of Northfield, to the Dutch Settlements in New York, of which the most important was Fort Massachusetts near the great mountain at the westerly end of the state.

At last there was a fortified frontier. Northfield, sheltered as never before by the forts on its northerly border and by the one at Number Four (Charlestown) far up the river, as well as by Fort Dummer and the stockaded houses in its neighborhood, became the central point in a defended area, the distributing post for supplies, and the departure station for the troops as they went out on their details to the forts.

The year passed without attack in the valley. It was known that Indians were lurking in the woods. The friendly ones had disappeared from the towns. There were no traders in furs, no loafing natives to get food and shelter in white men's kitchens. The six trading commissioners stationed at Dummer to represent the Indian traffickers had gone at the first sign of trouble. No surface quiet beguiled the seasoned dwellers in the exposed towns, with wisdom as to Indian ways and French designs, grown out of their long experience.

Early in the next year the colony rose in strength to support Governor Shirley's project of an attack on Louisburg. The General Court had refused his proposal but a wave of popular approval swept away legislative objections. Three thousand men enlisted. The governments of states to the South came to support of the expedition in money and supplies. Northampton was the recruiting point for a company under command of Seth Pomeroy, who was major in the 4th Massachusetts regiment as well as this company's captain. John

Alexander, son of Joseph and long a soldier at Fort Dummer, and Jonathan Janes, who was one of the family in the deadly raid at Pascomuck in 1704, went on the roll of Pomeroy's company. Ebenezer Alexander, now sixty-one years old, who saw service in Râle's war and had been with Captain Wright in his scouting ventures, was given a lieutenant's commission in another company and won another as captain at the hands of Sir William Pepperell for his service in the siege of the Louisburg fortress.

The citizen-soldier, who in two or three generations had been developing out of the stout stuff of pioneer settlers, was now for the first time called from the familiar scenes of his home valley to bear his share in the same battle between nations in a region hundreds of miles away. To reach it, he would join in the march to Boston and spend days and nights on shipboard, putting a strain on his physical system which Major Pomeroy described with only too precise particulars in a journal that recorded every turn in the weather and in his unaccustomed stomach.

To reduce a citadel like Louisburg was an undertaking from which trained captains might shrink and through which highly drilled soldiers would be led to expected slaughter. The land forces in this venture were commanded by a Maine merchant, whose lack of military knowledge was as much an advantage as was the want of discipline in the ranks of his army, every man in which was an adept in single-handed combat, made so in the tactics the Indian had compelled them to develop. After the siege was over, it was recorded that the uncouth but on the whole effective movements of the invaders greatly perplexed the garrison and the strangeness of the attack to have in a measure unnerved them. Terrific cannonading from Commodore Peter Warren's ships supplemented the amateur movements of fearless fighters on land, one vantage point after another was captured and, on June 16, the garrison surrendered.

So signal a victory as the reduction of the major fortress of the scattered French posts, while it heartened the colonies greatly, fell far short of ending the war. The Connecticut valley, armed and fortified as never before, awaited the thrusts of the French, using the familiar tool, the hired Indian. It began in characteristic fashion.

In July, William Phipps, in Great Meadow—not Northfield's great meadow but a locality so named far up the valley—had a combat with some Indians. The valley's warfare began not with a gun but with a hoe—the implement with which the deacon struck down a red man. Presently he shot another and was himself killed and scalped. Five days later another man was waylaid and scalped, this happening at Upper Ashuelot, Deacon Josiah Fisher being struck down on his way to pasture.

There was an assault in October by four score French and Indians on the fort at Great Meadow with no greater loss than the killing of one man and the taking captive of another, companions in a canoe on the river. It was enough to set the valley troops in action, and Ensign Stratton, who was in command of Northfield's forts, and Captain Alexander, who had enlisted a company of his own, fruitlessly led separate ranging parties up the valley, and back again.

There followed an undisturbed winter, with more troops than ever before billeted on the valley towns. The spring brought vicious attacks on Number Four and Upper Ashuelot. Northfield felt its first outrage when Joshua Holton, who was sent to Boston for money to reimburse its people for the support of the troops through the past winter, was waylaid at Lunenburg, killed and scalped and the money carried away—forty-six pounds and seven and a half pence.

CHAPTER XVIII

BATTLEFIELD OF NATIONS

European Conflict Finds the Valley a Testing Ground

THIS WAS WAR, as the Connecticut valley had come to know war. Here a murder and there an ambush; a worker in the meadow shot down; a man driving home the cows, picked off; venturers from a fort fallen upon, killed, scalped, taken captive; an exposed farmhouse fired upon and defenceless mothers and babes slaughtered or carried off. Intervening days, or it may be weeks, with no outrages; but the woods peopled with the savages, watching where to strike; bands of French and Indians floating about, seldom seen but revealed to the restless scouts; nowhere an engagement that by the usage of the Old World could be named a battle. "Every man for himself," the command of Captain Beers in the earlier days, was now the accepted rule of tactics learned through the years of encounters with a skulking foe.

All through the summer of 1746, the succession of murders kept up. In May, a man shot at Number Four; Upper Ashuelot beset; at Lower Ashuelot two captured; Fall town assaulted; at Fort Massachusetts, two men fired upon; a Colrain farmer killed, his wife and daughter wounded, Indian fashion; troopers, venturing out to see where others had been killed, attacked by "a large force," as forces were reckoned, five killed and a Sartwell taken prisoner—this at Number Four.

There was an alert governor at Boston—William Shirley—with no intention that such victory as was won at Louisburg should be negatived by defeat and destruction along the inland frontier. He ordered up successive troops of horse, none too well aware that horses were a burden and a peril in warring with a foe that shot from behind trees or lay in ambush in the bush and rank grass. Three companies of such rode through Northfield in mid-May on their way to Number Four, now the northernmost defence. When the Governor led the General Court to approve a grand expedition to strike an effective blow by invasion of Canada, the fighting settlers sprang to enlistment; and the expedition never moved.

In June—the 19th—came the nearest approach to an actual battle, when at Number Four, which the French were plainly enough determined to remove, Captain Brown and a company of Sudbury and Framingham men, stood their ground in the open and won. There was a design, too tardily sensed by the English, to draw the valley troops to the upper posts and lay the older towns open to attack. Northfield was a point of Indian concentration and now for a period the centre of activity. On the 24th, men outside Bridgman's fort, on the west side, were attacked, two killed and Daniel How, Jr., and Captain John Beaman made captive but not until the captain had killed an Indian. On the same day skulking Indians fell upon men near Fort Dummer and made away with their arms and clothes.

July's record was of an ambuscade near Hinsdell's fort, into which men from Dummer, who had crossed the river for grist, fell but were saved by a bold dash by Captain Willard, the Indians making off and leaving their valuable packs behind. This month, Number Four was actually besieged for two days and, while the fort withstood the onslaught, the horses and cattle were killed, all the houses and the mill were burned. It was now clear that this outpost, standing where it commanded the favorite route of the enemy from Canada to the valley, was untenable and on Governor Shirley's order troops were sent there to take off the women and children, the beginning of abandonment, which was completed the following winter.

Northfield villagers were fully warned by these events and none of them went about their work unarmed. They were unhurt until on August 11, young Benjamin Wright, son of Remembrance and grandson of the late captain whose name he bore, was shot through the body, while riding to pasture, but stuck to his mount and made the village, there to fall from the horse and to die at midnight. Four days later, four men outside Shattuck's Fort were shot at but escaped. On the 25th, a party detached from the forces of General de Vaudreuil, which had made attack on Fort Massachusetts, fell upon Deerfield, killed five, wounded one and carried away one captive.

When the news reached Northfield that Fort Massachusetts had fallen before an attack by a French and Indian army of eight hundred warriors, after a gallant defence by Sergeant John Hawks and twenty men, it was realized that the town was in way to its oldentime exposure as an unprotected outpost. That stoutest of all the frontier forts destroyed and Number Four abandoned, the passages from Canada, down the valley and by the Lake Champlain route, were opened and there could be no escape from assault by forces far more numerous than in earlier days.

The peril was greater and the burden heavier because the government of New Hampshire steadily refused to give the least support to the defence of the territory lying within its bounds by reason of the new line run to the Connecticut in 1741. The region had been settled by Massachusetts and the forts within it served their main purpose in protection of towns still within that colony—such was the logic by which New Hampshire covered its money-saving policy of abandoning its own people to the chances of slaughter.

The spring of 1747 brought the realization of the fears of the Northfield people. It was known that the French had fitted out an unnumbered army and planned to send it out in large detachments for a widespread campaign against New England. The town had been through the late winter the headquarters of Captain Melvin in command of a troop of sixty rangers. He was called out in late March to pursue a pack of Indians who had fallen upon Shattuck's fort and half destroyed it by fire, following them to Great Meadow, where he satisfied himself that they had rejoined larger forces to the north. Up the river, early in April, Captain Stevens had met a large army under Mgr. Debeline on the site of abandoned Number Four and after three days under siege had drawn off leaving only two killed.

Mgr. Debeline's forces were now the threatening presence in the region. Where he would strike was covered under the uncertainty that had always shrouded advances into the valley. An ambush just above the village was revealed when, on April 15, Nathaniel Dickinson and Asahel Burt were fired upon as they rode into Pauchaug meadow, both of them killed and scalped.

The outcome would have been panic among people less accustomed to such outrages and less constantly expectant of repetition. The actual outcome was the sending of more troops into the town and the addition of heavier burdens for the maintenance of the men and the feeding of their horses. The General Court ordered two companies sent here, forty-two men in each, for scouting and guarding, but the order was not carried out—an instance, Parson Doolittle noted in his carefully kept diary, of the impotency of the colony's government in its pretended defence of the frontier.

Commander-in-chief of the military forces in defense of the valley, Colonel John Stoddard of Northampton, throughout the period, was showing a grim determination that Northfield should be saved and its people sheltered. There was a personal tie, formed in the period when he served for several years as clerk for the unincorporated town, non-resident though he was, a service the settlers had recognized by a liberal grant of land. He had served the colony with distinction as one of the governor's assistants and his own town in every civic relation, its representative for many years, selectman, judge. He was Governor Shirley's friend, a closeness of relation somewhat resting upon the fact that he had firmly stood for "the prerogative," as against the extremists who were for fuller colonial self-government. In the religious differences that had recently riven the people of Northampton and the other towns, he was again the defender of the established order, friend and counsellor and champion of Jonathan Edwards.

Colonel Stoddard's military genius was as marked as his civic abilities. It was through no fault of his that the military provisions were inadequate and that the enterprises of his friend, Governor Shirley, again and again failed of support by the General Court. He spoke his mind in one of his letters to the Governor, dated April 22, 1747, and besides pleading for a larger army revealed one of the weaknesses in a cutting reference to Colonel Joseph Dwight, who had been titular commander of the expedition to Canada, the ardent volunteers for which had been distributed about the towns to their evident disappointment. He had mentioned to Dwight the need of a guard for the builders of the fort at Number Four and had received a short answer, followed by no action, and in his letter to the Governor he set out the situation by saying—

> Your excellency will discern what work Colonel Dwight and I shall make of doing business together. I have advised him in the best manner I have been able, but he is almost too great to be spoke to, and seems to look upon the committee as so many spaniels.

There were military rivalries, it may be noted, in colonial affairs, to the hurt of the cause that had ample difficulties besides. Colonel

Stoddard was not swerved by them from his serious duties and in the same letter he pictured for the Governor the distressing state of things within his command. "I perceive," he said, "that the Indians are continually about Northfield, and the people there are in a great measure confined to the town."

Confined they were, with the result that the land lay almost idle and instead of grain being garnered and stored for their needs there was being accumulated and stored want and distress for the seasons to come. Every able-bodied man was under arms for whatever service any moment might demand. The hoe and the musket could not be manipulated at the same moment and the gun could not be laid aside without instant peril. No more could the youth, not yet trained to arm-bearing, be exposed in the meadows, not an acre of which was unwatched by the wily enemy. Whatever measure of security there was, beyond the few men held at the forts, lay in the continual scouting. It was a service which attracted the venturesome young men, led out into the woods by seniors in whom survived the spirit of the hero-in-chief, Benjamin Wright.

When Elias Alexander, in May, asked who of the men of the town would join him in a ranging expedition to the north he met with prompt response from more of them than he thought it wise to take, and with the blessing of his father, Captain Ebenezer, the hero of Louisburg. The veteran, now beyond sixty and still active as a fighter, had been Captain Benjamin Wright's leftenant in just such expeditions. The son was not restrained from the hazardous venture by the concern of his wife for his fate and the future of their five children. Each of the men he chose was of heroic stock and most of them had been tested in some dire experience of their own.

Ensign John Sergeant, the oldest of the company, was the son of Digory, who was the one man to stay on the territory of Worcester after 1688, when the town was destroyed, and was killed there in 1704, when his wife and five children were carried away to Canada. John had stayed in captivity twelve years, when he bought his own redemption, leaving behind him a brother and a sister, who never returned. He had been with Kellogg at Fort Dummer until that heroic leader had left the fort. He too was parting from his wife and five children.

Joseph Petty was the son of redeemed captives, taken from Deerfield at the time of the 1704 massacre. He was now thirty-eight and in his home were four children, the oldest a girl of thirteen. Thomas Taylor, now twenty-eight, was the son of that Thomas who had been wounded in De Rouville's second attack on Deerfield and who had been drowned in the Connecticut at Northfield in 1717. He was descendant of the emigrant, John, lost at sea in the ship, whose phantom reappearance in the sky full sailed and floating in the heavens, so near as almost to be within the throw of a stone, had been related with great particularity by Rev. John Pierpont, a tale that Cotton Mather had accepted as true and preserved in his "Magnalia." Thomas would leave with his young wife their little Thomas and Thankful.

The younger men were Eliezer Stratton and Daniel Brooks, each twenty-five, and as yet unmarried. Eliezer's father, Hezekiah, was still a vigorous warrior and scout, carrying the scar of a wound received in the attack on Northfield in 1723. Daniel was the son of Joseph Brooks, one of a family of seventeen children, two of whom had been killed by Indians and another carried captive to Canada, with his family, the children in which had never been recovered.

Neither such backgrounds nor such seasoning experiences in warfare were exceptional. Captain Alexander could have drawn with less discrimination from his neighbors with the certainty that his men would have had like baptism. It was the common lot and heritage, yielding dauntless characters, to whom the journey into infested forests and across exposed streams was no more than the performance of an almost routine duty.

The little company vanished into the wilderness May 15. It made its way up the valley and across to Otter Creek. No tragedy befell it, and anxious wives and children were to welcome the return of all the men within a month; but it set fresh example of fearless meeting of constant peril, and incited one after another like expeditions in the months to follow.

Throughout the summer of 1747, when men were soldiers who should have been tillers of the soil, there fell here and there, at intervals the length of which none could predict, splashing drops from the dark clouds overhanging the valley—blood-red splashes coming before the storm that might sweep civilization from these dearly bought regions. Into the deeper shadows of the cloud, ranging parties bravely ventured. One in August, in which Aaron Belding was Northfield's volunteer, went far to the north and was twenty-two days out of the sight and knowledge of their homes. Seeing no Indians, well the rangers knew they were seen at every step by the countless lurkers in the woods who chose the time for their foul strokes when possible victims were less alert.

On one of the October days when under the bright sun the forests gleam with the reds and yellows of advancing autumn, a party of three men was travelling a familiar path from Winchester along the valley of the Ashuelot towards Northfield, when they were startled by frightened cattle rushing from the pastures. The three were Captain Ebenezer Alexander, veteran of Râle's war, chief leftenant to Captain Wright and hero of Louisburg; Captain Josiah Willard, Jr., and young Ebenezer Hall.

"There are Indians about," exclaimed Captain Alexander as he poised his flintlock for action. On the instant a man in the uniform they recognized as that of a French officer was seen coming towards them and when he saw them dodging behind a tree. Captain Alexander immediately fired. From behind his shelter the man staggered, came nearer to them, made handsome salute and fell in the path. Blood flowing from a wound in his breast, the Frenchman was too far gone when they reached him to answer the captain's query as to who he was.

"He cannot live—nor shall we if we tarry here," the old fighter, Captain Willard, said to his companions. "No Frenchman is here alone. Eyes out for Indians." There was no stopping to bind the officer's wound nor to search the pockets of a blood-soaked uniform for evidence as to his identity.

Five days later, as Captain Alexander was sharing duty at Northfield, there staggered up to him a man in bedraggled uniform, whom he recognized as the officer they had left for dead near the Ashuelot. There was no polite salute this time; instead, the plea from a well-nigh starved man for his life. Calling for others to help him, the captain aided the straggler to Parson Doolittle to have his wound dressed and his life nourished back to strength.

In such English as the Frenchman could command he related to Mr. Doolittle as to the day he was shot, that Indians, hearing the gunfire that brought him down, came to him and when he had revived carried him to the river's bank, where again he fainted. Rallying again, he had found himself alone. For the second time, now by the Indians who also feared discovery, he had been left to die. For days following he had wandered about, fed upon nuts and berries, sought some human path and now found himself in the hands of the villager whose straight aim had brought him low.

Out of the stained uniform's pocket was taken a paper that identified him as Sieur Raimbault, cadet in a French company. Signed "Bonberthelot," it was a commission "to go at the head of forty savages to the cities of the government of Orange, in order to make war against our enemies of whatever nation they be, armed as warriors"; charging him "to restrain as far as he may be able the savages accustomed to practice outrages against the prisoners they take." It was dated, "Montreal, Septem., 1747."

Not less, but more, consideration was paid him than he had been directed to see that the savages gave to prisoners—treatment for his wound, restoratives, food and care until he should be taken to Boston for exchange. All that humane captors could do for a seemingly honorable enemy was done for Cadet Raimbault.

There he was soon taken, well treated by the authorities and, upon his promise to bring about advantageous exchange of prisoners, sent to Canada under escort of three Deerfield men. The journey was undertaken in mid-winter and on snowshoes. They were gone three months and on the last day of April arrived home bringing with them Samuel Allen of Deerfield and Nathan Blake of Keene.

When the Deerfield men returned from Canada, they told a story of long struggle with the French officials to accomplish the release of even the two captives whom they brought home but of greater interest was the knowledge they had gathered of the designs and hopes of the enemy for possession of the continent. They confirmed the rumors of the ventures of the French into the interior, of the forts that had been built along the northern borders all the way from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to the headwaters of a far-away river called the Saskatchewan, and of the report of the discovery of enormous mountains far beyond the lakes and the Mississippi river. They had been told, in reckless boasting, of the great productiveness of the plantations on a river named by the French the Illinois, which had, the second year before, sent 800,000 weight of flour down to the great colony at New

Orleans, in a region that had been lost by England to France when Law's scheme, the Mississippi bubble, had burst.

From the French officer to whom they had given escort and whom they familiarly called "Rainbow," they had been supplied with pictures of the grandeur of his people's hopes, of their control over the Indian tribes, of their great military strength and their assurance of one day driving the English from their narrow stretch of territory between the Atlantic coast and the first inland range of mountains. The war still raging in Europe was to determine the mastery of France or England and with it the future of regions now held by the English, along the Mediterranean Sea, in far-eastern India and in whatsoever part of North American continent.

Translated into terms of the future of the Connecticut Valley, the townsmen of Deerfield and Northfield could read from the fragments of fact and boasting gathered by these men the doom of their homes and the fate of their households. They did not accept it at full value. They recalled Louisburg, they knew there were Indian tribes like the Iroquois and the Foxes who stood across the path of French advance inland, they had learned of the ventures of people from Pennsylvania and Virginia over the mountains, they had reasoned that in the end the issue would be settled on sea as much as on land, and they piously rested their hopes, whatever ills might for the time befall them, upon the faith that the forces of anti-Christ would not prevail.

CHAPTER XIX

ABANDONMENT AGAIN PROPOSED

Foreign Peace Fails to Give Frontier Security

It had been a winter of deep distress. The neglect of the farms in the year before had brought a serious shortage of supplies, only to be made up at great cost and trouble from the lower towns. Garrisons had to be maintained and soldiers fed, whatever the deprivation of the dwellers. The Indian marauding, under French command, had continued into the late autumn. Out of an ambush at Millers river, below the town, John Smead of Sunderland, who had but recently returned from Canadian captivity, was killed and scalped. Fort Bridgman, nearest of the sheltering forts at the north, had been attacked by forty Indians, late in October, one man taken captive, and the fort burned.

Should Northfield be abandoned? The old question, which had twice been answered by removal and more than twice by stout denial, reappeared. Colonel Stoddard, in a report of March 1, 1748, stated it anew as a problem "Whether to tarry or to remove to places of more safety." After another disaster, close to the town, opened the spring with evidence of the continuance of peril, the valley's commander could make more insistent his demand that if this town and others in the valley were to be kept they must be better protected. In late March, Lieutenant John Sergeant with five in his party, setting out from Fort Dummer for Colrain, had been fallen upon a mile from the fort by twelve or fifteen Indians, two killed, two escaping, one, the leftenant's son, Daniel, carried away. The colonel's letter was acted upon at Boston and Colonel Melvin was put in command of scouts, largely recruited from the valley, including Northfield men, whom Stoddard had said were ready to go out and were "some of the likeliest in our country."

Colonel Eleazer Melvin, who was from Concord, had been for two years leading scouting parties in the valley. He was fearless and daring, the perfected type of the venturesome ranger the colony's campaigns against a lurking foe had developed. His first venture with his new company was from Fort Dummer, May 13, taking eighteen of his best men with him, four of them from Northfield. At Number Four, the next day, he was joined by Captains Stevens and Hobbs with sixty men, and after the sun had set on the next Sabbath, the large company started across the hills to the west of the Connecticut.

Reaching Otter Creek, they divided, Melvin striking out for Crown Point on Lake Champlain, a French fortification. At the lake, he sighted two canoes carrying Indians, and fired upon them in full view of the fort. Instantly there poured out a party of one hundred and fifty Indians to pursue him. He eluded them and after five days' march over the hills, halted on a branch of West River in confidence that he was beyond pursuit.

Their packs laid aside, scattered about, eating a midday meal, shooting salmon in the river, the men were surprised by gunfire from behind logs and trees. At close range they returned the shots from such shelter as they could find. Melvin was himself pursued and by the stroke of a hatchet lost his belt with all but one of his bullets. He reached Dummer the next day, one of his men ahead of him and eleven more straggling in before night. Six had been killed and Joseph Petty, wounded, had been left near a spring, on a bed of pine boughs, to live if he could until a rescue party should reach him.

Word of the disaster the day before reached Northfield, the afternoon of June 1, and Parson Doolittle sent a messenger to Hatfield, with the result that a party of thirty men from down the river, joined by others from Northfield reached Fort Dummer the next day. Captain Stevens had come in and at once with his men started up West River to the scene of Melvin's disaster thirty-three miles away. They found and buried all the dead but failed to locate Sergeant Petty. The search for the wounded man fell to a Northfield party of seventeen men, four of whom bore the name of Wright and the others equally familiar ones such as Alexander, Field, Dickinson, Belding, Evens, Lyman and Stebbins. They were out four days, on horseback, finding and burying the body of Sergeant Petty.

Joseph Petty was one of Northfield's best citizens. He was just under forty years, the son of another Joseph and Sarah Edwards, both of whom were captives from Deerfield in the 1704 massacre and had been among the first redeemed. His father, who had been at Northfield in the second settlement and after living in Coventry, Connecticut, had returned for the third, had died two years before, his mother being still alive, as was the sergeant's wife with her five children.

The town was now plunged into what was long to be known as "the dark time." The full force of the French design upon the English settlement was being sensed by its people through a succession of disasters. Peril attended every task and every hour. The stout hearts of its people quailed not. No advocacy of surrender and removal met with response.

Reverently the people besought divine aid and in the shadow of distress appointed their own day of fasting, calling the Reverend Mr. Ashley of Deerfield to preach the sermon. The last words of his discourse were accompanied by the sound of guns, proving to come from near the mouth of Broad Brook, where a squad of fourteen going from Ashuelot to Fort Dummer was waylaid by a large party of Indians—three killed, seven made captive, four escaping to the fort. The great gun at the fort echoed and Captain Ebenezer Alexander led out a relief party to bury the dead and survey the scene of the fresh disaster with its "great signs" of the enemy.

Colonel Stoddard, long the commander of the valley's soldiery, constant pleader in behalf of its people, honored and beloved, one of the purest and stoutest of the frontier patriots of New England, died June 19. His death, in itself a serious loss, was to prove the greater hurt in the succession to command of Major Israel Williams, a temperamental man, whose orders were outrightly disregarded by the Connecticut soldiers in the valley garrisons. Their notion that only Connecticut could command them had been one of the complexities of the troublous period and now came to full flower.

Disaster followed close upon disaster as the summer advanced. An outright battle was fought, June 26th, between Colonel Humphrey Hobbs, in command of a large scouting party from Number Four on its way to Fort Shirley, and a large body of Indians under the half-breed, Sackett, about twelve miles west of Fort Dummer. There was a four-hour fight, the half-breed Sackett was wounded, and the Indians retired in silence, their way of acknowledging defeat. Such an event was a grateful variation from the succession of misfortunes at the hands of an enemy striking from under cover, in a season of prevailing sickness and of disturbance over the insubordination of the Connecticut soldiers.

Doubt as to Canada's plans was dispelled by word that came to Boston and thence to the valley that Chevalier de Repentigny had been ordered by the French governor at Montreal to go to war upon the territories of New England with twenty-six Canadians and eighty Indians. Northfield took interested note of the item that Sieur Raimbault was to be attached to the party. It assured a second visit to the region where "Rainbow" was brought near to death at the hands of an alert citizen and saved from it by those of a considerate minister-chirurgeon. It proved that he had better memory of the hurt than of the healing. By July the suspicion of his return to make use of his familiarity with the neighborhood was confirmed by the infesting of the high ground across the river from Fort Dummer by the new invaders. "Rainbow" was near to the scene of his encounter with Captain Alexander.

Without leave, Captain Loomis paid the new arrival the courtesy of withdrawing his company from Fort Hinsdell, leaving the resident farmers to their own defence. Captain Leeds, another Connecticut officer, in keeping with the prevailing code, refused to lead ten men over the Massachusetts boundary into New Hampshire. The high mark of confidence in Massachusetts to care for its own was being consistently paid by both its neighbors, New Hampshire disregarding its towns and Connecticut staying strictly within its uncordial agreement.

The presence of Repentigny's hundred French and Indians, stationed on the plain east of the river, on ground that was within Northfield's territory until the survey of 1741 carried it into New Hampshire, seriously threatened the entire region and promptly began to wreak destruction. "Rainbow" was its guiding genius and ambuscade his main reliance. He lay in the tall grass of Merry's meadow, when an escort to Colonel Josiah Willard from Northfield to Fort Dummer, five or six horsemen led by Thomas Alexander, passed that way, July 13th, but saved his heavy blow for another day and a larger troop. It fell the next day upon a company of recruits being led by Sergeant Thomas Taylor from Northfield to Keene by the way of Forts Dummer and Hinsdell.

The young commander, Taylor, needed no word of caution. Born in Northfield in 1717, in the third generation of Indian fighters, he had grown up in surroundings of constant danger and had borne his part in all the ventures in defence of the town. Moreover, there was fresh in his memory the bloody affair of the month before when men of his own company had met death and captivity on the ground that he was now to traverse.

Warily he crossed the levels of Merry's Meadow, watchfully he marched up the wooded bank and along the plain, and was nearing the river when from the bush in the rear and from the swamp at the front there sprang up a host of warriors, completely surrounding him. His men faced about, gave shot for shot to the enemy line which was closing in upon them and, seeing themselves entrapped, sought escape to the river's bank. Here there was a final sharp skirmish, under cover of which four of the men made escape. Only the scheme of the French fighter to take captive rather than to kill saved any of the others. Two had been killed and eleven were carried away, Sergeant Taylor among them. The plea of two wounded captives for their life was answered by fatal blows from Indian war clubs. The others were carried to Canada and held captive until after the preliminaries of peace had been agreed upon two months later, when they found their way back to their homes.

In the hope of overtaking the enemy and rescuing the prisoners, a large company from Hatfield, recruited at Northfield to a total of 129 men went in pursuit, buried the dead on the battlefield and continued up the valley—in vain. The tragedy stirred the commanders, Williams at Hadley and Dwight at Brookfield, to appeal to the government at Boston for such a force as would drive the enemy from the region. Colonel Dwight pleaded, "It seems to me high time for the government to exert its power and give more effectual directions to the officers posted on the frontiers—if need be, to raise half the militia of the province. I beg we may have one thousand men to drive the woods and pursue the enemy even to Crown Point."

Hardly more than a gesture was the Governor's response in an order to Colonel Porter to raise a sufficient guard out of the militia for the succor of the exposed garrison. Its value was realized at Northfield when Captain Leeds and his company of idlers from Connecticut was withdrawn, July 22, and on the next day Captain Alexander's fort, well within the limits of the village, was waylaid by six Indians.

Aaron Belding, twenty-two, unmarried, a grandson of Captain Benjamin Wright, set out just before sunrise from Captain Alexander's fort to go to the home of his mother, just below Mill Brook.

The Indians watched his course down the village street and as he was climbing over the ledge of rocks just above the brook, fired upon him. The shot brought him down and one of the savages sprang upon him. Belding recognized his assailant as an old acquaintance and begged for his life, but the Indian drew his knife, circled his crown, jerked off the entire scalp, struck a hatchet into his skull and left him to die. The villagers, alarmed by the gunfire, ran out from the houses and forts, saw the Indians fleeing to the east, fired ineffectually upon them, and found young Belding, still conscious and able to tell the story. He was carried to the fort and soon died.

A town whose people could not walk by day through its single street without peril of their lives at the hands of savages had reason for complaint to a government, to whose defence its men had devoted their lives and in support of whose soldiers its women in years past had toiled and deprived themselves. A degree of security was supplied by the coming and going of ranging parties on their way up and down the valley but the forts, built by the townspeople's own labor, were as often barren of troops as they were occupied by such independents as those from Connecticut, sent to go thus far and no farther.

In August word reached Boston that peace had been declared between England and France but there lingered in the Connecticut valley the sense of exposure to attack by Indians who had been turned from harmless neighbors to marauders. There was occasion for such an appeal as Parson Doolittle made in October, setting out that the town was still exposed, "notwithstanding the cessation of arms between England and France." It was answered by the assignment of Sergeant Ebenezer Stratton and fourteen men from Leftenant William Lyman's company from Fort Shirley to do garrison duty at Northfield until January. Fort Dummer was to have fifteen men for its defence and five were to stay at Fort Hinsdell. In the main, the people were left to self-support, made difficult by the need of sending down the river for provisions, and to self-defence against whatever blows might fall.

Interest in the proclamation in Boston, May 10, 1749, that a treaty of peace had been signed the previous October at Aix la Chappelle centered for the people of the valley upon two points. Would it be the end of Indian warfare; and why should Louisburg, so gloriously won, be ceded back to France? There was none too firm confidence that outrages would cease, nor that France had so completely yielded her claims to domination of North America; but that issue could await the developments of the year.

New England's patriots were exasperated by the relinquishment of the Cape Breton stronghold. Well might Parson Doolittle, whose son, Charles, had given up his life in the siege, share the feeling that the sacrifice had been vain if it was to have no more permanent result than a year's tenancy. When he discussed the treaty with Captain Alexander, who had distinguished himself in the Louisburg capture, he might expect sympathy in his dismay, only to find that shrewd veteran complacent—Louisburg was no better than a show of possession, a hollow pretense upon which France had spent millions of her treasure without adding a sixpence worth of actual strength. It was a burden to hold and if the King had made peace easier by giving it up he had turned it to better account than he ever could in defence of his realm.

The next month there was answer to the question of peace in the valley following treaties in Europe. A few Indians made an assault on Number Four, others were seen skulking along West River, while on the east side of the Connecticut the shooting of cattle near Fort Hinsdell was evidence of their lingering in the woods.

Events of the sort were quite enough to keep alive the concern of Northfield's people and cause scouting parties, more numerous than had been usual when warfare had more serious aspects, to be kept moving up the valley in uneventful tours. European treaties of peace were without meaning to the Indians so long as scalps had a price, and prisoners a welcome, in Canada. A period of quiet longer than for years gradually assured the settlers that peace was accepted and rewards for their scalps withdrawn.

. . . . .

Out of the war, Northfield came to a realization of the injuries it had suffered, materially and morally. Its manhood had been devoted through successive seasons to the occupations of warfare of a kind that gave no release from service. Its youth had been absorbed in unproductive tasks and had acquired neither habits nor training for the industry which the needs of the community and its households demanded. Parson Doolittle, watchful of all the town's interests, wrote in his narrative, "Great numbers of our young men enlisted and have been kept in pay and idleness, to the ruin of many of them and the hurt of the country." Could the routine of the home life, the bringing back of the neglected fields to production, the development of the resources of the forests and the streams, tough labor with implements cruder and harder to wield than muskets, command the same spirit that had showed itself eager in long rangings and the pursuit of a lurking enemy?

Materially, war had worked its usual injury. The whole community had suffered but it had suffered unequally as to its members. The growth of the town had been stunted. Who would come to live in a region so beset by danger and so burdened with the support of garrisons? The difference in wealth, hardly observable in the normal course, when people of like habits and equal opportunities worked at the same tasks, was now marked in the poverty of some households and the plenitude of others. A son of the hero, Benjamin Wright, was so reduced that the mortgage on his lands, held not by neighbors but by money lenders in far-away London, could not be met and his acres must be lost to him. Money lenders at home and shrewd traders meanwhile had profited and fortunes had grown. There were now the rich and the poor.

The reclaiming of titles when the third settlement began had been followed by many transfers from owners who did not return and the estates of those who had died to such as had money to buy, with the result that the equality in land-holding upon which the town was founded had given way to possession of hundreds of acres by certain of the men and a tenantry by non-owners. The years of war had but widened the margin between the shrewd and grasping on the one extreme and the improvident but not less worthy on the other.

If population had been held down by the unattractiveness of an exposed outpost, there had been the fortunate outcome that the people were of one blood and of prevailing kinship. Of the sixty land-owners occupying their homesteads along the main street, which practically constituted the town, there was not one who bore an unfamiliar name. None were newer than the first years of the final settlement, many of them were linked with the settlements of the previous century and not a few were of the same families as first occupied the town.

Janes, Lyman, Alexander, Wright, Warner, Dickinson were names of first settlers persisting in those of the period of 1750.

Evens, Belding, Holton, Smith, Moore, Hunt, Root were added to the present list during the second settlement.

Mattoon, Field, Stebbins, Doolittle, Petty, Burt were new only in the sense that they were of the present century.

To so few names would all the present men of the town answer, either in their own stead or that of the wives, and between even these there was a crossing of family lines which kept the town well-nigh completely inter-related.

By the interference of the New Hampshire line as it was run in 1741, the town had lost nearly a third of its territory and a smaller fraction of its population, but the increase in its own families, those living within the village, had fully compensated. As it stood there were hardly more than four hundred people here. The first recorded count, that of 1765, showed a population of 415. Fully two hundred of them were below the age of twenty-one.

It was a town of thronging childhood. Ten babies had been born in the present year. On the evidence of the family Bibles, there were forty-seven under the age of five, ninety-five between that age and fourteen; under seventeen there were forty-two more; twenty-five more were in the adolescent period short of majority, and unmarried. Assurance of the perpetuity of the blood of the pioneers was given by the presence of twenty Wrights in this array of youth and childhood; twenty-two carrying the name of Holton; eighteen Fields; eleven Pettys, or as the name was sometimes spelled, Pettees; nine each of Severance and Smith, the Smiths all in one household; eight Mattoons and seven Lymans.

The case for permanence of the early stock would gain further support in the enumeration of those of this generation who at the moment were of maturer years, not to note those of the blood under other names. A Northfield without Alexanders had never yet been and, it might well be predicted, never would be. The Beldings were many and by marriage were perpetuating the descent of the Hadley Dickinsons and of Captain Benjamin Wright. The Burts, who had come to high place in landed estate, were numerous; in one of their households was carried the five orphans of the Asahel killed by the Indians on the road out of Pauchaug. Six orphans were left by the death of Burt's companion that fatal day, Nathaniel Dickinson, the youngest of whom, Benoni, was born after his father's death; these children had also the heritage of the memory of that Joseph who was the bearer of the message from the besieged first settlement and who fell in the battle of Beers Plain.

If the fathers of these numerous families, held to the exploits of war, were indifferent to the education of their children, a disregard it would be unfair to assume, the mothers, dutiful, industrious, patient and as brave as their husbands, were not bearing children to grow up in ignorance. At the least, they must be able to read the Bible. Beyond that there was the example of men who ably met the requirements of the detached and self-reliant town in its "prudentials."

Parson Doolittle was a power in this as in all the community's affairs and not the least of his contributions was the intellectual upbringing of a youth from out of one of the families to be a qualified instructor. He had taken young Seth Field under his instruction and inspiration. Preparing the boy for college he had sent him to his alma mater, Yale, where he was graduated in 1732, the first Northfield boy to gain a college degree.

Seth Field, returning from college at twenty, proved that to gain an education was not to lose aught of the sturdy features of a frontier townsman. His heritage forbade weakness and irresolution. His father had been a captain of brave men in ranging and battle and his mother was the Mary Mattoon who had been taken to Canada in the captive company from Deerfield in 1704, when she was seventeen. His paternal grandfather had been with Turner in the Falls' fight and was killed by the Indians in 1697. One further step in ancestry reached the emigrant founder of the American Field family, one of the pioneers from Dorchester to Hartford under Hooker. Seth joined Captain Kellogg's company, the next year after college, was in military service throughout the late war, and was still enrolled. Meanwhile he was holding town offices but making his distinctive contribution as the town's one schoolmaster.

The schoolhouse built by the town and used for several years was crude and rough but it served its good purpose. Only because it had become too small, the town, in 1748, had provided a new one. It was built in the midst of the war and of necessity was free from extravagant features. It was, of course, placed in the street, receptacle for all non-profit-earning devices. It stood near the meetinghouse, with the serpentine roadway running on either side. Here the learned master assembled boys of all sizes and bearing such adorning names as Uriah, Eleazer, Waitstill, Experience, Deliverance, and

Remembrance, while the Old Testament worthies, Moses, Aaron, Abraham and Noah, were represented.

In war-time, there was no thought of the main street being put to other than common use, military, if need be, as a training field and for guard houses, and domestic as a matter of course. Here the cattle could roam and the hogs could root, the home lots being protected by virginia fences, crooked enough, as was observed, so that a pig, rooting out, would only find that he had rooted in. Regularly the sheep, of which there were numerous flocks privately owned, were folded at night, after being driven out during the day under the care of an official shepherd. Blacksmith shops stood within the street and recently the other tradesmen had been given like permits. Opinion was gathering that there should be a better order and, in 1753, the town voted "to clear off the incumbrances and encroachments," an ordinance that stopped short of prohibiting occupation by carts and implements or of driving off the animals. It was taken to mean the removal of the varied private structures. The meeting-house and the schoolhouse remained.

In the first days of 1749, the town was stricken by the loss of its spiritual leader, Rev. Benjamin Doolittle. He was mending the fence on his homestead, January 9, when he was seized with a pain in his chest and died within a few minutes. He was in his fifty-fourth year and in the midst of his activities as minister, physician and patriotic leader. As the minister of the town for over thirty years, he was held in full reverence. The doctrinal strife, incited by his liberal views at a time when Jonathan Edwards was providing rigorous tests to belief in New England, had passed but not until it was shown that his people either shared his broader views, as the larger number did, or were tolerant of them in a man of high character and intellect. In his other profession, chirurgery and medicine, he was known to all the people of the valley, his practice reaching all the way from Charlestown, thirty miles to the north to as far down, on occasion, as Springfield. He had been the leading advocate of the town's interests in the recurring periods of its military neglect at the hands of the colony's government. He had sought the intellectual development of its youth and had trained and sent through college the boy who was the outright critic of the halting military conduct of the General Court, and his letters to the governor were the public expression of the broad vision which was formulated in the Narrative of the wars he had witnessed, to be preserved in printed form. "The Boston Gazette and Weekly Journal" was within bounds when it reported, later in the month, that his death brought "inexpressible grief to the town."

Mr. Doolittle was a typical product of the best there was in the New England of its first century. His grandfather, English born, was of that community, New Haven, which had set a definite standard of independence and self-reliance, intellectual and political. His father, John Doolittle, born in New Haven in 1655, one of thirteen children, had helped in founding the town of Wallingford, where Benjamin was born in 1695, one of eight children, of whom six were girls. Graduated from Yale in 1716, he was settled in Northfield two years later, bringing with him his young wife, the daughter of Samuel Todd of New Haven. Of their nine children, the oldest, Oliver, had died but three years before. The second child, Lydia, had married Leftenant John Evens, one of Northfield's leading men. Next, Charles, had lost his life in the siege of Louisburg, where he accompanied Captain Alexander. Then there were Eunice, wife of Samuel Ashley; Susanna, wife of the doctor's pupil and follower, Seth Field; Lucius, who had married a daughter of Deacon Samuel Smith; Chloe, wife of Moses Evens; Lucy, who died young, as had another unmarried child; Thankful, engaged to marry Oliver Willard of Fort Dummer; Anzi, now a boy of thirteen; Lucy, who was nine. There were twelve grandchildren at the time of the doctor's death.

Another Yale man, Isaac Lyman, after preaching here for some months, was offered the minister's place soon after Mr. Doolittle's death, but declined, and still another, John Hubbard of Hartford, was called. Both were of the class of 1747. Mr. Hubbard's probation service was satisfactory and at the March meetin' of 1750 he was given, and accepted, the call. The offer was less sumptuous than the one to Mr. Doolittle. Land was not being so freely distributed as thirty years before and the terms included no real estate. The settlement sum was £133, six shillings and eight pence, and the annual salary £66, thirteen shillings and four pence, with promise of "such supply of wood as his family shall stand in need of." This youth of twenty-four came to Northfield a bachelor and remained so in a town of many marriageable girls for four years, when he married Anna, daughter of Captain Samuel Hunt, a leading citizen with large landed estate. Both were in the fourth generation from English emigrants to Connecticut, Anna being also a descendant of Governor Webster.

CHAPTER XX

PEACE A GESTURE, NOT A FACT

America, French or English? The Valley Drawn Deeply into the Issue

The town, having been the product of migration from down the valley and, because of troublous times, the end of this pioneer path, now that the perils of the region were at least reduced and seemingly passed, began to send out promoters of new towns to the north. It had in earlier years supplied the beginnings of the settlement which, originally within its bounds, had since 1741 been over the New Hampshire line. Repeatedly the advancers had been driven back to the town but they now renewed their hold on the farms on each side of the Connecticut.

Now that the village had substantial frame houses it was to be expected that the rebuilding almost on the borders of the town would be of the same style, but Cap'n John Stebbins, who like Ensign Samuel Stratton, was about to reclaim his homestead on the west side, held out for log houses. They were just as good to live in and not so sure to die in—when Indians came about.

"Indians, Indians," why all this talk about Indians, when there were none around, and hadn't France laid down her arms? Were white men forever to regulate all their concerns out of consideration for the heathen? To which reasoning, Cap'n Stebbins would rejoin that there had been some surprises in times past when it was supposed peace had come permanently; France was still in Canada. Did they not attend to what those Deerfield men who went to Montreal with Rainbow had heard said about America belongin' to France? He would point to Colonel Hinsdell as the one settler in the section "beyond the Ashuelot" who had made out to stay there, and did those street folks think one of their board houses would have stood up as his log 'un had? Logs for him, concluded Cap'n.

This bloody ground above the town, both sides the river, was now being reclaimed by those whose houses there had been destroyed—Benoni Wright, near Stebbins; on the east side, the two Evenses, the two Coopers, Sergeant Taylor and Daniel Shattuck. Farther north Northfield men were justifying their heritage by striking out new towns—at Number 1, now to be Westminster, on the west bank, at Rockingham, on the same side of the river, and at Number 2, newly named "Westmoreland" on the east side. The grantees of this re-settled New Hampshire town were from Northfield's old territory, chiefly from Winchester and Hinsdale.

Amputated from Northfield's domain by the surveyor's instruments in 1741, the region on both sides of the Connecticut, claimed by New Hampshire, was proposed in a petition in 1753 to Governor Benning Wentworth of that state as a new township and the charter was issued September 3. It was given the name of Hinsdale, a graceful variant of that of the valiant holder of the fort in the Merry's meadow section. The charter was amended, the 26th of the same month, to suit the settlers on the west side, giving them a separate town but with the same name. The hallmark of Northfield, the name of Wright, appearing seven times in the list of grantees, was enough to establish the new town's maternity and it was reinforced by ten Fields, six Strattons, four Alexanders, Holtons and Pettys, three each Mattoons and Doolittles, while the names of Dickinson, Evens, Lyman and Janes confirmed the origin; out of the ninety-four names there was hardly any other than Andross not strictly of the old stock, and the bearer of this was the physician who had come to take Mr. Doolittle's place.

Four empty, idle forts in a town at peace with the world were needless reminders of troubled days, and, more to the point, good boards and timbers in them were going to waste. Whether forts should be maintained or not was wholly a town concern. Military authority was exercised from Boston only when war was on and from the regimental command only at trainings in peace time. Northfield kept up its militia company and its forts were its own.

"The forts are useless and I move they be removed," was the expression in the 1751 March meetin' of what proved to be a minority opinion. The town had learned the perils of a lack of shelter and defence, argued the more cautious, and there was no certitude of peace so long as France was in Canada. At next year's annual meeting the motion to destroy the forts had more supporters but not a majority. It was in 1753, just in time, as it proved, to get them out of the way before war again made them needful, that it was "passed in the affirmative." It was then voted that "as we would have no further use for the forts, a committee be chosen to sell and dispose of them."

It was known, in a general way, that the French were building forts in the West and that the settlers who had gone over the Allegheny mountains from Virginia and Pennsylvania were threatened in their possessions along the Ohio river; but this was only assurance that when the contest opened again, if ever it should, it would be on new fields.

Late in August, Seth Field showed his neighbors a piece in the "Boston Gazette" which said that Lord Holdernesse, the King's secretary of state, had addressed a note to all the colonial governors urging them to resist French territorial encroachments, even to the use of armed force. The schoolmaster's weekly copy of the "Gazette" was putting the town in new contact with the rest of the world and was passed from hand to hand until it was nearly worn out. A month later it brought the news that the Lords of Trade had sent another letter to the governors directing them to hold a convention to treat with the Iroquois and if not possible to secure their alliance at least to obtain a promise of neutrality. The convention was also to frame "articles of union and confederation" between the provinces "for the mutual defence of His Majesty's subjects and interest in North America."

Perhaps Northfield had been too swift in destroying those forts. If the New York Indians, who had been English allies, had now to be induced to stay neutral it was evident that the French were tampering with them; and when might there not be the closer demonstration that France was playing the Indians against the English settlements in the Connecticut valley? The outcome of the Albany convention of governors was watched with interest. It was not cheering to know that Hendrick, a Mohawk sachem who dominated his tribesmen, had told the governors, "Look at the French: They are men; they are fortifying everywhere. But you are like women, bare and open, without fortifications." Not much seemed to come from the convention, beyond a grand plan of union, drawn up by the man from Pennsylvania, Benjamin Franklin, but not adopted. Even the Indians had made no promises.

In the valley towns, the opinion was general that there was naught to fear when England and France were still at peace. A declaration of war in Europe had always been the preliminary to trouble here, and the treaty of Aix la Chappelle still stood. News came in early June that on May 28, in a clash between a small force sent out from Virginia to protect her people who had gone over the mountains, the first shot had been fired at the command of a young leader, Major George Washington. In July, it followed that this officer, after a brave effort to defend the place he had fortified and fitly named Fort Misery, had capitulated to the French officer, Coulon de Villiers, who had come out from Fort du Quesne, a strong fortification built where two rivers came together to form the Ohio. It began to look as if there could be war without a declaration.

Possibility of trouble in the Connecticut Valley turned to reality when on the morning of Saturday, August 31, news came that an entire family of Johnsons had been taken captive by Indians the day before at Number 4 (Charlestown). A warrant was posted the next morning and at the town-meeting on Monday it was voted to build four forts and to ask the General Court to help bear the cost. The people in the two Hinsdales, the few families who had but just reoccupied their lands on each side the river, promptly deserted them and came back to the mother town. There they could share the defence, in the militia company of Captain Samuel Hunt and Leftenant Seth Field. There was no aid from Boston. The winter passed with twenty men kept in garrison, all of them from the local militia. The spring was awaited with fearsome expectation of fresh invasion from Canada.

Colonel Israel Williams, who was in command of the Northern Hampshire regiment, in which Northfield men were enrolled, had asked Governor Shirley, the previous September, to build a line of forts running to the west from the valley, with none north of Northfield. The notion that Number 4 was a strategic point was now discarded on the theory that the favorite line of approach from Canada was by way of Otter Creek, flowing into Lake Champlain, and from its head waters along West River coming to the Connecticut just above Fort Dummer. Number 4 was to the north of this trail, useless to check an advance and well within the New Hampshire province. New Hampshire stubbornly refused to shelter the settlements in the Connecticut valley and the insistence of Massachusetts that, at least, Fort Dummer should be maintained met with no response from Governor Wentworth. There was full warrant for Captain Hinsdell to say his neighborhood was the most exposed point in the valley.

The Massachusetts government, resting upon local militia for home defence, held out bounties, such as £50 for male Indian prisoners delivered to Boston, £25 for females and boys less than twelve years old and £20 for scalps, regardless of age or sex. Enlistments were asked for ranging companies of not less than thirty men and these volunteers would receive £230 for each captive and £200 for each scalp. The compensation for scouting was a gamble on sighting Indians and taking them, alive or dead.

The war resumed a new aspect when, early in 1755, the grand scheme of four expeditions against French strongholds was divulged. Large armies were to move upon Nova Scotia, with design to recapture Louisburg; Fort Duquesne, at the head of the Ohio; Crown Point, on Lake Champlain; Niagara. Enlistments were called for and the response in the Hampshire county towns was prompt and enthusiastic. The old dream of the reduction of Crown Point was dreamed anew. Northfield instantly met its full quota for that and the Nova Scotian expeditions. The project for dislodgement of France was vastly popular, nowhere more so than in the towns whose century of struggle for existence had been made costly and bloody by the conflict for supremacy between these two claimant peoples.

From now, to what time could not be said, the valor of young men was to be tested away from their homes, beyond the reaches of scouting parties through the valley's forests, in regions unknown to any of them save as they had been told of the forts built therein, compared with which the blockhouses of the valley were but huts. There would be long marches in great armies and battles in drawn lines under other orders than "every man for himself." Victories would be reckoned in terms of strongholds reduced, instead of scalps taken, and a nation's flag advanced, instead of a hamlet saved from harm. In the end a continent's mastery would be won.

To an extent that the new test would determine, the training they had received in single-handed encounters would prove their fitness for ordered service, and the tactics of the forest supplant the massed formations of the field. Personal courage might lose its distinction but there would be rousing comradeship in pursuit of a visible fleeing enemy. To what honor in the eyes of the world might not some valorous service bring the actor on this broad scene of action? Share there would be in the making of history the world would read in the place of deeds doubtfully recorded in the annals of an obscure village.

With all the four expeditions in motion during 1755, the patriotic and prayerful people of the New England towns, whose fate was involved in the great issue, shared in the dismay over Braddock's defeat within eight miles of Fort Duquesne, in July, by which the French gained complete control of the country beyond the Allegheny mountains; in the return of Shirley and Pepperell from the Niagara venture with no more to show than the leaving of a garrison of seven hundred at Oswego as a menace to French operations on the great lakes; and particularly in the failure of General William Johnson to follow up the advantage he gained by his outright battle with Baron Dieskau, in which the French commander lost his life, by advance upon the campaign's objective, Crown Point. The one solace was the success of Monckton's expedition against Nova Scotia, ending in the packing of seven thousand Acadians aboard transports to be scattered through the colonies.

In the spring of 1756, a full year after trouble had begun, hostilities were proclaimed in Europe, France being joined with Russia, Austria and Poland against the aggression of Frederick the Great, with whom King George aligned his forces. England's enmity towards France was deepened by her designs against the British hold on India and on North America. The year was one of humiliation for England on every front. In America, the serious loss was the fall of Fort Ontario, at Oswego, August 14, after a three days' siege, giving France complete command of the West. The English commander, General Loudon, had succeeded only in discrediting himself, while to the French command in America had come the resourceful and energetic Marquis de Montcalm.

In midsummer of 1757, Montcalm turned his attention to the threatened English advance by the way of Lakes George and Champlain. At Fort Edward, which had been built by Johnson at one end of the portage from the Hudson, and first named Fort Lyman, in honor of a Connecticut Valley general, and at Fort William Henry at the foot of Lake George, the terminus of the road, were stationed, respectively, General Webb, with 3600 men, and Lieutenant Colonel Monro with 2200. Late in July, Montcalm moved from Ticonderoga with three thousand regulars and two thousand Indians, gathered from all over the northern country, placed himself between the two forts, and after three days bombardment of Fort William Henry received its surrender from a brave commander, Monro. The worst of Indian outrages were wreaked by the savages of Montcalm's army upon the defenders of the fort, who were promised "the right of going out of the fort with all the honors of war." Some fifty of them were killed and scalped and four or five hundred kidnapped by the Indians.

The next year, 1758, was half gone before the fall of Louisburg, under attack of General Wolfe and Sir Jeffrey Amherst, gave the first great cause of cheer to New England, with its complete surrender of the region which had been the hotbed of attack upon its coast. In the same month, occurred a costly battle about Ticonderoga, in which the bright chance of victory was lost in the death of Brigadier Lord Howe and the passing of command to the incompetent Abercromby. In August, Lieutenant Colonel Bradstreet, of Abercromby's command, which was lying idle in camp at the head of Lake Champlain, led a brave attack on Oswego, which he brilliantly captured. In November, General Forbes, ably aided by Major George Washington, and having in a leisurely advance tarried long enough to win the alliance of the powerful Indian tribes, took Fort Duquesne.

It remained for 1759 to bring the climax to the American part of the far-flung war between France and England for colonial possessions. Before the advance up Lake Champlain of Lord Amherst, who had become the British commander-in-chief in America, Ticonderoga was abandoned and blown up, July 21. Sir William Johnson, as the New York commander had come to be entitled, fought and won a battle with a French force in his approach to Niagara, and that fortress surrendered in late July. In September came Wolfe's battle with Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, above Quebec, and his capture of that stronghold, to be followed after nearly a year by Lord Amherst's investment of Montreal and its surrender. Thus and then, the vast domain of New France passed into the control of Great Britain, leaving France only the remote province of Louisiana.

Threefold were the links between the war which determined the mastery of North America and the town of half a thousand people in the valley of the Connecticut, where that river enters the domain of Massachusetts. In the first place, its life had hung for over eighty years on the fate of English supremacy and its peace had been secure only in the intervals between the active conflict of the two nations now at final grips. Next, its manhood was drawn into the forces that fought the battles on the longest disputed ground. Finally, its reduced defensive strength had been under constant strain and its people in unrelieved anxiety throughout this fateful period.

In the first summer of the war, when the young men were marching away on the Crown Point expedition, the now united Scagcooks and St. Francis Indians kept New England in distress. Early in June two men were killed and two taken captive at Charlemont, a new town up the Deerfield valley. On the 27th, a force of Indians beset Bridgman's fort, on Northfield's original territory, occupied by three families, How, Grout and Garfield, fired from ambush upon the three men and two How boys returning from the meadows, killed How, took the boys captive, and at dark gave the signal at the door of the fort for admission, were admitted and took the women and children prisoners. Grout succeeded in swimming the Connecticut to safety and Garfield drowned in his effort. At the same time an attack was being made on Keene, and was successfully resisted by Captain William Syms, although houses were burned, cattle killed and Benjamin Twichel was captured.

In July, seven men out from Hinsdell's fort to get posts for the picketing, were fired upon and but two escaped. John Alexander was killed and scalped and a garrison soldier's body was found with both breasts cut off and his heart laid open. The big gun at Fort Dummer called thirty men from Northfield, who made a fruitless pursuit of the savages. In August, a heroic defence of his log house in Walpole was made by John Kilburn, his wife, son and daughter, against an attack by a body of Indians, numbering or seeming to number four hundred.

Seth Field, successor to Parson Doolittle, as pleader for the town, was besieging the government for soldiers to protect the harvesters of the abundant crops; Captain Hinsdell was turning first to the New Hampshire and then to the Massachusetts' governor for aid to defend "one of the most exposed places in these parts," on the road of the enemy's descent on the English frontiers by the way of Otter Creek and West River; Jonathan Belding and other Northfield signers of a pitiful petition were begging Colonel Israel Williams for soldiers to scout and to guard the settlers in their "husbandry"; and Colonel Williams was justifying his reputation for a temperament by grudgingly ordering a few men posted at Northfield, with the gracious addition to the order, "I expect the inhabitants to assist, and that punctually."

Punctually! Good word to test temperaments that might exist in Northfield. Examples in punctuality were not being set by the government nor by its military commanders, in the matter of saving people from destruction. It was only gradually sensed that the policy of leaving them to save themselves was not local nor individual; it was to be traced back to the British generals. They advised the government, and the advice was literally followed, that the provincial regiments should furnish full quotas for the expeditions and the guarding of the frontiers be left to the local militia—without expectation of reward. The disheartening and demoralizing policy was favorable to continued Indian marauding, never rising to the dignity of warfare, but testing the courage of the home people as sharply as that of the enlisted men was being tried in the dilatory performances of the commanding general in the Lake George country.

In the summer of '56, when Abercromby was dawdling with his army on its supposed way to take Crown Point, the Indians were paying occasional but bloody visits to the neighborhood—at Winchester, June 7, when Josiah Foster, his wife and two children were "taken," the house rifled and hogs killed; between Northfield and Hinsdale, August 20, when Zebediah Stebbins and Reuben Wright were fired upon. In April of the next year, Number 4 was assaulted by a large French and Indian force. In March of '58, the house of Captain Fairbanks Moor, a Northfield man transplanted to West River, was attacked, the captain and a son killed and his wife and two soldiers taken captive.

Far apart as were these assaults, in point of time, they were frequent enough to keep the towns, shorn of their fighting strength, in constant fear. No sooner was a home company formed and drilled than it would be ordered to join the army. Captain John Burk, a spirited leader who had been produced by Fall Town, next westerly neighbor of Northfield, rallied a ranging company of forty-eight, of whom seventeen were from Northfield, in the winter of '57 and led them on scouting excursions which were effective in warding off attacks, only to be ordered by the summer's end to Fort William Henry. Later, he found out what war was when he was captured and stripped during the French attack on Ticonderoga but made his escape and reached Fort Edward. In one of Seth Field's persistent appeals for the towns, drained of their strength and support, he graphically described his own as "poor Northfield, who has been wasting away by the hands of the enemy these ten years past."

Through all its seasons of distress, the fate and fortunes of the armies in the expeditions against the French were being eagerly followed. Interest centered in the one aimed at Crown Point, for in it were the husbands and sons of Northfield's homes. Oswego's fall startled the watchers in the New England towns but when Fort William Henry surrendered there was not only a share in "the great alarm" but mourning in Northfield's households. The fall of Louisburg in July of 1759 turned dismay to rejoicing and the victory of Wolfe at Quebec was joyfully hailed as full promise of permanent peace. There remained for deep concern the fate of the expedition from Crown Point under Major Roberts to destroy the Indian nests at Missisquoi Bay, Gray Lock's headquarters in older days, and at St. Francis, the breeding places of slaughter for years upon years. In October, 1759, all the garrisons were dismissed save the small one at Fort Dummer. Montreal fell the next year and domination of North America was no longer in doubt. And now, after two generations had been lived in alternating conflict and apprehension of conflict, a peace none could question was permanently settled on the valley.

From the expeditions against Louisburg and Crown Point in 1755 to the capitulation of Montreal in 1760, the manhood of the town had been drawn steadily into the channels of war. From its actual population of not far from four hundred, there had been enlisted not fewer than seventy-eight men, aside from those who shared in the home garrison. Many of them had been in successive campaigns, the older men first called to service and the youth as it came to the least age that could venture forth. There were those who had been born in the early forties and nearly half the list later than 1730. Fathers and sons went out together—not alone Captain Joshua Lyman, who at fifty-five was with Colonel Israel Williams in the campaign of 1759, and his son, Seth, who at twenty had been in Captain Burk's company in Ruggles' regiment in the movement upon Crown Point, stretching from March to December two years before; there were Beldings as old as Captains Samuel at sixty-three and Jonathan at sixty-one and their nephew, Moses, at half their age; Alexanders as mature as John, born in 1709, and as juvenile as Asa, born in 1742; Wrights all the way from Captain Benoni, born in 1702, to Abner, 1740.

Enlistment of seventy-eight men from Northfield only partially represents the community's contribution. There should be accredited as well those who went out from the new towns across the New Hampshire border. The state line, arbitrarily drawn, had not severed the social and the family ties—the families of Stebbins, Taylor, Evens and Hunt were essentially of Northfield, even if politically distinct, while the numerous Alexanders of Winchester could not be differentiated from those of the mother town. So reckoned, the old families kept up their numerical importance on the rolls of the enlisted men. Eleven bore the name of Wright and there were nine Alexanders, five from the Field family, two or three each from those of Holton, Lyman, Mattoon, Petty, Smith and Stebbins, making up a majority of the enrollment and establishing the persistence of pioneer names in the affairs and the constituency of the town. Hardly more than that of Andross was unfamiliar—borne by the village doctor who had gone out as a private in Captain Collins' company "in service to the Westward."

CHAPTER XXI

PEACE, AND HOME DEVELOPMENT

New Elegancies in Dress and a New Church for Their Display

NORTHFIELD had done its full duty in the war that settled the English in possession of the new country. Every quota had been fully supplied. The home defences had been kept up by home militiamen. Fine examples of personal bravery had been supplied and the seasoned rangers had turned to disciplined soldiers, equal to all the strain of long marches and the regulated movements of massed troops. Now she was to reap her share in a secured peace by turning her energies to the building up of a town free from the perils that had constantly beset her.

Within the town's boundaries were some sixty houses. Chiefly they stood along the main street on the ample lots that had come down from the first settlers or, at latest, had been gained in the first days of the third settlement, now a half-century in the past. Such as had been built years before had taken on the brown that exposure brings to pine and newness was only marked by the yellow of fresher wood. Far up the street Deacon Ebenezer Alexander's large house and that of Nathaniel Dickinson in the centre of the town had ends of brick, and they were not alone in having walls lined with brick, produced from the clay-beds at the extreme south-end of the village. Outside, were scattered homesteads, at the lower "Farms," on the plains beyond the river, in the hamlets across the New Hampshire line.

Here was still an inter-related people. None were strangers to its blood save the minister and the doctor. Even their separateness had been reduced by Rev. Mr. Hubbard's marriage into the Hunt family and Dr. Bildad Andross' household including six or eight children born in Northfield. The town's perils and exposure had made it unattractive to new people. Its population was kept up by a sustained birth rate. Every household had its numerous children, and almost none was without its venerated survivor of the settlement's earlier and continued struggles.

The century was two-thirds gone but there were patriarchs from the preceding one, such as the two sons of Captain Benjamin Wright, of honored memory, Daniel, born in 1697, and Remembrance, in 1685 and so a survivor of the historic second settlement; Jonathan Janes, just over seventy, weaver grandson of the elder who preached the first sermon, nearly a century ago, under the old oak still standing down the street; Captain Ebenezer Alexander, hero of Louisburg, born in 1684, only twice removed from the immigrant patriot, William, the founder of the family in the valley.

Towards these elders the children were trained to pay constant respect. None interested them more than Jonathan Belding, not so old but rather more venerable. Here was an example of correct living. Sickly in youth, near victim of consumption, he had saved himself by rigid rules dutifully followed, including a diet inconceivable to country boyhood—bread and milk three times a day, followed, to be sure, by a glass of wine and one clay pipeful of tobacco. More impressive to youth was Mr. Belding's careful costume, topped with that new elegance, the cocked hat, and his unvarying moderation of gait as he regularly trod the village street.

The town was no longer detached from the world. Its separateness had developed a strong self-reliance. But now its men had been out in remote regions for military service and formed comradeships beyond the town's limits. They better knew the way of the world. The younger generation was far from illiterate. Under the instruction of Schoolmaster Field, the young men of the time had come to manhood with a mastery of useful knowledge and readiness in expression; by him they were now kept in constant knowledge of world affairs; through him, they came to sense that there was another struggle impending, that for recognition of their rights as Englishmen even if in a detached colony.

Household industry, if not relaxed, had changed. The spinning wheels, the big-wheeled one for wool and the smaller one for flax, were being gradually stored away. Weaving was more and more being turned over to men who made it a business. A certain disdain for home-made stuffs had set in. There were attractive fabrics on the shelves of the village store, at Burt's, far up the street beyond the brook, and the newer one of the Pomeroys, in the centre of the town. Black had come into favor for the best gowns and materials of silk and of wool, made in English mills, were to be had in exchange for the products of the farm. The stout shoes, made by the village shoemaker, had given way to the handsomer ones brought from Boston or the frailer ones Gad Corse, who also tanned his leather, was making. Even the bonnets had taken on elegance and were produced by Deacon Root, the hatter, who also turned out from fur and from wool pretentious headwear for the men. Clothes for the men had long been made, in some part, by tailors who had been duly apprenticed but now Elias Bascom, "one of the town's weavers, was maintaining a clothier's shop at the south end of the street."

There were three physicians in the town. Dr. Andross, who had come in 1750, had enjoyed a monopoly of practice until young Samuel Mattoon, a native, son of Isaac, who was induced by a gift of land to come here in 1721, established himself in the house he rebuilt in 1760, and Dr. Medad Pomeroy arrived from Northampton in 1762.

There was almost an invasion of Pomeroys at just this time, Eleazer coming from Sunderland, and Josiah and his son Shammah, as well as their cousin, the doctor from Northampton. Shammah opened a saddle shop in the heart of the village, which presently became a favorite social and political resort for the men of the town. Medad had been graduated from Yale in 1757 and was the son of Colonel Seth Pomeroy, who had been the only field officer in Colonel Williams regiment to survive the "Bloody morning scout" in the recent war. Dr. Andross found it wise, a few years later, to remove to the new town of Westminster, up-river, and Dr. Pomeroy, who had meanwhile married a daughter of Captain Samuel Hunt, went about the same time to Warwick, Northfield's nearest neighbor to the East. Dr. Mattoon held his ground.

In the last year of the war the town took the first steps towards a new meeting-house. In the town-meeting of 1761 there was unanimous opinion that the old church, built in 1718, should be replaced, but a vigorous difference as to its location. There was some sentiment for removal from within the street bounds and a division among those who would keep it in the street as to whether it should hold the centre or be placed at one side. The dispute was so ardent that the selection was referred to a committee from other towns, Hinsdale, Hadley and

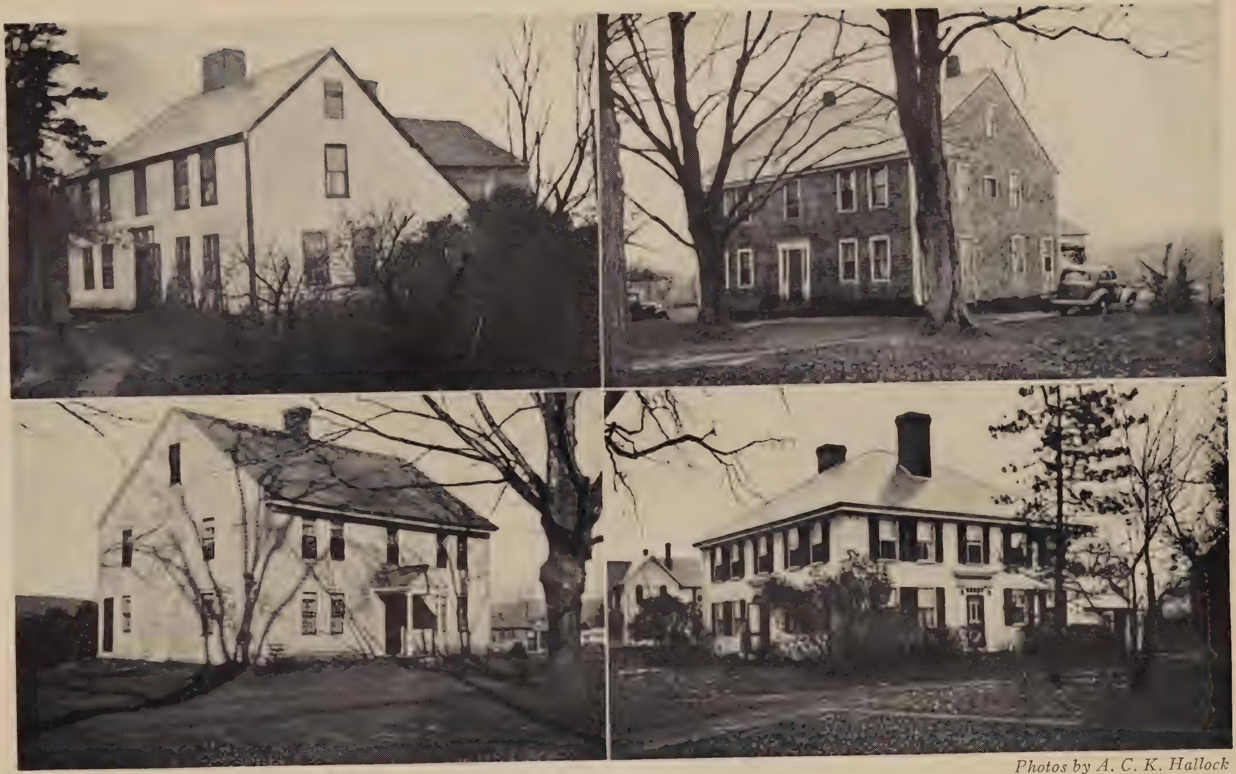
Sunderland, but, as earnest that it should be placed somewhere, a building committee of seven was chosen. Issues of the sort are not so easily determined.

After a vote in November of 1762 to place the meeting-house in the middle of the street, just north of the old one, the town voted the next spring to place it to the west of the street's centre. The town's land in Great Meadow and a part of the sequestered land south of the village were to be sold and the sum of £20 raised by taxation. At the vendue, the town supplied a mug of flip and two gallons of rum, foretastes of the supply at the church raising, the next summer, of two barrels of New England rum and four gallons of West India rum.

The new meeting-house was nearly square, fifty-five by forty-four feet, and stood lengthwise of the street, with its main entrance in the middle of the street side and others at the northerly end and from the west. It had galleries three sides, the high pulpit, with its canopy of a sounding board on the southerly end. Its pews were enclosed with panel work. By subsequent votes of the town, a steeple, at the northerly end and a bell were provided. Begun in 1763, further votes were needed for its completion; in 1764, raising money and selling more land "towards finishing"; in May, 1765, selling more land "for still further finishing"; in December raising more money "to finish." In 1767, the pulpit and pews were built; in 1768, the bell was hung; in the course of five years the work was completed and the town had not a cathedral, but a plain wooden structure with its outside boards, as well as inside finish, in process of acquiring the color of exposed wood. The finishing touch of stone steps and horse block required another year.

The "seating" of the meeting-house, a problem in determination of social rank supremely testing the diplomacy of the town's wisest, was assigned to a committee of nine, the chairman being Captain Samuel Hunt, commander of a company in the late war and now tavern-keeper and extensive land-owner. With him were four who had acquired military titles and Seth Field, the one citizen entitled to "Esq." after his name and given highest position next the minister's in the seating. Pews directly in front of the pulpit, customarily considered the highest, were given second and third place, the minister having chosen a side pew and thus upsetting the usual order.

ALONG THE TWO-MILE SHADED STREET



Photos by A. C. K. Hallock

The Stratton Tavern
Alexander Homestead

The Janes House
Adjutant Field House

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HOUSES

Beyond the first six pews, clustered about the pulpit, the numbers scattered about the house. Numbers 7 and 8 were at the farthest point, flanking the main door, as if dignity combined with easy egress at this point. It was back there that the town's best dresser, Jonathan Belding, was seated and Dr. Mattoon, who might thus be called out without publicity. The young folks, over a hundred of them, were in the galleries, not promiscuously but with assigned places and under the eye and rod of the tithing-man. A choir of twenty-five was seated near the pulpit. The dear old ladies were conspicuously placed directly at the left of the pulpit and there were five of them in this venerable array, widows and maidens whose marital status was unrevealed by the respectful designation of Mistress, applied to all of them. Close upon the first use of the new house, it was voted by the town to let out pews to people in the neighboring towns.

New location for the schoolhouse was compelled by the choice of its site for the meeting-house. The old one and the schoolhouse had been for years close neighbors in the middle of the street. The shame of contrast with the new and imposing building was spared it by the vote to remove the schoolhouse to the middle of the road which led to Warwick. Then it was concluded that it had served its time and in 1764 the town decided to build anew on the proposed site. The new school building was 21 x 20 feet, a single room, seven feet high, with the chimney at one end and the master's desk at the other. Here Seth Field, who had been the town's only schoolmaster for nearly thirty years, continued to teach in the winter, and Phinehas Wright began to teach a summer term. The new teacher was the older one's cousin, as he was indeed—and each was—of the parents of most of their scholars.

The town was keeping abreast with the times in the maintenance of public schools. It had relieved the parents of the burden of tuition, although it was expected that the wood-pile, which stood in the street, would be kept supplied by the families of the scholars. With the provision of a schoolhouse and the employment of such a teacher as the town was fortunate to have in a member of one of its families, the sending of the boys to school was left to parental choice. If parental pride was so low as to neglect the opportunity, the result was an uneducated child. The need of the labor of the older boys on the farm was reflected in their attendance only at the winter term, when they crowded even the larger room and furnished the squire with a problem of adjusting his teaching to ages varying from six or seven to as high as eighteen and twenty. The difficulty of sending boys from as far away as the Farms, a distance of fully six miles, was recognized by the allowance of from £3 to £6 for the support of a school there, to be kept in one or another of its farmhouses.

What the character and quality of the instruction should be was determined by the master. The selectmen had the oversight of this as only one of the town's affairs and exercised it only to the extent of paying the master his ten shillings a week. If occasionally a parent of girls ventured to suggest that they should have a place in the town's school plan, it was so far from the prevailing notion as not even to deserve discussion. The girls were being given the only instruction they needed—reading and writing—in one and another of the homes where a woman possessing such education added her neighbors' children to her own group. Even as to the boys it was expected that they would have learned their A B C's before entering the town's school.

CHAPTER XXII

ENGLISHMEN AGAINST ENGLISHMEN

Quick Resentment of Oppression, and Revolution

At the end of its first century, Northfield was more a town of promise than of achievement. Its people were facing the future confidently and resolutely. They were making slight note of the past, otherwise than in reverent gratitude for final deliverance from struggle and peril. With every household having at least one member who could recount deeds of valor and thrilling adventure they were content to leave the past to the chance of memory.

Since Parson Doolittle there had been no keeper of a journal. Even the most important events were unrecorded. Reuben Wright, who chose to spell his honored name "Rubin," supplied one modest exception. He had been in an encounter in the late war in which he had proved himself a hero and from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Not to lose the exact date he made an entry in his book of accounts, in the midst of charges for labor or for products of it, "candel" wood, buckskins, flaxseed and corn, peeling bark and hooping hogsheads—

> "August 21, 1756 then I recued a wound from Ingans up by Joses Stebns house."

Elaborate, in contrast to the silence with which the past was customarily treated! Moreover, there were appearing signs of a new challenge.

When the hard, day-long labor of the farm was relaxed by season or weather and the men sat around Pomeroy's saddleshop, favorite resort for the idle hours, there was ample topic in the news from Boston of the protests and resistance to the arbitrary and oppressive acts of the King. Seth Field's copy of the "Boston Gazette," the weekly messenger, was read and its contents discussed with no restraint upon opinion. It developed that there was a unity of mind, varying only in the warmth of its utterance, to the point that oppression from one's own people was no more patiently to be borne than assaults from an open enemy.

When the terms, "whig" and "tory," were beginning to be applied in the rising heat of discussion at Boston and the other eastern towns and even as near as Northampton and Hadley, they were useless for distinction between the men of this town. If they had sought the reason for such unity, they would have found it in such facts as that Northfield had ever been on the defensive of its rights. Primarily there had been the right to exist as a community. The warfare it had waged was not for a cause beyond its borders, save as others in like situation were engaged in a common concern to hold their ground. The town had indeed sent its sons out in the last war, to join forces with the royal army, and had shared in the rejoicing over the final victory of British arms; but the prompt enlistment and the final rejoicing had been alike due to the quick sensing that the engagement was with the power that had directed attacks upon their homes and that it was the arch enemy of their peace that had been vanquished. Self-preservation, localized in terms of town and home, had been the compelling motive.

English as they were in every drop of their blood, their detachment, their enforced self-reliance and their resistance to infringement upon their freedom of possession and action had prepared them to resist invasion upon their liberty from whatever quarter, even from the seat of the government under which they lived, be it Boston or Westminster. An agricultural people, no commercial interest had brought to them a fear of injury from interruption of trade across the seas. It was an independent town by force of all it had ventured and suffered—ready as a unit and in the person of every member for any needed showing of independence.

Far removed from the scenes of active resistance to the crown's and parliament's restrictive and oppressive measures, the little town watched with sympathetic interest. It was not represented in the General Court, as it was entitled to be, but it could resent with no little feeling the attitude of Colonel Oliver Partridge from Hatfield, a commander under whom its men had served, now a representative, who was standing with the governor and the crown. When James Otis, the fiery patriot, was demanding and securing the appointment of a committee to consider the danger and the menace from the stamp tax, Partridge was one of the two conservatives appointed by the royalist speaker to be the majority against Otis, whom he was compelled to appoint. The towns down the river were furnishing an undue share of such defenders of the prerogative.

The Northfield men, in their own counsels, joined in the surprised rejoicing over the speech which they read had been made in early June by a young lawyer, Patrick Henry, in the Virginia assembly, a startling defiance of the King's tyranny. Crowding events of 1765 were followed with keen interest; the vote of the General Court, in June, to ask the colonies to join in a congress; the hanging in effigy at Boston of the stamp collector, Andrew Oliver, and of Lord Bute, the offending British minister, and the riotous smashing of the windows in Oliver's house; the tolling of bells in many towns, Northfield having none to toll, for a funeral of the stamp tax; the assembling of the new continental congress in October in New York.

Promptly upon the example of Boston people in pledging themselves to abstain from the use of English goods while the stamp tax was pending, the Northfield women made like resolve. The spinning wheels were brought from the attic or the shed and set in motion. The home dyes, sage and redroot and butternut, were again in evidence. The herds of sheep, which had dwindled, were again built up. The people would eat no lamb. The acreage of flax was increased. If the town stopped short of forming a band of the Sons of Liberty, aimed at forcible resistance, there should be no doubt that its people were on the side of patriots like Samuel Adams and James Otis.

The repeal of the stamp tax, only to be followed by new revenue acts; the complete non-importation agreements; the sending of British troops to Boston; the refusal of Governor Bernard to call the General Court, which met in spite of him; the arrival of new regiments and their parade through the streets of Boston; the riotous encounter of March 5, 1770, when a negro bystander, named Crispus Attucks, and two others were killed by the fire of British soldiers; the controversy between Governor Hutchinson and the General Court as to meeting in Boston, where he called it, or in Cambridge, where it chose to meet—and met; the throwing of a cargo of tea into Boston harbor, December 16, 1773; the closing of the port the next year; the act of parliament superseding the colonial charter—these events of the troubled years down to 1774 were followed with concern and rising spirit for the colonial cause in a town whose people grew with it all into a sense of common cause with the defiant leaders of colonial resistance.

Military organization had died out after the close of the war with France, as it had in the valley towns generally. The events at Boston and throughout the colonies clearly enough showed the possibility and increasing probability of conflict under arms. Northfield would be ready. A company was formed in the autumn of 1774, to respond on the minute to any call, and the town voted to provide ammunition for any of its members who were not able to supply themselves. The town accumulated a stock for emergency. Meanwhile, it had sent Ensign Phinehas Wright as representative to the General Court, which met at Salem, October 5, 1774, and upon Governor Gage's revocation of his call organized as a provincial congress, transferred to Concord and thence to Cambridge, where its sessions extended from October 17 to December 10—and the town paid the ensign for his time and expenses. At a meeting held just after his return the town instructed the selectmen not to lay a province tax and to indemnify them if such action caused them any trouble or cost.

Anything short of outright support of the colonial cause on the part of any person was quickly noted and suspicion of Toryism was easily aroused. There was a shadow of that sort over Aaron Whitney, a young man who had come from Petersham in 1768 and opened a store. His father, the minister of the Petersham church, an outright Tory, was in open conflict with his people and the son might be suspected of sharing his views. It was prudent for the town to remove its stock of ammunition, kept at Whitney's store, and distribute it to quarters of unquestioned patriotism, an unjust imputation upon the merchant which was corrected by making him a war-time selectman and later sending him as representative for three years.

By 1775, the town was fully alert to the cause. Its January meeting, aside from electing Ebenezer Janes a delegate to the provincial congress to meet in Cambridge the next month, appointed five of its best citizens a committee of inspection—most of the towns were saying "of inspection and correspondence"—and a committee of two, one of whom was the misjudged Aaron Whitney, to receive a donation for the poor of Boston, good indication of prosperity and patriotism. The minute-men, twenty-six of whom were of Northfield and twenty-five of Warwick, were under the training of Joseph Allen of Bernardston and Gad Corse, the tanner and shoemaker, both of whom were beyond the age of military service.

Just after noon on the 20th of April, 1775, the long vigorous roll of a drum brought the minute-men on the run to the centre of the street and with them, at varying speeds, all the people of the town. A messenger had arrived with the news that an actual battle had taken place at Lexington and Concord the morning of the day before and had continued through the day as the British troops had retreated towards Boston. Captain Wright ordered his men to prepare themselves for the march and before night he was leading them over the hills to Warwick, there to be joined by the company's other half, for a rapid march to Concord.

Captain Eldad, forty-two years old, was of the fighting Wright stock although not a lineal descendant of Captain Ben. He was marching away from wife and seven children. The first sergeant was another Wright, Eliphaz, son of Phinehas, the schoolmaster. Half the company were direct descendants of Northfield's oldest families, the fifth or fourth generation from English emigrants, and nearly all the men bore names familiar in the annals of the town. They were, in the main, from eighteen to twenty-three years old, with three beyond the age of forty.

Stirred by the event they had witnessed, the men of the town who remained at home went directly from the street to the meeting-house, organized a meeting and chose a committee of correspondence, with Deacon Samuel Smith, whose son was at the moment marching over the Warwick hills as one of the minute men, as its chairman, and the other four members with the same interest or with sons who would be brought into the service should there be a real war.

When Captain Wright and his men reached Cambridge they found slight occasion for their staying. If there was to be war it was not apparent when nor where. There was disturbance enough in the minds and in the behavior of the people of Boston, hot talk, British troops coming and going, no yielding of the autocratic rule, feverish readiness to resent and, if need appeared, to resist; but no use for the guns the minute-men shouldered. There had been no formal enlistment—they were farmers away from home, idle and unpledged; and they drifted back home as the fancy struck them. When in a month's time, Captain Wright had with him no more than half his men left, he led them tamely home again.

Town-meetings were quite as stirring and warlike as lying around Cambridge. They were held frequently. One in May elected Phinehas Wright a delegate to represent the town at the provincial congress to be held in Watertown the 31st. Another in July chose him as its representative in the General Court, also to meet in Watertown. When winter came, a regular company was recruited and made a part of the colonial troops to await orders. Thomas Alexander was its captain and with him were fifty-six men, now carrying names strange to the town along with Alexander, Belding and Petty of the old sort and Robbins, Weeks and Mun of newer families.

It was a less stirring event than the quick marching of the minutemen the year before, when on the sixth of March, 1776, Captain Alexander led his company out of the town, down the valley to Hadley, there to join Colonel Porter's regiment in the invasion of Canada, which, let his own journal tell the story, was the least glorious of the patriot undertakings. Long marches, over the western Massachusetts hills, northward to Bennington, to Ticonderoga, to Crown Point, sailings on Champlain, on to Quebec, some burnings of towns, of little consequence, the retreat from Quebec, tarry at Crown Point, there to hear with rejoicing of the declaration of American independence, twelve days after its signing, idle months at Ticonderoga down to November, thence to Albany and to join General Washington's army in New Jersey, half a month's staying beyond the period of enlistment, "out of compassion to the people" and, ending it all, the return of the fragment of the company, eighteen men, who had seen Morristown, to their homes in the valley towns.

Captain Thomas Alexander brought home a story both stirring and sad of the futile expedition to Canada—and he brought it on crutches. Brave old man that he was, a hero in the eyes of the boys of the town who were keen for his tale, he had first to tell of his own misfortune, the broken hip. On his way home from New Jersey, he had slipped on the ice at Peekskill, in York state, and dislocated the hipbone. It was plain to see that he would be somewhat crippled the rest of his years. He had done his task for his country—and would the country some day recognize it?

Captain Alexander was from the tough Scotch stock that in the three generations of his family had largely made the town possible. Moreover he was a Wright, his mother, Azubah, being the granddaughter of a brother of Captain Ben. He was the son of the hero of Louisburg, Captain Ebenezer, under whom he had marched once before to Canada, back in '58, that time against the French. If he had been prone to humor, he could have said that marching to Canada was the stock folly of fool strategists; but he had a grim story to tell of the retreat from Quebec, when, in his own words, "the army passed thru unparallelled scenes of danger, hardships and distress." And there was the broken hip. Even so, he could tell the boys about "Gineral Washington," already the great warrior, for he had been with him at Morristown.

While Captain Alexander was still out with his company, another leader, Samuel Merriman, had recruited a company from the northern Hampshire towns, fourteen of them from Northfield, and as its captain had gone on an expedition to Ticonderoga in July. This fort was the gathering-point of numerous companies that came up to join in the Canadian expedition. Merriman's company here joined with Alexander's but was not called into action. Another Alexander, given his mother's name, Mighills (transformed into Miles), had gone into the company of Captain Agrippa Wells, mustered at Greenfield, September 1, as second lieutenant and with him a Holton, Nathan, son of Captain William.

Enlistment for the war ran on throughout the year, 1776. It took in thirteen of the town's young men, out for two months from September, at White Plains, in New York. The Field family furnished three of them—Reuben and Nathan, sons of Pedajah, the horse doctor—and Levi, son of Dr. Ebenezer. The familiar names of Root, Billings, Stratton, Janes, Tiffany and Morgan were on the roll. This company, in Colonel Moseley's command, marched to Horse Neck, in Connecticut, then to join Washington's army in New York and was thus in battle at White Plains. Another contingent went in at midwinter, joining a company that was to go to Danbury.

As the war ran on, boys coming to a possible age for service were accepted on new muster rolls, such as one under Captain Peter Proctor, out for a month to reinforce "the northern army" in midsummer of '77, and the reorganized company of Captain Merriman in response to General Gates' call in September. Ebenezer Janes, of the old family, was lieutenant in the former and Eldad Wright, who had led the minute men to Cambridge in April of '75, accepted second place in Merriman's company. The company was at the battle of Bennington, August 16, and on its second march reached the main army in the Hudson Valley and was a part of the so-called New Hampshire regiments which shared in the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga and witnessed that turning event in the war, the Burgoyne surrender. By 1778, the inducement of a bounty from the town came to play a part in recruiting the revolutionary army, £120 in lawful money for four men to serve eight months, advanced in the next year to £120 each to five more to serve "for the present war." Successive enlistments for definite expeditions followed rapidly—for service at West Point, for services ending in January '79 at New London, for service at Claverack, the last in October, with Captain Samuel Merriman again in command. In 1780, there was a definite quota for new enlistments, twelve men to go to West Point, and upon the town's prompt vote to hire them the requisition was met in June. They were at West Point at the time of the treachery of Benedict Arnold.

There was again the enlistment of ten men in December. Another requisition, and the last one, for eight three-month men, was quickly met in a town-meeting of July, 1781. The later companies marched to the Hudson region, to join in the protection against possible reinforcements from Canada, were chiefly occupied in scouting and stayed in service until the surrender of Cornwallis brought an end to the war.

Meanwhile, the unanimity of sentiment with which the town's people had watched the tightening of the King's oppression of the colony suffered a serious breach the moment that arms were taken up in resistance. It was caused by the gentle and beloved minister who for a quarter century had served their spiritual needs and kept quite aloof from interference in secular affairs.

On the Sunday following the departure of Eldad Wright and his minute men, Mr. Hubbard offered the customary prayer for God's blessing on His Majesty the King. The inconsistency of a town sending men, carrying guns the town had paid for, to be discharged at the

King's troops, and joining in prayers for his protection, was glaring. It immediately stirred a protest. The town's committee of safety found an unexpected task at home on its hands. Four of its five members favored immediate and drastic action, the one dissenting being Seth Field, the schoolmaster and town clerk. Squire Field was no Tory but had respect for the established order—and George was still their ruler, perhaps in greater need of prayers than in all the years they had been regularly offered.

On the second Sabbath day after Lexington, just as the morning service was about to begin, the venerable Deacon Samuel Smith arose in the deacon's seat directly in front of the pulpit, and, addressing the minister, forbade the offering of the petition for the King's blessing, instructing him to confine himself to reading the scripture and preaching the sermon. Mr. Hubbard responded that the committee had no authority over him and that he should continue the prayer so long as he continued his ministry and the King his reign over the colony. The immediate result was a conflict between the town and the church, now revealed to be distinct entities, each with its field of authority. The town, in a majority of its voters, stood by the committee. The church membership stood by the minister.

The issue developed into one of the independence of the church and continued a divisive one far beyond the declaration of independence of the colonies. Mr. Hubbard's supporters included men whose sons had entered the Revolutionary army long before the church controversy ceased. Squire Field was staunch in Mr. Hubbard's support at a time when three of his own sons were in the colonial forces. He could disagree with the minister's conservative opinion without denying his right to be a Tory, if he chose to be.

It was less of a strain for other defenders of Mr. Hubbard. Dr. Samuel Mattoon was a conservative by force of ancestry and relationship and had no sons old enough to enter the army. The doctor was a nephew of that Colonel Partridge who had distinguished himself at Boston by opposing James Otis and was still standing for the Crown. Aaron Whitney, the young storekeeper, had a Tory father, who had been driven from his pulpit in Petersham, just as Hubbard was in peril of being in Northfield. Shammah Pomeroy was in more trying position. He was a nephew of General Seth Pomeroy, who was rising to the highest distinction as a patriot soldier and was close to General

Washington; but his wife was a cousin of both Dr. Mattoon and of Rev. John Hubbard himself. If there was latent Toryism here, it was happily concealed under the issue of church against town, on either side of which men might array themselves without outrightly incurring the shame of disloyalty to the Colonial cause.

In the controversy between the two entities, the town had the advantage that it held the purse. There had been for years great irregularity in the payment of the minister's salary and when the controversy arose the payments were badly in arrears. The town showed a high measure of magnanimity in a special effort to bring the payments up to time and succeeded in very nearly doing so, at the moment it might have starved the church and its minister.

After two years, during which the war of the Revolution had become real and independence its one issue, the minister persisting in saying things which kept alive patriot resentment, a faction lead by the two venerable Deacon Samuels, Smith and Root, withdrew from communion and absented themselves from meeting. Another two years, in which the major occupation of the New England mind was the business of war, brought along repeated efforts to adjust the church difficulty, uniformly fruitless. Then came a solution brilliantly reflecting the high-mindedness and essential tolerance of townsmen who for four years had been in unrelenting conflict.

In November, 1779, a great council of churches met in Northfield and continued in session four days, exclusively devoted to a discussion of the church and town conflict. The town held the upper hand in its constituency, which was drawn from churches as remote from each other as Brattleboro, up the valley, Suffield, Southampton and West Springfield, a good day's journey to the south, Barre, Brookfield and Athol, over the hills in Worcester county, Belcher and Granby, hardly less remote. The minister's friends challenged only two in this list, making no complaint that the mother town, Northampton, and the related ones such as Hadley and Hatfield were passed by. The list was safely progressive and patriotic. The council was pondering its decision, when on the fourth day there was presented to it a document signed by committees of church and town, five each, and as well by the Rev. John Hubbard, entitled "An Accommodation between ye Pastor of ye Church in Northfield and His Adhering Brethren and ye People Who are Dissatisfied with His Conduct."

In stately form, scholarly English and gracious compromise, the "Accommodation" put the issue squarely upon differences between the pastor and the majority of the people of the town as to the controversy between Great Britain and "these United States," touched gently upon the words, acts and omissions of the minister which had "afforded great disquietude in the minds of his people," and while confessing to mistaken measures by the people, bound the pastor to obedience to the authority of the independent states, to support of the constitution, even to pray publicly for the prosperity of the American arms against "our British enemies," and to embrace with affection those who had been in opposition to him. The reciprocal promise was to acknowledge Mr. Hubbard as the sincerely respected pastor, to endeavor to walk with him as Christians and to act towards him with all that love and esteem which is due to the faithful ministers of our Lord's Kingdom.

One man only in the town could have composed the reverent treaty of peace which reunited its people and its spiritual servant. Ten citizens signed it but its scholarship bore the mark of the village schoolmaster, graduate of Yale forty-seven years ago, guide and leader in the days of the town's distresses, selectman in ten scattered terms, town clerk continuously for just forty years—Seth Field. While he had reverently stood by the minister, he had unqualifiedly been a supporter of the patriot cause and given his sons in tender years to its support.

CHAPTER XXIII

TIME OF DEEP DISTRESS

Vigorous Protests but No Share in Armed Revolt

Having discharged its full duty as a patriot town, Northfield came out of the Revolutionary period to take its share in the distress the war brought upon the country. The Revolution dwindled in interest towards the end, leastwise in local interest. The battlefields were now in the south. Reliance upon New England's fighting strength was diminished, relatively to the demands upon other sections. The surrender of Cornwallis was hailed as settling the issues but it had less reality and would be granted less importance than that of Burgoyne, which Northfield men could describe as eye-witnesses, and it was two years from the seeming end to the actual one at Yorktown. Men were still being drawn into service by the bounties provided by the town in full response to whatever quota was placed upon it and levies of beef and clothing were made in the fashion of substitution for money—money, the scarcest of all material things. In the gradual relaxation there was time to take account of the new order and the means at hand to establish it in a town which had long ago and repeatedly learned how to settle affairs after war's disturbances.

Everybody was in debt. Not everybody, for if there were debtors there must be creditors, and certain citizens, whose names were not to gather glory in the eyes of the future, had given full heed to the security for their loans. Even they would have to wait. There was no money, at least none that was worth having, with a currency in which dollars were shrunken beyond recognition. The minister, who of all men must have equivalents, was passed seventy-one dollars for every face dollar of his "encouragement." Even he was liable to find that he would have to give a hundred to one and get his satisfaction in not having to give two hundred.

As there was no money worth taking, the foreclosure on property was poor business when what was captured could not be sold. Moreover the enforcement of debts was causing disturbance so great that it threatened to upset the foundations upon which all value rested and in the process destroy the only instrument for collecting debts, the courts. The worst-hated citizen was the lawyer. Northfield had none but it could share in the enmity by debtors towards those in down-river towns who were employed to turn down the screws upon them. There were those who had felt the force of the law's processes and could sympathize with the rising rebellion against the courts; but when Daniel Shays from Pelham, a town not twenty miles away, gathered an army of malcontents and tried to drive the courts to destruction, they furnished no recruits.

That Northfield kept the peace when all about a new sort of war, disorderly, riotous, pillaging and having no discoverable end but anarchy, was being waged almost within gunshot hearing, was due to the saving counsel of certain sound-minded citizens, the now venerable Seth Field for instance, and further to the fact that it was not hit as hard by the common calamity. Its fields, which might now be fully tilled, were yielding, its forests were good for limitless demands, there was wool and flax and wood and timber; and if money was lacking or of no certain value, the old device of barter and trade could meet the demands of life. The town was actually growing, not rapidly but substantially. It was improving, even in the years which were full of riotous disturbance in the region. New and finer houses were being built, and supplied with strong furniture having lines of grace in pleasing contrast to the rough devices of that period, well within common memory, when the settlement was being racked and impoverished in the Indian Wars.

The houses now being built along the street were two stories high, with great attics under the shingled pitch roof, and the lean-to was replaced by an ell, opening from the kitchen, one step down, in which were the washroom, the wood-shed and room for storage or, it might be, for the "shop," with its outfit of tools for home carpentry or weaving and, presently, for broom-tying. Four large rooms divided the space of each floor, with steep stairway rising at angles on each landing from the narrow entry at the front, and another coming down to the kitchen from a rear room.

Such was an imposing house built before the Revolution by Deacon Ebenezer Janes on the lot, far down the street, which had long been the homestead of the descendants of the first preacher in the earliest settlement. Such another was the Alexanders', quite at the other end of the town, finished by Deacon Elisha in 1782. The Janes house set a new fashion in being placed back from the street line. From the older houses, there was but a single step from the front door into the street, with the economical advantage that for such space as the house occupied it was not necessary to build a fence. Deacon Alexander followed the old rule, wasting no land space in a useless front yard. He carried out another old fashion by building the barn on the street line, with the space between it and the house used for a barnyard. In that respect the Janes place had also added the barnyard to the charm of the street view. Front fences were necessary for protection from the cattle, sheep and swine which had the run of the main street. Now that the saw-mills were in operation on the brooks all about the town, the Virginia fence of hewn rails or small logs laid at angles had given way to fences of broad boards nailed to posts with one side hewn to a flat surface.

A new fashion was setting in of painting the outside of the houses. In 1787, the town voted £12 to repair and "colour" the meeting-house, which up to this time had been left to the weather's coloring. It was a preliminary to the raising of an extra supply of flaxseed the next year, the town buying the surplus, at three and a sixpence (three and a half shillings) and sending forty-two and one-half bushels to Boston by team to be exchanged for linseed oil and dry red. The "colouring" was done in 1789 and some house owners followed the example. It soon extended to the schoolhouses. In the main, however, structures of all sorts took on the brown of exposed boards, varied only by the gray which in the course of seasons would be the effect of the sun on southern exposures.

Luxuries in furnishings and household utensils unknown in the earlier years of the final settlement were now becoming commonplace. It was no longer good form to eat from the plate with the fingers; forks had come into general use. Nor were the tables bare of linen, certainly not when there were guests. The kitchens were provided with wooden trays and kneading troughs and such articles of steel as wood-handled knives of various sizes and chopping knives. The bedrooms had commonly taken on elegancies which formerly had been seen only in the most pretentious houses, sheets of linen, pillow cases, counter-panes and gorgeous quilts, canopies on the best of the high-posted beds, while the floors were being adorned with rag rugs, in the drawing of which there was competition in elaborate designs.

When Captain Thomas Alexander, the veteran of Revolutionary campaigns "into Canady and with Ginr'l Washin'ton in Jarsey," drew up a list in 1790 of the articles he had given his daughters in the recent years, as their parts in his possessions he could include, to Lydia, such items as a bed and furniture, valued at £8/17/5—an appraisal that indicated an extreme elegance; four pairs of sheets at £1 a pair; three table-cloths, at six shillings each; a dozen towels, fourteen shillings; two pairs of pillow cases at three shillings a pair; and such a list of household articles as a brass kettle, a flat-iron, a warming-pan, a looking-glass, a wine glass, a tumbler, a half-dozen earthern plates, three pewter platters, a pewter tea-pot, pewter plates, a case of knives and forks, a set of teaspoons, chairs, chest, pails, churn, kneading trough, salt mortar, table, foot-wheel, skillet, tub and a pair of shears (nine pence), including also a pillion. Sylvia had been given, and duly receipted for in her married name of Ryther, similar articles, plus "crocra ware," four Windsor chairs, snuffers, a rug (£1) and fourteen pounds of feathers. Lavinia had been given in 1783, among other things, twelve towels, a chopping knife and a great wheel. Captain Thomas was not a man of unusual wealth but a persistent petitioner for a pension, which the congress was sparingly granting him. His gifts were of the sort possible in the average or better family.

Along with a certain independence, which kept it from being involved in the more turbulent outbreaks of a trying period, the town kept itself in political contact with the towns of the county, the broad domain which Hampshire covered, from Worcester county to the New York line and from New Hampshire and the New Hampshire settlements (west of the Great River) to the Connecticut state line below Springfield. Throughout the Revolutionary period and extending beyond its end the committees of correspondence had been the supreme local official bodies in all matters of outside relationship. As early as 1776, there had begun what developed into a common practice, the holding of conventions of these committees. One was held in July of 1779 at Concord, on the invitation of the Boston committee, to regulate prices and devise means for the relief of the people. It was followed by one in Northampton in September, to consider uniformity of prices. Even earlier the Hampshire committees had met Northampton to consider, among other proposals, one that the court of general sessions should be dissolved. In the early eighties, conventions became frequent and all manner of proposals in the name of the general welfare were considered, none more persistently than the abolition of the existing courts.

Northfield was represented in many if not all of the conventions which met with increasing frequency. Presently, in place of the committee, delegates were elected at duly called town-meetings. Her representatives arrived late at the earliest one and failed to share in the vote to abolish the court of general sessions. Town-meetings soon became frequent with no other business than the response to letters from other towns to join in conventions to consider "the publick welfare"—one such in November, 1780, to hear the request from a committee of the town of Amherst, and by 1782 to consider others of like tenor from one or another sister town.

Seven such conventions were held in the county during the years 1782 and 1783, and Northfield was rather regularly represented. One at Hadley in April, 1782, lasted several days, considered many subjects of grievance and voted that there be no county court of the sessions of the peace. In August a committee from the General Court, consisting of Samuel Adams, foremost patriot of the period, General Artemas Ward and Nathaniel Gorham, came to the county, which was now in a rebellious state, met the delegates at Hatfield and succeeded in producing a calm, which proved of short duration. By March of the next year, a convention at Hatfield voted that no taxes should be paid the state. In September, at Deerfield, the northerly towns of the county united to demand the removal of all courts from Springfield to Northampton or, as an alternative, a division of the county. The local regulators were simultaneously demanding that courts be abolished and that they be moved nearer.

The climax of convention performances was reached in the summer of 1786. An invitation issued from Pelham, the home of Daniel Shays, now the leading agitator, for a convention at Hatfield, to be held August 22nd. The Northfield selectmen called a meeting for August 14th to choose delegates. This body was in session three days and adopted a list of seventeen grievances, including the existence of a state senate, the mode of representation, which was on a property qualification, the fee system for public services, the method of appropriation of import and excise duties and, chiefly of all, the existence of courts. The senate was in Boston, the property qualification was in the constitution, but the court was as near as Northampton, or would be within a week. Captain Shays was now in full command of an uncounted mob. It poured into Northampton on the 29th, took possession of the courthouse and compelled the honorable court to assemble at the tavern, there to continue all its business to a session in Springfield the second Tuesday in November. If the court could continue to another day so could the insurrection, and to the same day and place.

Meanwhile, a mob ran the courts of common pleas and of sessions out of Worcester and another did the same service to the cause of human rights at Concord. At Great Barrington, in the other direction, a mob of eight hundred not only prevented the court from sitting but advanced the cause of liberty by releasing all the prisoners in the jail. Not to confine their assaults on the judicial system to the familiar lower courts, the design was announced by the leaders to prevent the supreme judicial court from holding its session at Springfield, September 26th. Governor Bowdoin had tried proclamations against the rebellious performances but now turned to the persuasion of guns. The militia of the county was ordered to the defence of the courthouse under command of General Shepherd of Westfield.

The court opened and had an irregular case on its hands in the demand of Shays, who was in town with a scrub troop of a thousand or more, that no indictments should be found against his men for their acts, that no civil suits should be tried unless both parties were willing and that the militia then in the field should not be paid for their services. The court adjourned after no other business than refusing these demands, discreetly concluding not to try holding the usual session in Berkshire.

General Shepherd moved his troops up the hill to the arsenal. The insurgents continued for days milling about the town, enjoyed the possession of the courthouse and then dispersed. At Concord and at Cambridge in November, the performance was repeated. In December, Worcester was the scene of a demonstration, with threats upon the whole state government, and Boston was put under defence.

Northfield had made slight contribution to the unruly demonstrations but it kept up its representation at conventions and when one was called at Hadley for November 7th, a town-meeting was held to choose a delegate. It was beginning to be felt that the convention method was not making headway towards relief and the selectmen were persuaded to put into the warrant a more orderly proposal—"to choose a committee to prepare a petition to the General Court with that just and suitable address as may not fail to be effective of the publick relief." No Shays' leader framed such a return to the orderly and dignified way of bringing about relief—Northfield was showing some respectability even though it should not be so unneighborly as to refuse to join the other towns in one more convention.

The Hadley convention lasted three days, adjourned to meet in Hatfield in January and again in Hadley in March. It showed the sense that the Northfield meeting had displayed by issuing an address, from its Hatfield meeting, advising the insurgents to lay aside arms and petition the legislature for "redress of our grievances." It was the last of the long series. Insurgency continued, however, and in January went up in disorderly formation against the militia of the county, a thousand strong, under General Shepherd, holding the arsenal in Springfield. When Shays advanced late in the afternoon of the 26th he was met by four or five shots from cannon which put his troops to flight. Four men among them were killed, two of them, Ezekiel Root and Solomon Root, from Gill, the new town just across the river, the others from Shelburne and Leyden, near neighbors.

The flight continued through Hadley, where shots from an outhouse of the tavern killed a man from Montague and wounded one from Palmer. There was some pillaging of houses, in retaliation, but the march away from trouble kept on through Amherst and to the hills of Pelham. Governor Bowdoin had sent an army to the insurgent country, under command of General Benjamin Lincoln. He followed Shays' line of retreat as far as Hadley, encamped there, billeted his three thousand men on the residents, placed field pieces around the meeting-house and had Dr. Lyman come over from Hatfield to preach to the army from an outdoor pulpit built of snow. He sent a demand to Shays to surrender and save bloodshed and had in return a request from the Pelham leader that hostilities cease until "our united prayers may be presented to the General Court and we receive an answer."

General Lincoln had no purpose to await legislative prayers and performance and put his army in motion. Shays had slid away from Pelham to the greater heights of Petersham, towards which point Lincoln marched his men in a driving snow storm and intense cold, thirty miles without a halt. Shays was taken by surprise in the houses he had appropriated in Petersham and his forces quickly scattered. Three days later he was at Winchester, six miles from Northfield, with only three hundred men. Lincoln withdrew to the valley, made an excursion into Berkshire to quell disturbances there and kept his reduced force in down-river towns against further outbreaks.

Northfield was now served with a reminder of old days by the arrival of General Shepherd and his army late in January to be posted here as a base for sending out parties to capture refugee rebels in Vermont towns. There the sympathy of the settlers was so strongly with the Shays men that arrests proved impossible. On February 6th he sent a party across the river to arrest Captain Jason Parmenter of Bernardston. A skirmish resulted, in which Jacob Walker, a government horseman, and Parmenter fired at each other simultaneously and Walker was killed. Deep snow defeated for a time the pursuit of Parmenter and his men. In April at a session of the supreme court in Northampton, Parmenter and five others were convicted of high treason and sentenced to be hanged.

A detachment from General Shepherd's command, which was still at Northfield, was sent to Northampton to guard the prisoners. The execution was set for June 21 and people thronged the town to witness the hanging. With the prisoners, who were under strong guard, they stood in the street in front of the meeting-house to share in the religious service, the prayer being said and the sermon preached from the windows. When the gallows was reached, the high sheriff produced a paper which proved to be a reprieve and the prisoners were escorted back to the jail, to be pardoned three months later. As Mr. Judd of Southampton moderately stated in his journal, "People are much Chagrined at the Prisoners being reprieved." They had missed a spectacular multiple hanging.

The rebellion petered out, with no more serious outbreak than an incursion from New York into Berkshire, in late February, with a brief battle at Egremont, promptly met by the state's capture of prisoners and the flight back home of the other marauders. There were sundry outbreaks of plundering and stealing and the capture, one by one, of the leaders of the late war for the people, not including Shays, who reached a town in New York, there to spend the rest of his days in a respected fashion.

No Northfield name was so identified with the rebellion as to be recorded for future blame or glory. The nearest approach to such distinction was reached by Dr. Medad Pomeroy, who now practiced medicine in Warwick. He was seized, May 21, 1787, by a party of rebels from over the Vermont line, as was also Joseph Metcalf of Orange, and carried to that state to be held as hostages for Parmenter and the others who were to be hanged at Northampton, and their stay was made short by the reprieve of the prisoners.

CHAPTER XXIV

AT PEACE, WITHIN AND WITHOUT

Progress in Numbers and Common Interests

In common with every other community in the new nation, Northfield was being tested by a strain not only upon its resources but upon its patience. Its home needs and burdens were extreme but to them was added the test of its faithfulness to a government which was proving incapable of meeting the problems the new order of affairs forced upon it. Nothing short of a devoted patriotism could carry the people through the exasperating period. The town had its share of men who could keep calm and counsel confidence in eventual triumph of state and national self-government. They had succeeded in keeping the town's people out of the violent demonstrations into which their neighbors had been led by agitators like Ely and Shays. There was no denying the distress upon which these disturbers had based their revolt against the government; but the course of wisdom was through orderly protest and appeals to the General Court for redress.

As to the confederation of the states, some confidence must be placed in such men as John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, not to mention General Washington, for whom there was a devotion amounting to veneration. Presently came the federal constitution. It was read with a care as great as if its acceptance depended upon this town's decision. Sentiment was strong for its acceptance and the ratification by Massachusetts was hailed with joy.

Meanwhile, during the trying period, the town's own affairs were pressing enough to occupy thought and command public spirited action. Town-meetings were frequent and animated. These the voters attended even while they showed their indifference to state affairs by neglecting or scorning to vote for state officers. In 1780, only thirty votes were cast in the state election; two years later only ten. When in 1784, there were twenty who voted and in 1788 there were twenty-two, it showed no marked revival of interest, for there were at least one hundred and seventy who had the right to vote. Representatives were being sent to the General Court—men like the merchant, Aaron Whitney, in 1782, 3 and 4, even though he had been at one time suspected of inheriting his father's Toryism, and Captain Elisha Hunt, the tavern-keeper, in the years following almost without a break down into the nineties.

That would do for a showing of concern in state government. Occasionally even this display was guarded—or emphasized—by the election of a committee of leading citizens to give instructions to the representative "in those things which may be agitated and acted upon by the General Court." One such in Whitney's time (1782) had ten members, Seth Field, town clerk, and Dr. Samuel Mattoon, the treasurer, among them. Again, when the governor asked for the town's recommendation of a person to be appointed justice of the peace, the town-meeting responded by suggesting Ebenezer Janes, the middle-aged maker of gravestones, who had been its delegate to the provincial congress the first year of the Revolution, representative in '78 and a lieutenant in the continental army. Seth Field, who had been *justicia pacis,* as he always subscribed himself, under the authority of His Majesty the King, continued in commission.

Town finances were full of difficulty. Taxes could be laid but not so easily collected. Year by year, the collector had to be credited with uncollectable items and lists of citizens were excused from paying for the obvious reason that they could not pay or be made to. Certain of the collectors, reputable citizens, were made to suffer the ignominy of suits for the uncollected portions of their warrant, the dutiful treasurer going so far as to secure execution against them, the terms of which were that their property should be levied upon and if this proved insufficient that they should be committed to the court gaol, there to remain until the amount of the judgment was paid. None of them reached the gaol but certain of them had to give their notes to the town which were gradually paid, perhaps in the course of years, by instalments. Others were excused but with the proviso, which they signed, that they would try to the best of their ability to collect the unpaid taxes of named persons.

The town was perpetually in arrears on its payments. Even the minister was made to wait, the selectmen's order being endorsed with payments made as the treasury permitted. Late in this troubled period, the singing master, having a selectmen's order for teaching the town singing-school and the keeping of his horse, amounting to $37.25 and dated April 22, realized $7.50 on it July 29, and $9 August 19, the rest of it only as he recovered in the suit of Sever *v.* Northfield in October with costs of one dollar. All this was not slothfulness; it was stress. Annually, in the face of the pressure, the town made effort to "call in its debt" and shared with state and nation the perplexity of liquidation without repudiation.

New items were creeping into town expense. The schools were an increasing burden with a problem as to how far sections of the town could be brought to make personal contributions towards the neighborhood school. The roads were now to be provided for, as carts had supplanted the mounted horse, and the ways had to be provided for outlying sections and for communication and traffic to other towns and towards centres like the county seat and Boston. The bridge over Mill brook, in the heart of the town, had to be rebuilt. The church bell, which had been in service from before the Revolution, had to be replaced. The town's poor were to be provided for. Bounties had to be increasingly paid for noxious beasts.

The killing of wild cats had become such a pursuit, with the town underwriting it at a rising scale of bounty, that, as a voter might have been heard to observe in one day-long town-meeting, it was the "preencipal means of livelihood" for certain trappers and hunters. When the guns were all employed in the recent war, the woods back of the town had come to be reinfested. The wild cat was a menace to men and to herds. The town entered upon extermination, and kept it up for several years. Its early payments were 6 shillings per "catt"; but the rate advanced until it reached £2, or, as it was translated on the town order, $6.67. In the last year of the century one citizen received the selectmen's order for $6.65 for "a wild catt he cytched and we cropt."

As the bounty advanced, the wild cats increased—if not in the woods, at least on the town books. In 1795, there were six caught, cropt and paid for. In December, 1799, Hezekiah Stratton killed four on the 4th and one on the 27th. The bounty system had been extended to crows and in 1795 a town order was issued to Eliphaz Wright for three shillings (67 cents) for his destruction of these corn-eating birds; but not because of the scarcity but due to the small return, this enterprise did not develop to a great sum.

Adjustment to the new decimal system in currency was an added difficulty, which was met slowly. Pounds, shillings and pence continued until the century's end in common calculation, even though the dollar had been established in Revolutionary days. There was no deep respect for the word, dollar. It suggested continental currency and figures that had no stable relation to value. To a much later period, common speech ran on in the old style and sons and grandsons of the Revolutionary patriots would speak of nine shillings a day for work, or a shilling a pair for the hand-knit wool socks that came down from Vermont. Frequently bills against the town made out in the old style, would be endorsed with a town order in the new, but even this translation was not made until in the last years of the century. Accustomed to three denominations, pounds, shillings and pence, the town's officials recognized the mill as an item of value. Captain Hopni King was paid for work on the meeting-house in 1798, two dollars, thirty-six cents and one mill, on a selectmen's order.

By 1790, the town's population had increased to eight hundred and sixty-eight. This was the first national census, but a local count of inhabitants had occasionally been recorded. The town had doubled since 1765. Hampshire county was now the most populous in the state, with 59,681 people. Suffolk, which prior to 1793 included Norfolk, had 44,875. To be rated in the geographies as a "chief town," no more than 1,000 population was needed; Hampshire had two such, Northampton with 1,628 and Springfield with 1,574. Boston had a population of 18,038; Salem, 7,921; Newburyport, 4,837; Sherburne (Nantucket Island) the fourth in size, 4,620, more than twice Worcester, with its 2,095.

After the four-year disturbance over the minister's Tory inclination, ended by the gracious treaty of peace of November, 1779, the town and the church moved on in peace and accord. The war had settled differences as to independence and if the saintly John Hubbard treasured any remorse over the changed political order he gave his devoted people no occasion to complain. The "colouring" of the meeting-house was not the only evidence of the pride that was taken by the town in liberal provision for strict religious observance. Since 1768, a bell had hung in the belfry and the town paid one and another citizen to ring it on Sunday and for the numerous town-meetings. It was now a matter of memory that the psalm-singing had been led by a deacon. The "lining-out" method had been discarded by a vote in town-meeting in 1770 to the effect that thereafter "the singers shall sing altogether without the deacon reading the psalm line by line except at the Lord's table when the deacon is to read and at no other time."

It was apparent that the singing must have some system and a part of the congregation was constituted a choir. For a few years certain of the pews in the gallery had been let out to people from the nearby towns, who were not taxpayers here, and four of these in the front gallery were taken "for the convenient seating of the singers." After several months of chance development of singing by this group, the town concluded some training was needed and voted to hire Seth Hastings, one of a Warwick family, "to teach the art of singing." Thenceforth there was annual appropriation for instruction in "psalmody," that reverent term presently being changed to teaching the young people in singing, which came to include some forms of song not used in church.

Morning and afternoon Sunday services were maintained as a matter of course and Mr. Hubbard's sermons showed no tendency to abbreviation. The intermission was varied, however, to suit the season. In 1783, the town voted that William Field, familiarly known as "Billy," was to ring the bell on the Lord's day precisely at nine o'clock in the forenoon and that the intermission should be for one hour from October 1 to April 1, a half-hour longer in April, May and September, and two hours in July and August.

The noon hour gave only the families living near the meeting-house time to return to their homes and, in the winter time, to warm up for another stay in the frigid house of worship. Foot stoves were in common use but there was no tolerance for the occasional suggestion that the church be heated. When, years later, a stove was favored by more of the people, it was opposed by those who regarded it as an unholy innovation and a sign of modern effeminacy, one of them saying he would favor it when some device was employed to keep the "meetin'-house" cool in summer.

Seating the meeting-house was revised every six or eight years by the town-meeting on the report of a committee who had given careful consideration to the distinction due leading citizens. It was a matter of such importance that in some instances it was the only business of a town-meeting called for the purpose. Only heads of families and old people, numbering one hundred and thirty-three in 1786, were given seats in the body of the house. In the gallery front were the twenty-five singers, and the other gallery seats were assigned to the young folks, each of whom was instructed to take the seat given him or her. The tithing men presided over their good order. It was the boast of the town that the office was an idle one, the young people not coming under such reproval as in older Northampton, where every so often the town-meeting had to condemn the gallery's disorderly conduct and finally to add constables to help the tithing men to suppress it.

The beloved and revered John Hubbard died, November 28, 1794, at the age of sixty-eight. He had ministered to this people forty-four years. In this long period he had given a spiritual leadership not only acceptable to the people in all their varying fortunes, their stresses and their perils, their periods of quiet and progress, but with such guidance as to be reflected in the good order and piety of the common life.

Coming to the town a young bachelor, soon after his graduation from Yale college, Mr. Hubbard had developed in scholarship and spirituality, with corresponding strength of influence in secular as well as sacred affairs. He had been content to guide without direct participation in town affairs. He held no town office in his entire lifetime and had no share in the conflicts which animated the town-meetings. His loyalty to the King in the early Revolutionary days had caused the one disturbance of his relations to the people and the strain had been entirely removed by the "accommodation" reached in 1779.

Dependent entirely upon the town's allowance for his "encouragement," unrepleted by such an income from another profession as made his one predecessor, Benjamin Doolittle, a landed proprietor, Mr. Hubbard amassed no wealth, except that of esteem in the hearts of his people. The expenses of his funeral, down to the last item, were borne by the town. A year after it, the selectmen gave Captain Medad Alexander an order on the treasurer for nineteen shillings, eight pence, "being his due for beef for Mr. Hubbard's funeral." Another year, and a belated order was issued to James Merriam "for making a coffin for Mr. Hubbard," twenty-three shillings. In time, an imposing stone was erected in the old cemetery, with an epitaph paraphrased from the contemporary Goldsmith to begin—

A man he was to all his people dear
And passing rich with eighty pound a year.

The Goldsmith line read "forty pound a year." The license taken in increasing the monetary phrase by a hundred per cent was justified out of fairness to the town's provision for its minister, none too liberal even at that.

The town again took its time in the selection of a minister. Before Mr. Hubbard's death there had come to town, and of course to church, a young man of pious character and scholarly ambition, who was employed as early as 1792 to keep school in the north district, Samuel Clesson Allen. His home was in Bernardston, where his father, Zebulon, had moved in youth from Deerfield, and he was now a student at Dartmouth, the rather new college up the river at Hanover. There he was graduated the year Mr. Hubbard died and he immediately came to the mind of some of the townsmen who had made note of him as a prospect for the ministry. Along with others, he was invited to preach here and by October, 1795, was given a call, being then twenty-four years old.

Mr. Allen was a descendant in the fourth generation from a soldier in Cromwell's army, who came to America upon the restoration. In the new fashion of adding middle names, he bore that of his grandmother, a Northampton Clesson, and was thus descended from one of that trio of Irishmen, another of whom was Northfield's old hero, Cornelius Merry. Young as he was when settled, indeed two years before graduation from college and about the time he was keeping the north district school, he had married a Bernardston girl and when he came here as minister there was a Samuel Clesson, Jr., aged two, and an infant Joseph.

Installation of a new minister was so rare an event, this being the third in a century, it deserved to be made a grand occasion, and it was. The council was made up of representatives of churches far and near. The hospitality of the town was generous. The new tavern of Captain Elisha Hunt, a towering three-story building at the corner of the Warwick road, was opened to the visitors and the captain was paid by a town order for fifty lodgings, for one hundred seventy-two meals and for keeping fifty-eight horses overnight. His bill included a charge of £4, 10 shillings for sundries. There was only one sort of sundry dispensed at a tavern and an amount such as fifteen dollars would cover a generous flow of it at a time when "rhum" was four shillings and a penny (sixty-eight cents) a quart and brandy one and sixpence (twenty-five cents) a pint.

Perhaps it was just as well that the singers were dined at Shammah Pomeroy's, even though his hospitality was not so dry as to be out of keeping with the times and the day. The president of Dartmouth College came down for the ordination, as did others of the faculty and Mr. Allen's classmates. Rev. Allen Pratt of Westmoreland, New Hampshire, a town which was in a sense an offspring of Northfield, preached the sermon and there was grand singing of hymns and anthems, showing the proficiency to which Northfield voices had been brought under the direction of the chorister regularly employed by the town.

Mr. Allen's preaching was of a new order. It was scholastic in the modern style. Most marked in its contrast to that of Mr. Hubbard was its rigorous Calvinism. While Mr. Hubbard, in his long ministration, had avoided any such theological outbreak as had marred the peace of Parson Doolittle's pastorate, he was consistently liberal. The reassertion of orthodoxy now brought by the scholarly young minister was accepted without open dissent, the people being deeply impressed by his intellectual and oratorical power. It would not do, however, to say that his doctrinal stiffness did not contribute to assent to the dismissal which he asked, after only two years. He was dismissed by a council, much less numerous and impressive than that at his ordination, January 31, 1798. That the quality of the town's hospitality had suffered no decline was shown in an order to another tavern-keeper, paid by the town, which read—

> Northfield February 2nd 1798
> Mr. Barnabas Billings, Treasurer of Northfield
> Pay to Mr. Edward Houghton one Dollar it
> being his due for Two muggs Tod & Two muggs Flip for the
> Council on January 31st last and Charge the town of Northfield.
> Timothy Dutton, Reuben Smith, Caleb Lyman, Town Committee.

Mr. Allen remained in Northfield and turned to the study of law under John Barrett, who had become distinguished as an instructor.

Meanwhile he had allied himself to the town by marriage. His first wife died soon after the birth of her third child, at the age of twenty-two, and less than three months later the minister married Molly Hunt, a daughter of Captain Elisha, and thus a niece of Rev. John Hubbard's wife, a romance that was followed later in the year by the marriage of the new Mrs. Allen's brother, Elsworth, to Mr. Allen's sister, Electa.

Revived as was the church spirit in Mr. Allen's brief pastorate, further improvement in the meeting-house was undertaken. The bell that for thirty years had called to worship and town-meeting and tolled out the age of the deceased at each funeral, was clangy and rather feeble. To replace it, money was raised by subscription to the amount of one hundred and nineteen dollars.

Among newcomers to town was a Boston family by the name of Callender, in which the oldest son, Benjamin, Jr., was an engraver by trade and an associate in the craft with Paul Revere, who was also a maker of bells. Everybody knew of Revere as the youth who had spread the alarm through Lexington and Concord in April, 1775. Benjamin Callender was entrusted to buy a bell of Mr. Revere. He did so in 1798 and, with the town's usual deliberation, was given an order two years later, which was not paid until after another year, for forty-one dollars and six cents, the amount "paid Paul Revere Esq of Boston for the meetinghouse bell."

The transportation was entrusted to Rufus Stratton and he was paid in February, 1799, the sum of "five dollars, twenty nine cents, it being the full of his reward for bringing the meetinghouse bell from Boston." The rest of the fund raised for the bell went to the rope-maker, Simeon Lyman, the blacksmith, Ezekiel Webster, for bands, gudgeons, bolts, nuts, staples, screws, strap for the pulley-block and lumber for the yoke, and to sundry citizens for lumber and work.

During the last twenty years of the century, the schools came to increased attention and expenditure, along with no end of controversy over their management. Outlying sections and neighborhoods had, in years before, been granted sums of money by the town to maintain teaching, sums of money "to be schooled out" as the orders ran. Early in the 'eighties the village, "the street," was divided into three districts but not until votes had been passed and meetings held under town warrant in the centre schoolhouse and in private houses to reconsider and rescind, then to ratify and always to have heated and highly personal debate.

The school districts lasted for a period, were then consolidated into two, and supplemented by the formal establishment of others about the town to the number of ten. Each developed into a little democracy, with its own school committee and its own formal meetings. The selectmen for a period kept an oversight over the schools but were succeeded by a superintending committee, which had to step lightly in its invasion of the district's territory.

The district school committees, in instances, were far short of educational experts. They spelled as badly, in their accounts, as "eightiene" "parte" "comite" "streate" and "scooling"; drew orders that read as intelligently as "Please to let Aron Morse have seven dollars out of the treasure . . . we say please to do the same"; and in 1798 one of the committee in the northwest district endorsed an order by making his mark. They could buy wood, hire teachers at such salary as twelve shillings (two dollars) a week, have them boarded at one dollar a week, and most prudentially see that the money allowed was cautiously schooled out. The district system was riveted on the New England towns in an excess of local self-government, until such time as in the throes of a terrific struggle it should give way to a central and broad-minded control. It was the period of the little red schoolhouse, destined to be celebrated in romance long after its crudities were blissfully forgotten.

With a liberality that did not admit a question as to the duty of the town towards the unfortunate, the town provided steadily for the care of the poor. It scanned closely the charges that were made by relatives for the support of the indigent but it did not spare needed money. In the warrant for a town-meeting held December 25, 1780, a date that suggests the common disregard of Christmas, an article was included "to take into consideration the high price Lieutenant Alexander has demanded for keeping E—— H—— considering the labour he had done." Six years later another item was "to choose a committee to wait upon Lieutenant Alexander and to desire to let them know how far the estate of E—— H—— is spent and what he supposes he can keep said H—— for per week." There must be no undue gain in caring for a charge; what was needful would be provided.

A veteran of the wars was the object of constant concern. Thomas Elgar had fought in the Revolution and before that in the Indian war. He had been first known as the Rev. Mr. Hubbard's servant but he had done valiant duty. Year after year he was sheltered and considerately treated. He was allowed to live on a little farm. The town bought him a cow, paid for grain and pasturage, and in time replaced her with another. He had a single sheep, to be fed. Leather was bought for shoes for his wife and a cobbler paid to fashion it, or again to make shoes for the veteran himself, and the tailor to make his clothes. Town orders beyond number were drawn in this old soldier's behalf throughout a period of over twenty years—for loads of wood, for one hundred and forty pounds of fresh pork, for keeping his cow, for hoeing his corn, for shirts, for the doctor's care, for "rhum" and brandy and again for five dollars' worth of Landlord Hunt's "sundries"—all without stint or questioning.

Intolerant as were the people of any breach of the moral law, in one case after two special church meetings refusing to admit to baptism a child born "plump and lusty" seven months and three days after marriage, it was considerate, in another case, of an unmarried mother and her child. It paid, year after year, for the support in one and another family of Thankful M. and her child—"the M. girl and her child"—and met the doctor's bills, from the one in which he charged for a visit to the M. girl "and delivery," fourteen shillings, down through the years "for doctrin and nursing," as long as there was need of the aid.

In every instance of indigency, the town provided separately on the ground of personal need. It built a pest house, well out of the town, on the hillside of James Strobridge's farm, for the smallpox cases that were a product of the Revolutionary war period, but it harbored no proposal that the poor should be housed by themselves or have less than the comforts of at least an average household.

CHAPTER XXV

GROWING INTO IMPORTANCE

Advance into a New Century with Complete Self-reliance

Hope might now revive that Northfield was to gain the importance that had seemed to be its destiny and its due. To be an "important town" in the classification adopted by geographers of the period, notably Jedidiah Morse, the Charlestown doctor of divinity, was to have a population of a thousand. There were but sixteen such in Massachusetts in the census of 1791—and Northfield had eight hundred and sixty-eight. It had every natural favor, with rich resources in its fertile meadows and its wooded hills, hardly more than touched; a town location of exceptional healthfulness, lifted above the damps and even the floods of the lower towns, expansive far beyond present occupation; a degree of wealth, accumulated in many of its families through three generations of industry and thrift; a public spirit, supporting church and school; and a rare unity, the product of its singleness of race, for it was purely English, and the inter-relationships were the result of its detachment.

The town had suffered and been held back by its exposure to attack during its first century and by the constant drain upon its young manhood in the successive wars, including its full contribution to the support of the patriot cause in the late Revolution. It had shared the distress that followed in the period of debt and unsettlement when the new nation was struggling to its feet, and had come out of it unsmirched but burdened.

The town was now being drawn upon by migration to the regions farther up the valley; the pioneer spirit which had brought it into being was now moving its young men and some of its families northward to New Hampshire and the New Hampshire grants to the west of the Connecticut. And it had suffered by the loss of a third of its territory in 1741, through the drawing of a state line which the King of England out of ill-will towards Massachusetts had arbitrarily moved down the river forty miles from its rightful point. Just now a further encroachment was being made by the creation of a new town across the river to the south, to be named after the lieutenant governor, Moses Gill.

The new people coming into the town were of the same sort as now lived here. They were coming from the towns down the river, chiefly from Connecticut, which was the common ancestral country. They were, in the main, relatives. No ambition to grow and be "important" was to be allowed to welcome undesirables. The process of warning-out doubtful new arrivals, persons or families that might become burdensome or uncongenial, was being freely used. In 1790, for example, twenty-five such families were read out of town, in 1792, six more and in 1793, of persons or families another sixteen. There was something more important than population—ability to be self-supporting and good neighbors.

When Burgoyne's army was broken up, in the campaign in which Northfield soldiers had their share, there was turned loose on New England a contingent of stragglers, of whom Northfield received a few. If they were looked upon somewhat askance, some of them won their right to stay by satisfying the standards as to behavior and industry. Others moved on and out, to fare well or ill in other towns. John Pinks, from Thetford in the old country, escaped deportation with the bulk of the Burgoyne captives by being at a New York farmhouse, where he was carrying on his trade as a tailor, and later drifted into Northfield, where he set up a store in the village. After six years he turned tavern-keeper in the next town, Bernardston, and later found a place in the same business on the turnpike in Erving. Dennis McCarty, a Scotchman, stayed in the town, and made himself conspicuous by explosions on the fighting abilities of the British, one time declaring that the army, from which he had been unfortunately detached, could wipe out the whole race of Pomeroys. Late in life he married Heziah Jennings but there were no children to perpetuate this accession of a warring and boasting race.

Another Burgoyne man was John Woodward, from old Norwich, who presently enlisted in the Continental army from Spencer, served in the Massachusetts line at West Point, marched through New Jersey and to Philadelphia, and after three years service was discharged at West Point by General Knox in 1784. He married in Spencer and drifted into Northfield, where his oldest girl, Polly, married into the Field family—to Billy, a great-nephew of the leading citizen, Squire Seth. Through his son, Mark, there was union with the family of another Britisher, by his marriage to a daughter of John Watton. John had an eventful career. He was born in Watton Edge, England, ran away from home, was cabin boy on an English ship captured by an American cruiser, apprenticed to a nail maker, enlisted on America's side, witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne and landed in Northfield for the rest of his days.

The infusion of the blood of the Burgoyne men into Northfield families did not introduce a new strain. They were racially akin. The town was still undiluted in its Anglican origin. Its growth in population was chiefly through its own birthrate. Families continued large and children far outnumbered adults in the population. In 1785, there were thirty-three minors carrying the ancient name of Wright and an equal number of Alexanders, while within the same age were fifty-four in the Field families. James Merriam, who had arrived in town about this time as a cabinet maker, was then the father of the first in a succession of children who in time would number twenty-two, equally divided between two mothers. Immigration was clearly not needed or if it came would conform to the fashion in fecundity.

Not everybody loved everybody else and was loved in return even in a town in which kinship was the rule and a general harmony prevailed. There was no kindly consideration by the veteran town treasurer, Dr. Mattoon, for his reputable fellow citizens who undertook to collect the town taxes and in the lean years could not do it in rather a scandalous number of cases. He quite freely resorted to law and secured executions that had the possible outcome that Shammah Pomeroy or some other respected townsman should land in gaol. The allegation that a gross overcharge was being made for caring for a pauper was made in town-meeting against as good a man, and as widely related, as lived in the town. Town-meetings were stirred by unsparing denunciations of officials and hot words were passed in tones that shook the meeting-house rafters. The elections were not always tame and orderly tributes to men who aspired to office or were willing to serve out of a genuine public spirit.

In one of the late years of the century there was a violent overturn, in town government. The old board of selectmen was made up of citizens who had high standing and had been honored in years of office-holding. The attempt to run them out succeeded. The entirely new board missed no opportunity to cast reproach upon their predecessors. In an order given two citizens of the West Side for money that had been "schooled out," they went to the trouble to say, "This order was given in consequence of the order soposed to be lost which was said to be drawn for the Same sum by Capt. Hunt, Col. Lyman and Capt. Alexander selectmen." It was a satisfaction to the new board to reflect upon the loose methods and the "soposed" veracity of the old one. They improved the opportunity to attach further reproach when they found that Dan Freeman had been over-taxed, and painstakingly wrote into the order to Dan for "one dolar forty six cents" that it was "for one poll over Charged in a rate Capt. Hunt, Col. Lyman and Major Alexander made up." The oftener they could needlessly repeat the names of the three former selectmen, never omitting their military titles, when any act of theirs called for correction, the more the town would appreciate the choice of the reformers—themselves. The captain and the colonel never came back as selectmen, although the former was representative in the Genral Court for successive years.

Highways came into the range of town business as the use of horse carts and chaises increased in these years and as travel to other and often far-away towns developed. They introduced a fighting topic into town-meetings but in the main they were provided for by a special tax that the men assessed could work out at a rate fixed by the town. Travel to Boston from the lower towns of the New Hampshire grants —Vermont as it came to be in 1791, the first state to be added to the original union—took its course through Northfield, as did that between the down-river towns and the valley sections of New Hampshire and Vermont. The item of "direction bords" crept into town orders in 1796, when Xenophon Janes turned the skill he had acquired in cutting the inscriptions on the gravestones his father manufactured to lettering in paint the direction and distance to Boston, eighty-three miles, to Hadley, down river, twenty miles, and across the river to Deerfield, fifteen miles. By 1799, the highway rate had reached the amount of eight hundred and eighty-eight dollars, ninety-nine cents and four mills, while that for schools was $423.3.

The Great River was at once the hope and despair of the town. Its floods were a perennial benefit and its course to the sea a challenge to transportation, which could never be fully met until the falls and rapids were circumvented by canals. Within the town it presented the problem of communication between the west side and the street. The town's scows and "cannoos" were a constant care. The earliest by-laws were regulations of their use, such as provision of fines, the proceeds to go to the town's poor, for leaving both boat and "cannoo" on the same side of the river, or putting a cart on the boat. Then the ferries came to importance and licenses were granted for their operation at toll-rates fixed by the town, such as two pence per man and horse "and in that proportion for a footman and for teams." The important ones were at Bennett's meadow and at Moose Plain.

Ferrying came to be a privilege and a calling, somewhat running in the family. John Moffatt acquired the Bennett's meadow one, where the town had built a ferryman's house in the sixties, and his sister Mercy had married Edward Tiffany, who had the upper ferry, with the result that in time Tiffany came to be the lessee of the Bennett's meadow privilege. It gained in value and when, in 1799, the town tried to regain it a momentous legal struggle started, out of which the town discovered that it had parted for good and all with a public utility already worth the respectable sum of three hundred dollars a year. It escaped, however, constant outlays, such as payments to Eb. Field, in 1794, for "going down to the Mill Brook and putting on the cannoo chain," going down three times "in ye May flood to take care of the vessels," "finding a peace and putting it on the scow to row by" and, at the season's end before the ice-bridge formed, "taking the vessels down into the brook," the winter harbor.

Such industries as had developed in the town and were expanding were, first of all, confined to the meeting of home needs. There was potash making, finding its material in the ashes of the fireplace. It had started in 1765, when Seth Field, *justicia pacis,* formed a company to put up a potash house on one of the six by twelve rod lots that had been gained by narrowing the road leading from the street near Council Rock. Ashes were plenty at eight pence a bushel and the potash not needed in local soap-making was sent over the long road to Boston—the town's first commercial export.

Tanning had long been a home occupation but had come to be a special trade, first carried on by Gad Corse, who combined it with Indian fighting and messenger-riding in the last French war. Late in the nineties Jabez Whiting came down from the Warwick hills and set up bark-mill and tannery on the Mill Brook, to be followed soon by Jabez Parsons—as if Jabez were the exclusive pronomen for tanners—who migrated from Enfield, Connecticut, and set up his establishment farther up the same stream. Tanning and currying taken together were the most laborious of human tasks. They involved months of time in the process of the curing of the hides in great vats of ground bark and water and the working them into leather by hand over heavy beams. The product in calfskin and cowhide was next to indestructible. Here again, the market was found in Boston, the leather being carried in two-horse teams, four days to market, the return load being of hides which had come to be imported from South America.

Along came the distillery. A Boston man, Brewer, who had opened a store on the street, established the first in a rear room and "new rum" entered more freely and cheaply into the town's life. Presently other and more extensive distilleries were set up about the town and an industry of great possibilities was developing. An oil-mill, supplied from the fields with flax seed and castor beans, was built on Miller's Brook. For the rest of the trades, there were the hatter, the cooper, the nail-maker, the saddler, the cabinet-maker, the forge-works, the jeweller, the clothiers, the shoemakers, all of them serving the town's demands and the customers who were finding the town their trading centre.

The town was clearly on the way to be "important." In 1797 it came to have a post-office. Stages had begun to run regularly to Boston in 1789, the route being through Warwick, Athol, Petersham, Barre and Worcester, and Worcester was the dispatching point for the mail that arrived once a week, two or three Boston newspapers and hardly a larger number of letters. The distinction of being the first postmaster fell to a graduate of Harvard College, class of 1787, who had come to Northfield as one of John Barrett's students in law and remained here in practice, Solomon Vose.

Next, in this progressive closing decade of the century, came the aqueduct. The General Court of 1797 authorized the incorporation by nine citizens, headed by the postmaster, of "The proprietors of the Aqueduct in Northfield, for the purpose of carrying water by subterranean pipes." The subterranean pipes were wooden logs, with a bore of two and a quarter inches, coupled by iron castings driven into the ends. The supply was found in a small brook some two miles east of the town, whose crystal water poured into the "string" with no more of a reservoir than was necessary to cover the end of the log at the point of intake. What was accomplished was to turn enough of the mountain brook into the aqueduct to keep it supplied. There could be no need of storage on a brook that was constant in flow and never so low as not to fill a two-and-a-quarter inch bore. Let the storage be provided in each household, where a cistern in the kitchen would replace the pump. The string of logs—and "string" was the word bound to replace "aqueduct" in common speech—took a straight course into the town along the turnpike, which meanwhile came into existence, for it was six years before the water flowed.

For some years, beginning in 1789, a stage had run from Northfield to Boston. The next year the town became the station for changing horses on the stage line starting at Bennington, coming over the Green Hills, down West River into Brattleboro and along the Connecticut to cross at Prindle's ferry into the street. From Hunt's tavern, it had taken its course up the brook road to Warwick, thence to Athol over the Petersham and Barre hills to Worcester and through Shrewsbury on to Boston. It took its chances on such roads as the towns along the line saw fit to build and some of them, as a driver might have observed, had not seen so very fit. A better road to Boston was the need, and as travel was increasing, a pressing one.

Taking note of the example set in the eastern part of the state, certain enterprising citizens of Northfield, joined by others in Greenfield, the rather new town which had been set off from Deerfield, and in Warwick and other towns to the East, secured from the General Court of 1799 a charter for the Fifth Massachusetts Turnpike Corporation. Five Northfield names headed the list of incorporators, the first selectman, Timothy Dutton; two tavern-keepers, Captain Hunt and Edward Houghton; the postmaster, Solomon Vose; and the lawyer, John Barrett. To mention the names is to suggest the accession of public spirit that the recent arrivals in town had brought. Captain Hunt was the only representative of the old families. Their project was a well-worked road, four rods wide with a travelled path of eighteen feet, to take a more direct line and connect with an existing turnpike at Leominster. Northfield would be one western terminus and Greenfield the other, the roads from these towns joining at Athol, and running thence through Gardner and Westminster to Leominster.

The turnpike was the crowning enterprise of the century's end. It opened the world to the town to be connected by a good road and much quicker communication with the state's capital—and it was to be a paying project. The act set the toll rates to be collected at the gates, which in each instance were located near a tavern—the first at Mayo's in Warwick and so on, four in number, to Jonas Kendall's at the other end. At each the traveller would confront a schedule of rates all the way from five cents for the horseman to twenty-five for every "coach, phaeton, chariot or other four-wheeled carriage," plus four cents for each additional horse; one-horse vehicles at half the price, except curricles, which were to be taxed sixteen cents. A curricle was a two-wheeled, two-horse carriage with a pole. Horses and cattle, led or driven, were to be rated at one cent each; sheep and swine, three cents a dozen. The most substantial men in the towns were the investors and they counted upon profits.

Surveyors for the turnpike found a better route out of Northfield than the old Warwick road. Thereby Captain Hunt suffered a loss to his rival landlord, Houghton. The route was chosen from the corner of Houghton's tavern lot, almost opposite the meeting-house, straight towards the mountains, across Great Swamp, which was not a swamp great or small but a level stretch of plain and pasture, up some steep grades and into Warwick by an entirely new course. The road was promptly built and Northfield rode into the new century over a highway such as had not been seen in the old.

It was an "important" town, in geographical rating, that greeted the nineteenth century. Its population had reached one thousand and sixty-seven. It had acquired new spirit and to its old-time families had been gathered new ones, modern in their notions and bringing a culture and enterprise which promised a fulfilment of the fondest dreams of the future. Comfortable fortunes were being acquired, out of the town's natural resources and the varied small industries, coupled with a thrift that was ingrained and constantly inculcated. Impetus had been given the schools and in the first year of the century, by combination of the three districts in the street a pretentious two-story schoolhouse with a belfry was built in the wide space at the head of the upper Warwick road, next the Hunt tavern. The main street had been cleared of the various sorts of structures that had been allowed to be built there, the meeting-house alone occupying street space. New houses of a more pretentious sort were being built.

The new fashion in houses ran to hip-roofs, although not always taking the place of the pitch-roof with its attic, rather wide halls replacing the little "entry," square rooms, two on each floor, each with its fireplace, and the kitchen assigned to the ell, with its second story lower studded than the main part, panelled front door in a somewhat ornamental casing with narrow windows at the side and a more or less ornate one over the door. The example for this more elegant domicile had been set by Dr. Medad Pomeroy, in the house at the corner of the turnpike.

A rivalry between Lawyer Barrett and Landlord Hunt had produced two three-story houses—one well up the street near the site of old Clary fort, the other on the corner of the Warwick road, the latter becoming the Hunt tavern. Presently Lawyer Nevers built a mansion, on the corner of the north meadow road, and made it all the more impressive by setting it far back from the street. Finest of all, there followed the Dutton house, square, upstanding, with broad halls intersecting and separating the four rooms of the first floor, with the added feature of one-story wings at the side, consistent with the architecture of the house.

Paint was becoming the rule instead of a rarity and white was the choice, with blinds of green. Interiors were elaborately panelled and plastered walls were covered with English wall-papers. Barns were being sent to the rear, although the barnyards of older places still lent their dirty, mucky presence to the street line.

With stages rolling into town, carts passing this way to transport the products of the farm to far-away markets on the coast, drovers bringing down herds of work oxen, beef, cattle and milch stock, or sheep and even swine, to trade along the road, which might be the long road to Boston or down the river to other "important" towns, the tavern came to be a feature. The tavern gained a place in the local life, as sociability developed and the "sundries," as Captain Hunt persisted in calling the liquid items of his business, were in demand by men of the town who found a margin of time to spend in the hospitable public room—in instances only too wide a margin for their own and their families' good. In the heart of the street were Hunt's and Houghton's, open rivals for business, with the latter now gaining the larger part. For years, Lucius, a son of the old parson, Doolittle, had a tavern far up the street and, at the Farms, Hezekiah Stratton maintained another. The best of the town's people resorted to them for formal meetings to discuss and arrange local affairs that fell short of town-meeting importance or to plan in advance who should be favored for town office or what articles should be placed in the warrant.

Most deeply the life of the town had been affected by the newcomers. Somewhat of the old order passed in the loss of men like Rev. John Hubbard and Seth Field. Their deaths occurred but two years apart, Squire Field's in 1792, Parson Hubbard's in 1794. They had served with a deep interest the spiritual and the prudential welfare of the town. The town's life was their life—types as they were of the best New England provincials.

If monuments to distinguished and valiant men were in the way to be erected none would be better deserved than to Seth Field. None was provided save that plain stone in the old cemetery which recorded that he "departed this life, May 1, 1792, in ye 80 year of his age—

"Death comfortably ends
A well spent useful life."

Moderation never carved a more restrained epitaph. What Northfield had become, almost that Northfield had even continued in being, was to no other citizen due in such measure as to this cultured and public spirited man. He was but three removes from the emigrant, Zechariah, who was of the Bay settlers of 1630, in the great removal to Hartford in 1639, further a pioneer at Northampton in 1659, and again a founder, in Hatfield, in 1663. In the two generations between there had been a hero of the Falls' fight and victim of the Deerfield massacre, Seth's grandfather, Samuel; another Zechariah, his father, captain in the French wars, large land-holder at Deerfield, Northfield pioneer of the third settlement; and Sarah, daughter of Philip Mattoon, his mother, a Deerfield captive at seventeen years, she who "was like to be married" to Mathew Clesson and was made equal heir with Mathew's brothers and sisters to his estate. The Mattoon ancestry had been hardly less distinguished in war and peace.

Such antecedents were assuring of worth but the significant fortune of Seth Field was that the cultured minister, Doolittle, saw in the youth such promise that he prepared him for college and put him through Yale, to be graduated at twenty in 1732, the young town's first college graduate. The town fell heir to so rare a preparation in benefits such as his forty years as its schoolmaster, nearly as many as its town clerk, his military service close to Captain Kellogg, the town's actual savior, and as captain in Colonel Israel Williams' regiment in the war that settled English domination of North America. His steady hand directed the town's affairs, upheld the independence of his benefactor in the fierce theological encounter with Edwardsism, and drafted in fairest script the documents that served the town's progress, not the least among them the treaty of peace between the second minister, Hubbard, and his townsmen who revolted against his loyalty to the King.

The romance of Seth Field's life was in his marriage to Susanna, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Doolittle. It brought to their children another line of brave and puritan English ancestry. She was the mother of their fourteen children, the oldest of whom was a sergeant in the Continental army at the surrender of Burgoyne, two others of whom were revolutionary soldiers, and eleven of whom were living when the father died, preceded by the mother by three years. His activity, influence and leadership continued to the end of his fourscore years, and the measure of it could be taken only in calculation of the heritage of worth to the town, whose deepest welfare was the centre and circumference of his life.

CHAPTER XXVI

NEW, BROADENING FACTORS

Harvard Influence Supplants Yale Exclusiveness

New life fairly poured into the town in the late years of the century. It was life of the most desirable sort. Ties to old families brought some of it. Adventure into newer regions, the somewhat restless pioneer spirit, brought others. Mainly, the attractiveness of the town, its position of healthfulness and its agricultural resources accounted for accessions which were advancing its quality and culture. Its one disadvantage was that it was on the border of the state and thus barred from becoming a centre. While it was gaining new people, it was in a measure being drained of its adventurous young life by migration to the still newer country of New Hampshire and, more particularly, Vermont. The balance was to its credit and its gain.

In no one person did the influx count for more than in John Barrett, the young lawyer, who had come here in 1786 and, aside from his activity as a citizen and town official, was attracting students in law from near and far. It seemed that he was to make the town as much a centre of legal education as Litchfield was becoming in Connecticut. He was of Connecticut stock but his boyhood home was in Springfield, Vermont, whence he came at the age of thirty, after graduation from Harvard. He married, in 1790, the youngest daughter of Obadiah Dickinson, Martha, thus joining an old family, and by 1800 there were six daughters. He had built the imposing three-story house on the crest of the slope, where the main street dips to Mill Brook, and a small office building on the line of the street. Some of his students settled in the town and for a time at least figured conspicuously in its life, Samuel C. Allen being one of them, turning to the law after his brief ministry.

Professional distinction and social life gained another contributor in Solomon Vose, a Harvard graduate of 1787, who came here in

1796, practiced law, was assessor for the national government and the first postmaster. Another, somewhat less youthful, was Samuel Prentice, M.D., arriving in 1786 and now a practitioner of distinction as a surgeon. It had taken more than a century to link the name of Prentice again to the town, for he was in the sixth generation from Captain Thomas Prentice, who was one of the four official explorers, who, led by Daniel Gookin, had been the first white men to see these lands. The doctor had been a youthful surgeon in the Revolution, in the regiment of his father, Colonel Samuel Prentice, who was still living in Worcester.

Such a growing and prosperous town, so situated as to draw trade from a wide region had attraction for young merchants seeking new territory. It was this that lured Samuel Brewer from Boston and, about the same time, the two Benjamin Callenders, father and son. Both had family connections here and, after a fashion, with the same family, the Nortons.

The Norton girls were as near to belles as the pre-Revolutionary time produced. Alexander Norton had come here in 1751 and married Lydia Chamberlain, thus connecting with one of the substantial early families of the third settlement, as well as with the Merrimans, another distinction. His oldest girl, Huldah, had married William Belcher, who had come from Boston to be a local tailor. Another, Sarah, in 1791, married Samuel Brewer. Benjamin Callender, while still in Boston, had married Abigail Belcher, of the same family as William. In such a tangle of relationship, there can be discovered the thread linking Boston and Northfield, which the charm of the Norton girls may be understood to have had a share in spinning. Young Benjamin, however, found his wife in Boston, where he married Sally Laughton in 1798. The Brewers did not remain long, returning to Boston in 1798.

Trade attraction brought the Duttons from Connecticut, and the town gained strong characters in another father and son, Timothy and Timothy B., merchants. The elder came very promptly to the leading place in town affairs. With them came Captain David Barber, the husband of Lois, daughter of the elder Dutton. As a Revolutionary soldier he had been one of the party that in the night of March 4, 1776, put up the surprise fortification on Dorchester heights. This group came from Hebron, the central Connecticut town which through family ties was in several ways linked with Northfield, including the transplanting there of Micah Mudge, pioneer in the first and second settlements. The Barbers, in turn, were related to the Phelps family, as nearly everybody was in Hebron, a town about half made up of Phelpses. Trade prospects attracted Barnabas Billings from Hardwick, in Worcester county, who, while only twenty-one when he came in 1792, rose in confidence so rapidly that in '97 he became the town treasurer.

Craftsmen of one sort and another were drawn to the town. Two Boydens, James and Simeon, weavers and clothiers, came up from Deerfield but Simeon changed to tavern-keeper and later, with his two sons, went to Boston to keep the City Tavern. Ebenezer Bancroft, cabinet-maker, had transplanted from Auburn, near Worcester, to Warwick and came to Northfield, where he married Selectman Seth Lyman's daughter, Naomi. The Lyman family had been identified with the town ever since John Lyman signed the initial petition of 1671 and his brother, Robert, joined in the first settlement, but one branch had been separated by Aaron, a grandson of John, going to Cold Spring as tavern-keeper and his son, Elihu, the man who beat the drum to call out the minute men in April of '76, removing to Greenfield; but it reconnected when the drummer's son, Caleb, came back to set up a hatter's shop. Caleb had married a sister of Timothy Swan, a queer genius, of a musical turn, who had for a time been here, learned the hatter's trade and was now following it in Suffield, Connecticut, and composing hymns. Another blacksmith, Ezekiel Webster, also of a family with past local connections, came from Greenfield. New farmers arrived, among them the Caldwells from Londonderry, Vermont, and the Prestons from Dummerston, these two settling on the high plain to the west of the Great River.

Two brothers by the name of Moody, Jacob, a cooper, and Isaiah, a brick mason, were attracted up-river from Hadley by the opening here for their crafts. Isaiah came first, riding into town in 1796, with no other worldly possessions, as he was later fond of saying, than the horse and the kit of tools in the saddlebag. He found his trade chance and presently his matrimonial one, winning for his wife Phila, the oldest daughter of Captain Medad Alexander, first citizen and a perennial selectman.

The Moody-Alexander wedding occurred December 15, 1799, Isaiah was now twenty-four and his bride eighteen. Phila brought an ancestry rich in local distinction. Her mother was of another old family, the Strattons, her father, Hezekiah, being the son of that other of the same name who was one of the original settlers of 1715 and who had led the opposition to the plan, favored by Captain Ben Wright, to contract the town into narrow limits, to the abandonment of the wide street. This mother had died when Phila was two years old and her father had married again, with the result that there were four younger Alexanders, Lucius, Henry, Medad, Jr., and Eunice, and when the first Moody child, Edwin, was born, November 1, 1800, he had an aunt only three years older than himself. On the mother's side, Phila was descended as well from the Smiths, in a line back to the Preserved who won his significant name at the time of an Indian attack on Hadley. To complete the distinction of blood, she had a Wright ancestry, running back to Captain Samuel, the first victim of Indian attack in the fateful days of September, 1675.

The marrying of Strattons and Alexanders had been an approach to a romantic epidemic in the early eighties. Medad Alexander had married Eunice Stratton, February 8, 1780, only to be followed in three weeks by his cousin, Simeon, marrying her twin sister, Jerusha. Medad had an older brother, Eldad, and three years later he married Mary, older sister of the twins. At the time of the marriage of Isaiah Moody into the family, his bride had a full complement of grandparents, plus a great-grandfather, Deacon Samuel Smith, who died six days later at the age of ninety-four. The Moody boy, Edwin, arrived with a rare heritage of longevity and a complicated relationship, extensively inclusive of the town's population. One of the earliest to greet him was Captain Thomas Alexander, his great-grandfather, the Revolutionary hero who had been with Arnold at Quebec and with Washington at Trenton.

In 1792, a stage line had been established by the post-office department of the new government, from Springfield to Dartmouth college, with a stage running each way once a week. Its route barely avoided Northfield, passing through Bernardston and Guilford to Brattleboro, the half-way point. The stage left Springfield at one in the afternoon of Monday, rested for the night at Northampton, dined at Greenfield and reached Brattleboro Tuesday evening. Here it exchanged passengers with the stage that had taken the same time to come down from Dartmouth. Another line started in July, 1793, connecting Northampton with Boston, and was extended to Albany the next year, a journey of four days, with three stages in a week and a passenger fare of three pence a mile.

Improvement of the Connecticut for freight transportation was another venture of this enterprising period. It began with the incorporation in 1792 of the "Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Connecticut River" and prompt construction of the canal at South Hadley to carry boats twenty feet wide and sixty feet long, dimensions that were reduced, before work was begun, to sixteen by forty feet. The money, to the amount of $20,000, was raised by a lottery, with legislative sanction. Previously, the boats up the river had stopped at Springfield and there had been a six-mile carry by teams to the landing at Smith's ferry where freight was reloaded to be "poled" up to the Deerfield, where it was discharged at a landing which acquired the name of Cheapside. A canal around Turners Falls followed by a few years and freight boats floated from Northfield to Springfield and to lower "ports" through the canal at Windsor.

Up to this period the town had been a transplanting from Connecticut, either by direct migration or, and more largely, by the secondary removal from towns that were of strictly Connecticut origin. Her successive settlements had come from the down-river towns. All her families traced to Connecticut ancestry. Her manners, her speech, her institutions bore the stamp of Hartford and New Haven, obscured not at all by the intervention of Northampton, a town that was purely of southern New England origin.

In no particular was this control of her thought more marked than in church affairs. She had completely escaped the ministerial hierarchy of the Bay towns. The minister knew his place, the pulpit and spiritual leadership, and kept it unquestioningly. In civic affairs, he was without other standing or authority than the man who tilled the land or kept the shop; hardly as much, for he never aspired to town office and was never called to it. The culture of the town, to such extent as it was cultured, flowed from Yale, without the slightest trickle of Harvard influence. It was as if the barricade of hills, bounding the valley, had resisted intrusion from the east, while the even slope to the south was so gentle as to invite the tide from the sound and its inlets.

Few boys of Northfield had been given a college education, but of the few not one had been sent to Harvard. The marked scholar among them was Caleb Alexander, graduated at Yale in 1777, a prolific author of text books, Latin and English grammars, an arithmetic and a dictionary, now the minister of a church in Mendon. A Mattoon, a Burt, a Hunt, a Janes and a Lyman, with names that mark them as of the town's pure stock, had in the rather recent years been sent to Dartmouth, up-river. Both the ministers, whose pastorates nearly spanned the century, were products of Yale. Above all, there had been the leadership in cultural as in practical affairs of Seth Field, Yale 1732.

Now came new relations with the Boston region and with it the effect of Boston ways and ideas. There were contrasts in speech. The language of the valley was almost a dialect. Somehow speech had become nasal, along with an almost total loss of the letter "r" and the narrowing of the first vowel into obscurity. The final "g" was totally lost. When in the writing of town officials the past of catch became "cytched," future was "futer," board was "bord" and medical service was "doctrin" there was more than misspelling—a reflection of common speech. It might have gone further to make road into "rud," stone into "stun" and verbs like widen into such as "widden." For years yet would it be difficult for the stranger to follow a town-meeting speech on highways when it urged the widdenin' of the rud and the pooting up a stun w'll. Along with these provincialisms went the preservation of good old anglicisms, best of all the interchangeability of "a" and "e," which made clerk into "clark" and obnoxious beasts like wild cats into "varmints." Always the boy who wrote "cow" and "now" would read it "kaow" and "naow."

Somewhat of this dialect was giving way under the influence of broader contacts and the coming into the community of people who brought the different speech of the Bay regions. More notably, the Boston and the Harvard impress was being felt and shown in customs, manners and thought. John Barrett and Solomon Vose, both Harvard men, had brought with them a new influence and produced an effect. With it came a certain loss of deference and courtesy, reflected in the change in such a routine instrument as a selectmen's order. Hitherto it had approached the treasurer with "Sir, will you please to pay;" Barrett, elevated to town office, curtly ordered, "You will pay." Perhaps Harvard was severer and more summary than Yale, as it had been represented in the unfailing graciousness of Squire Field.

Now came a Harvard preacher after the brief ministry of Samuel Clesson Allen, with its scholarly return to orthodoxy, from which the liberal Doolittle and Hubbard had departed. The town sampled preachers with no little care and, after hearing a young man from the town of Princeton in Worcester county, Thomas Mason, a Harvard graduate of 1796, through several Sabbaths, voted to give him a call. It was accepted. The terms of encouragement were cautious, going beyond a salary of four hundred dollars a year to provide a settlement sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, conditioned on the minister remaining twenty years, "and if he leave before the expiration of that period—the fault being his own in the opinion of a mutual council, he shall pay back to the town such proportion of the two hundred and fifty pounds as the time falls short."

There was another imposing gathering of the ministers and delegates from the towns of wide range for the ordination of November 6, 1799. The new Paul Revere bell rang for the occasion and a great choir, trained through the town's long-sustained appropriation of instruction in Psalmody, sang acceptably. The new minister, thirty years old, three years out of college, and unmarried, was cultured, eloquent, strong-minded and strikingly strong-bodied. He had been the champion wrestler at Harvard.

There was joyous pride in the imposing appearance of the minister. His preaching had already proved that he was broad in theology and deeply human in his mental attitude. There might have been a hope he would find a wife, as each of his notable predecessors had done, among the daughters of the town, one that was defeated by his marriage a year later to a Sterling girl, Lydia Kendall. She died at the age of twenty-six, three days after the birth of her second child. in August 1803, and five months later Mr. Mason married another from the town of Sterling, Sophia Barnard.

Only the tuning-fork had given instrumental aid to the church singers, all these years, under Xenophon Janes' choristership, until in the second year of Mr. Mason's ministry a son of the town, who had removed to Winchester, the next town, in New Hampshire, presented the church with an organ, "a new and complete church organ," as he described it. The donor was Captain Samuel Smith, of the original family, a grandson of Preserved of Hadley and a cousin of Mary, the wife of Hezekiah Stratton, whose daughters numerously married Alexanders. Captain Smith's wife was Anna Wright, a great-granddaughter of the famous Captain Ben. Lineal and domestic ties could not be more notable and Captain Smith's letter of presentation genuinely admitted gratification that he could thus express his "respect and attachment" for his native town. The town accepted with gratitude at a meeting called for the purpose. The organ was established in the gallery and Xenophon turned from fork to the manual, at a salary of fifteen dollars a year.

CHAPTER XXVII

INTO A NEW CENTURY

Spirited Development of Home Resources and National Interest

LET ANY CITIZEN of the town in one of these opening years of the century be asked if he thought Northfield was to continue to grow and become of greater importance, he would almost scornfully ask, in good Yankee report, what was going to prevent. To which there would be no answer.

In every aspect of a well-ordered and well-rounded community, the town was moving steadily forward. Of undiluted English stock, bound together by intricate family ties, rich in traditions of a long period of struggle to hold their ground, prosperous, sturdy, reaching out for new refinements, its people saw only the promise of distinction for their town. There was but one religion and it was faithfully observed—the perfected Congregationalism of New England, broadened here under the long-sustained liberalism of the ministers of the town's church and now strengthened under the leadership of a vigorous, cultured, independent preacher, bringing the impress of Harvard's advanced learning. Every family was in its own castle, tenantry was unknown, and every household busy in meeting its own needs. Self-reliance was both a household and a community trait and habit.

The town was gaining a repute for superiority in its own esteem. It was made to suffer some jibes as to its self-importance, with no other apparent effect than to make stronger its determination to justify the claim ascribed to it. But it was ready and eager to receive new people, be they of the right sort, and to appropriate them. A lawyer such as John Barrett would hardly settle in town before he was made a selectman and sent to the legislature. Another of the kind, Solomon Vose, even fewer years in town, succeeded him in the General Court. When Dr. Samuel Mattoon died, after thirty-three years as town treasurer, it was a new arrival from Boston, Samuel Brewer, who was put in his place, to remain there until he left town, and then to be succeeded by the quite new citizen, Barnabas Billings. After him, Benjamin Callender, another Bostonian.

When a school committee was chosen, for the first time, in 1800, relieving the selectmen of this charge, three relatively new men, Samuel C. Allen, now out of the pulpit and at the bar, John Barrett and Timothy Dutton were the first three named, having with them four who bore the old names of Alexander, Dickinson, Stratton and Smith. The best men were kept at the top, new or native as they might be. Once a man proved his worth, he would be kept in service as long as he consented—witness the career as townsman of Captain Medad Alexander, selectman all these ten years and representative through four of them.

Politics were taken seriously, town, state, national and international if there was need of it. Any annual town-meeting was as likely to confront a national or a world issue as one about the roads and schools. In 1796, a special one was called for such business as to seat the meeting-house and to forbid the cutting of trees in the highways, along with these to frame a memorial to the Congress of the United States, calling upon it to carry into full effect the treaty lately made with Great Britain.

Thus the town came to the support of John Jay, when he needed it, after his struggle to settle aggravated differences between the United States and Great Britain. There was sharp alignment just now between the sympathizers with France, in her flair for republican government, and the upholders of English ideas of a strong central government. It was an issue personified in Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. Northfield followed the fashion of Massachusetts in being Federalist in her notions. The men had returned to voting, after a period of indifference and even scorn. In 1800 they were ardently for Caleb Strong of Northampton for governor, somewhat because he was from their county seat, partly because he was personally known to some of them and was of their sort, but chiefly because he was as conservative as he was staunch.

So alert and enterprising a town needed but one assurance to make its future all that it dreamed. It was that people would continue to want to live in such a town, would find here the surest means of livelihood, would not be drawn away or restrained from coming by brighter chances of fortune in another sort of place than an agricultural one. Not much note was made of the mechanical inventions which were capable of replacing hand labor and which some people were saying would centre industries around great water-sites. The power loom had been invented in the last century and was coming into use where power was available. The cotton-gin was being read about but not worried over, even though it had solved the problem of making cotton easy to reduce to manufacture. Incidentally, there was a local story to the effect that a Northfield man, Apollos Beach, a restless genius, had invented the cotton-gin but had abandoned it, with the result that another Yankee, one Eli Whitney, captured it and was credited with the ingenious device for ridding cotton of its troublesome seed. These devices could be talked about with no yielding of the superiority of wool and linen and their spinning and weaving in the household.

The spinning wheels, for wool and for linens, held their place in every home. Each house had its weave-shed, where the loom was dextrously operated. Homespun clothes were the rule for all members of the family, varied only by the fabrics of silk and mohair and cotton found on the shelves of the town's several stores or brought from Boston by the head of the house on his occasional visits there. Some of the processes of cloth-making had passed out of the home, some of the dyeing and quite generally the dressing or finishing of the fabric. Housewives there were who took pride in their skill as dyers but even these passed the finishing to one or another of the shops carried on by an expert.

Captain Alexander tucked away among his methodically kept papers, the fall before his girl married Isaiah Moody, the receipted bill of Abel Stone for "colloring green cloth," for "dressing 5½ yards blew cloth" (eleven shillings), for "colloring an old coat" (three shillings), and for pressing sixteen yards cloth, two and sixpence; but this same typical head of a family, during the seasons he was in Boston as a legislator, brought home certain elegancies bought at Vinton's, 60 Newbury Street, such as lustring, black mode, calico, cotton cambric and "shire muslin," including in the account for himself pairs of silk hose at five and ninepence and a couple of vest patterns. Such things supplemented but did not replace the linen for garments and for the beds, the linsey-woolsey, combining linen and wool for dresses, and the heavier homespun for men's and boys' wear, the products of home wheels and looms.

Newcomers to the town were bringing new enterprise in industries and trade. Besides the two tanners by the name of Jabez—Whiting from Warwick, and Parsons from Enfield, Connecticut—a blacksmith, Oliver Watriss, also from Connecticut, who had served from Northfield in the Revolution, had an enterprising son, Richard, who carried working in iron a step further by setting up a triphammer and scythe factory on Miller's Brook, and another artisan from Windsor, down river, Joel Munsell, established a wagon and wooden-plow factory on the Main Street. There were several hatmakers—Timothy Swan one of them, whose greater talent was as a hymn-writer, having come back to town and established himself with his brother-in-law, Caleb Lyman; likewise Jonathan Belcher, who married a daughter of the tanner, Whiting.

Trade had greatly expanded, chiefly at the hands of new arrivals, such as Isaac Prior, a Connecticut schoolmaster, who had followed his brother-in-law, Jabez Parsons, from Enfield in 1806, and Charles Bowen, whose father had been in Northfield briefly in Revolutionary times but was now in Charlestown, New Hampshire. These two joined William Pomeroy, Bowen's brother-in-law, whom everybody called Billy, in the firm of Pomeroy, Prior & Bowen, distillers and merchants and masters of boating on the Connecticut. Pomeroy was son of Shammah, the saddler, and their store, much the most extensive yet seen, was built on the lot in the centre of the town, where the saddler's shop had stood.

The distillery, just out on the Boston pike, soon became a great industry, with related ones in the fattening of cattle and hogs on the still's wastes and in the raising of grain for the supply. Farther out the turnpike, Mill Brook had been diverted from its course and a mill pond created, from which power supplied Strobridge's mill for grinding the provender for the distillery.

Growing, busy, self-reliant, the town attracted professional men, such as the lawyers, Barrett and Vose and now a new one, John Nevers, another student of John Barrett's, admitted to the bar in 1808 and promptly getting into the militia, where he was rising from one command to another. Still younger was Franklin Ripley, whom

Barrett presented at the bar in 1809, and who remained here for practice. Physicians were finding the town a favorable seat and some of the younger ones were clearly on the way to distinction. The dean in the group was Dr. Samuel Prentice, whose practice in surgery and medicine ranged over wide territory. One of his sons, Samuel, studied law with Solomon Vose, married Landlord Houghton's daughter, Lucretia, removed to Montpelier, Vermont, in 1803, and was rising to distinction in the newer state's affairs. Another was learning the printing trade with his uncle, Hon. John Prentice, at Keene, New Hampshire.

Another established physician was Dr. Isaac Hurlburt, who had been here since Revolutionary days and retired in 1806, when his place was taken by Dr. Charles Blake, a native of Hingham who had married Fanny, daughter of Jonathan Hunt, the most distinguished of the Northfield Hunts, who had built, years ago, a grand house on old Northfield territory, now Vernon, Vermont, been a leading military man and lieutenant governor. Then there was old Dr. Pomeroy, son of the Northampton General Seth, a hero of Revolutionary fame, and himself the hostage-captive of the Shays' rebellion, now over seventy years old but in practice.

It was a quarter-century since the Revolution but there were numerous veterans of its campaigns who, with the years, were being held in veneration. Captain Thomas Alexander, quite the most distinguished, died in 1801 but his nephew, Major Elisha, in the prime of life, remained to tell of the sieges of Boston and Ticonderoga. Captain Thomas' oldest son, Eldad, who had marched with the minute-men to Concord, had gone as a pioneer to Hartland, Vermont, as had also the younger one, Quartus, who had kept step with the old captain in the marches to Quebec and Trenton.

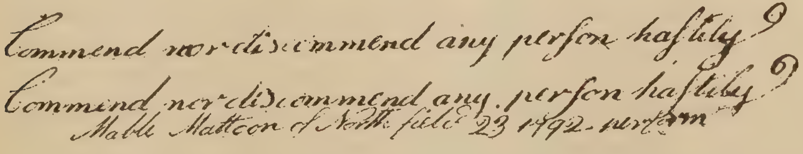
Particular reverence followed the Revolutionary veteran, Benoni Dickinson, now in the sixties, because his life linked the present peaceful days with those of Indian terror. He was the son of Nathaniel, who with Asahel Burt, had been killed on Pauchaug hill in 1747. That tragedy had occurred April 15 and Benoni, given the name because of the circumstance of his birth, was born December 12. Two sons of Squire Seth Field, Sergeant George and Henry, were among the survivors of the war for independence and there were in the group John and Elisha Holton, Jonathan Janes, John Moffat, two Morgans, living at the Farms, several Wrights and others with names of less town significance. Actually, if not consciously, the town's life was being deepened and enriched by the venerated presence of the survivors of the nation's natal war. Captain Samuel Merriman, who had led the first patriot company forth from the town, had died in 1803 but there lived seven years longer his second wife, who had been a Canadian captive, mother of the wife of Medad Alexander and so the great-grandmother of the first born in Northfield of the Moody family.

These were prosperous days. The distresses of the days after the Revolution were forgotten or served only as background for the contrasting plenty of the present. The nation prospered and was expanding. In the ten last years of the century, thousands of men had moved across the mountains along the valleys of the westward-flowing rivers. The new states of Kentucky and Tennessee had been added to the Union. Their population had increased from 109,000 in 1790 to 377,000 in 1800. Ohio had been made a state in 1802, populated as it was in the main by emigration from the Eastern states. Two adventurers, Lewis and Clark, had explored the great regions beyond, as far as the Pacific ocean. The Mississippi was no longer the nation's boundary, for Jefferson had added the great domain beyond it by the Louisiana purchase. New England was prosperous in her own right. Fortunes were accumulating in the hands of the masters of her commerce, her ships were sailing the seven seas, and her manufactures were expanding from such beginnings as that first cotton mill at Pawtucket in 1793, in fabrics, and in metals.

To an inland town, eighty miles from the coast, it was enough to have a part in this new growth of wealth and be a part of the advancing nation. Its own resources were ample for its needs and its industry was sending a surplus of products to the seaboard, somewhat in manufactures such as leather and distilled liquors, but more in the yield of her farms, such as dressed hogs, transported over the new turnpike in great carts drawn by two and four horses, and small herds of cattle, sheep and turkeys driven over the road to market. In turn, the town had become a trading centre, her stores supplied by the return loadings from Boston or the boats in their slow transportation up the Connecticut. New elegancies were finding their way into the homes. The crude benches, beds and tables of the years gone by were giving way to solid furniture in good design and ornate decoration wrought by her skilled cabinet makers.

With prosperity, commonly shared even though moderate, came the desire for a finer culture and the means to supply it. The town had kept abreast the times in her public schools but their deficiencies were being discovered. They carried the boys no further than those simpler branches necessary for the common occupations, save when some college-bred master had led certain of them further on and in few instances had prepared them for Dartmouth, from which in the years from 1800 to 1810, five Northfield boys had been graduated. None had gone to Yale since Caleb Alexander, who finished in 1777, and none at all to Harvard, unless claim be laid to Thomas Bridgman, born in his father's famous fort, who had years ago been a judge in Hinsdale, within which town the state line had carried the northern third of Northfield. In the middle nineties a town-meeting had faced the question of establishing an academy and passed it by.

Slight attention had been paid to the schooling of the girls. Groups of them had now and again been gathered around some fireplace and instructed by an enterprising woman but no further than the rudiments. Even Captain Thomas Alexander's daughter Lydia, who had married Schoolmaster Gideon Ryther, signed the acknowledgment of her dowry in the cramped hand which showed scant training. It was a hand that could show itself adept with the needle or at the wheel. Occasionally a cultured father would see that his girls acquired such learning as the boys gained at school. Dr. Samuel Mattoon did as much for his eight daughters. When he sought a scrap of paper upon which to write a receipt from Demar Colton for his son Abisha's teaching school in 1792 he used the back of a copy sheet upon which his Mabel at the age of fifteen had practiced. He thus preserved for the future a sample of her laborious writing and rewriting of the injunction—



Commend nor diſcommend any perſon haſtily 9
Commend nor diſcommend any perſon haſtily 6
Mable Mattoon of Northfield 23 1792 novem

Systematic education of the town's girls had its first venture in 1805, when Miss Sally Williams, from the hill town of Warwick, opened a school for them in Union hall, the second story of the centre schoolhouse.

On certain days in summer the street was enlivened by the militia drill. It was good training field—ten rods between fences, unobstructed by trees save for the old oak near its southerly end and an occasional elm. Structures of every kind had long since been cleared away by vote of the town meeting, only the meeting-house remaining. Council rock, down near the starting point of the South Warwick road, which had now come to be known as the Gulf Road, alone broke the even surface of the broad stretch. Here the military could go through its evolutions unrestrained while the people gathered in the ample yards along the way to watch and admire.

"Trainin' " was everybody's holiday. Ever since Northfield had been a town, the militia company had been kept up, with varying interest as war or danger from Indian attack had been near or remote. Since the Revolution, its life had been fairly constant, inspired in no slight degree by the presence of the veterans of its battles and campaigns. There had been the enlivening prospect of war with France during John Adams' administration in the nineties and now there was the clear threat of war with Great Britain. Just as the approach of the Revolution provoked the organization of minute-men, the new menace induced the formation of an artillery company and its maneuvers with field pieces and drag-ropes added new spirit to the street-practice.

The serious military aspect was obscured by the gala-day spirit of the boys and girls who watched the performance, devoting a share of their attention to Clem Miner, the gingerbread man. Clem was a potter, who came here as long ago as 1787 to follow his trade. On training-day, he mounted his horse, took on a load of gingerbread in two huge panniers and moved up and down the street, avoiding with skill gained in years the evolutions of the infantry, taxed in his last days—for he died in 1810—by the greater peril of getting in the way of the clattering cannoneers. The artillery men wore broad chapeaux and blue uniforms faced with red but the militia was not less imposing in its head-attire of high stiff caps with cockades and its smart uniform of blue and brass buttons.

Military titles once gained were never lost. A visitor to Northfield in this period would find an amazing proportion of the men addressed unfailingly by titles from general down to corporal. They were not always bestowed with care to the military dignity of the recipient. Occasionally a spirit of levity crept into company elections and a man escaped the rating of town fool under the protection of the title of ensign. In the main the matter was taken seriously, surely so when actual service was in prospect.

There was no end of political strife among men who tried still to be friends and good neighbors. Angry disputes between Adams men and Jefferson men could be heard at the stores and at Houghton's tavern, whenever they encountered each other. Let that wait. Youth was otherwise occupied. Old notions of restraint had relaxed. Dancing was out from under the ban. The example of good society in Washington and New York was gaily followed.

The minuet was learned but it put awkward boys to disadvantage and the square and contra dances, new ones constantly being devised, were more popular. The taverns were provided with dance halls; there was a larger one at Hunt's, rather going out of favor as Houghton's correspondingly won it with its fine hospitality; and Warwick and Bernardston had the attraction of being six or seven miles away with an acceptable road between. Pleasure carriages had come in and all the wealthier families owned more or less pretentious ones; sleighs were rather common but for the party who joined in a winter's ride and dance there was nothing better than the more commodious pung with its straw-covered floor.

A fine propriety ruled such gaiety. If old rules had yielded, the good breeding of well regulated homes showed itself in the sports which the boys and girls shared. For the boys whose energies were not exhausted the while their muscles were toughened in farm work, there was sport in hunting, in shooting at mark, in pitching quoits, for which horseshoes served, and in wrestling, a form of contest that could not fail of popularity when the minister was known to have been the champion at Harvard and showed himself ready for it whenever challenged. Best of all, there was skating, safe enough on the mill ponds and on Sage hollow, the long depression in Great Meadow into which the river set back, but only to be undertaken on the Great River itself when ice had formed at full winter thickness.

Political issues, over which the nation was becoming more heated with each year, were remote from the interests of the town but were joined here with as much fervor as though they were home affairs. The town which could advise Congress on international affairs could not be indifferent to the controversy between the supporters of President Jefferson and the conservative old guard which had its stronghold in Boston and particularly in Essex county among men who had wealth in ships and commerce.

The few copies of Boston newspapers that came to Squire Barrett, Parson Mason—now and then familiarly called Priest Mason—and other leading men, were commonly read. A weekly paper had been started in Northampton in 1786 and one in Greenfield under the imposing name, "The Impartial Intelligencer," in 1792, presently changed to the "Greenfield Gazette," and as such was brought in conconsiderable number of copies to Northfield every Monday. These journals were intensely political and much of their space was devoted to the debates of Congress and the utterances of political leaders, with marked favor to the Federalists, of whom John Adams was the conspicuous spokesman. It had suited the New England temper when Adams refused to attend the inauguration of his successor, the abhorred Jefferson.

By 1804, when Jefferson was re-elected, it was in the face of Massachusetts' fiery opposition but there had come to be some dissent from the Federalist faith, most marked among the farmers of the western towns, Northfield among them. It showed itself in the suspension of the habit of election of Colonel Alexander to the legislature and the substitution of Ezekiel Webster, the blacksmith, for one year, and after him, the young lawyer and militia-man, John Nevers, for three in succession.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ENTERING ANOTHER WAR

Sea Fencibles March from Valley to the Coast

THERE WAS A RISING TIDE of sympathy for Jefferson in his resistance to the oppressions that England was visiting upon our shipping and when, in desperation, he put in force an embargo, the denunciations of the merchants and shipowners of the coast towns were hardly echoed a hundred miles inland, slightly concerned as its people were in the suspension of foreign trade. In this turn of the political tide, the Hampshire governor, Caleb Strong, who had been elected seven successive years, was defeated, the same year that Northfield changed its representative.

The country was clearly threatened with war with England. James Madison, another Virginian, Jefferson's choice for his successor, was elected in 1808, as Jefferson might have been but for his devotion to the example of Washington in refusing a third term. The embargo upon shipping had proved unworkable and been removed but continued assaults upon American commerce by both France and England led to successive non-intercourse legislation by Congress in support of the President.

Warlike acts were following one upon another. The naval frigate, *President,* had been fired upon near New York and in an engagement with British sloop, *Little Belt,* had quickly made her a helpless wreck. Before this there had been an unprovoked attack on the American frigate, *Chesapeake,* off Hampton Roads. The search of American vessels and the impressment of seamen had long been continued to the exasperation of both the government and the people. On the western frontier, in Ohio, the British were enlisting Indian allies, under Chief Tecumseh, and supplying them with arms and ammunition, and on November 7, 1811, an attack was made on General William Henry Harrison and his troops at Tippecanoe, in the Wabash Valley. That was a type of warfare of which Northfield had distinct memories. Under provocation which seemed ample to the people, with the exception of the Federalists of New England, no longer in the majority, war was declared April 10, 1812.

Gathering war-clouds had given added zest to military training and the militia was kept up to full quota and regular drill. Northfield's company was full-manned and full-armed. Presently added distinction came to the town in the commission of Lawyer Nevers as major-general of the 15th Massachusetts division. Colonel Medad Alexander, through all these years, was holding his command up to high efficiency and regular practice. More was expected than gala-day performance. Brigade orders received by him as early as 1807 required that the men should be trained in all skilful maneuvers and that "all matters of parade and show should be merely secondary objects."

The artillery, under the same broadside of instructions was required to train in quick and accurate firing, to be "acquainted with laboratory duty that they may direct the preparation of their ammunition" and to "acquire some knowledge of fortification, to be able to superintend the construction of small field works." The brigadier-general was confident "that no exertions will be wanting to fit themselves for discharging the important duties which the country has a right to claim from them should they be called into active service."

Confident and inspiring words were these from the brigadier-general up in the hills of Worthington, in western Hampshire, in 1807—"the duties the country has a right to claim" from militiamen. Not so in 1812, if the Massachusetts' view was right. The militia was not at the behest of the country; there was no "right to claim," and none to "call into active service." Around that issue raged a war of words, over it recriminations poured forth from the Federalists of Massachusetts; upon it the governor had to make a momentous decision. Good Caleb Strong had been called again to the governor's chair in 1811, such had been the subsidence of the feeling that retired him in 1807. Just as war was about to be declared in June, 1812, a call came from President Madison for troops to be subject to the requisition of the regular army commander, Brigadier General Dearborn. Could the militia be delivered to federal command? Governor Strong turned to the federal constitution to find that "congress shall have power to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions." None of these conditions existed. Again the constitution reserved "to the states the appointment of the officers." Dearborn was not of the militia. The call was refused. Massachusetts' militia would be used alone to protect the state against foreign invasion. The state supreme court upheld the Governor's refusal. When, two years later, a convention of delegates, known as the Hartford convention, with the war still on, framed terrific indictment of the federal administration, the control of the militia for home defense was vigorously reasserted.

Now it seemed, Northfield's smart military—infantry and artillery alike—would not be sent to the nation's defense. Nevertheless a new company was recruited by Captain Elisha Field, using a front room of the house that faced Council Rock, at the corner of the South Warwick Road, given the name of Sea Fencibles, and marched down to Boston to be stationed at Fort Independence. There was some mirth over the name of Sea Fencibles, for a Connecticut Valley troop, but it was entirely willing to go to sea, at all events.

The artillery company was put into action in September, 1814, under orders to march to Boston "completely armed with field pieces and apparatus." There had been some difficulty in keeping the company's ranks filled. Going to war was serious business, even for an artillery-man. Some of the men absented themselves, others procured substitutes. When marching time came the captain himself failed to appear and Leftenant Bowen took command.

On the bright afternoon of Sunday, the 11th, the street resounded with the stirring music of fife and drum, two drums, in fact, "the snare and the base." As the base drummer was the centre of interest to many of the people, small boys in particular, it was quickly observed that Joel Munsell, the plow-maker, who stood high in popular admiration as a performer with the big drumstick, was not doing his usual military duty. Will Hall, a Winchester youth, was in his place, a good substitute for actual warfare, having the prime qualification of being a descendant of Captain Ben Wright, the famous scout of days when drums were not used in advances upon the enemy. It was quickly circulated that Joel's wife had put up a plea that he hire a substitute out of consideration of herself and three children, the youngest less than a year old.

It was a typical Northfield company that took up its line of march at four o'clock that Sabbath afternoon, over the turnpike, out by the distillery and by the new mill pond and up the stiff hills to Warwick, for the first night. To be such it had to be made up largely of men carrying the names of Alexander, Field, Holton, Wright, Hunt, Lyman and Stratton, as a full quarter of them did; with them, sons of families less ancient but now well identified with the town, Stearns, Whiting, Norton, Nettleton, Morgan and Colton.

It took six days to reach South Boston and there they remained for two months, with no chance to distinguish themselves or show how faithfully they had followed the brigadier's strict instructions of years before. When they marched home, the town turned out to receive them at the foot of the mountain and watch with admiration the evolutions they had newly acquired, cheerfully performed all the way to Main Street.

Late in the war, the draft was resorted to, not as a means of compulsion to service so much as to put militiamen into the United States service, so stoutly had the notion been held that otherwise they could only be used for home defence. There were a score of these who went out in a company commanded by a Warwick man, Captain Enoch Mayo, and half as many more were in the service in one or another way.

Sons of Northfield in army and navy served during the war with more or less distinction—none more memorably than the son of Clem Miner, the gingerbread man, Henry Miner. He was on board the *Chesapeake,* when that frigate was disabled off Boston by the British ship *Shannon,* June 1, 1813, and her commander, Captain James Lawrence, uttered his dying order, "Don't give up the ship," which instantly became the watchword of the war. Dr. Charles Blake, who had come to Northfield in 1807, having married a daughter of Governor Hunt of Vernon, was surgeon mate on the *Constitution,* the most glorious ship of the young navy, and was wounded in one of her engagements; he returned to his practice here after the war.

The unpopularity of the war, common to New England, was only mildly shared by Northfield men, the degree varying with their political views. The ineffectiveness of the army was painful and disgust reached its height in August, 1814, when the British were allowed to march leisurely up from near Chesapeake Bay and after a miserable resistance by an unorganized mob at Bladensburg, near Washington, enter the nation's capital and lay it waste, without receiving or firing a single shot. The victories on the Lakes were the cheering offset—that of Commander Perry on Erie, September 10, 1813, and of Captain McDonough on Champlain, a year later, the latter turning back the invasion from Canada and ending the war. After the treaty of peace in February 1815, there remained the satisfaction of General Andrew Jackson's victory at New Orleans, and it did not matter that the battle had been fought after peace had been declared.

At last there had been an international war which hardly touched the life of this town. Its people had done their patriotic duty and had been ready to do more had the call come to them. They shared the prevailing confusion as to what it was all about. It seemed to have been as much a war between parties in the country as between the nation and an enemy outside. Now that all were rejoicing in the victory, they sensed that the nation's standing had been strengthened. And they could go on with the home affairs of a gradually growing and hopeful town, which had in fact been hardly jarred by the national conflict.

In the meantime a new county had been created. Hampshire county had originally included all the state west of Worcester but Berkshire had been set off in 1761. Hampshire now embraced all the Connecticut valley in the state. Agitation for the separation of the northern towns had begun in Revolutionary days and been intermittent until in 1810, when on the first Monday of December, a convention was held in Greenfield and all the northern towns save four joined in a petition to the legislature for the creation of Franklin County. The act to that end was passed by the General Court the following June.

Greenfield was named as the shire town but Deerfield made a determined effort to have the county's buildings placed at Cheapside, within its borders. The legislature of 1812 heard the rival claims, in which it appeared that Cheapside had only seven small houses, unfit for boarders, while Greenfield had twenty well-built and commodious ones. The choice of Greenfield stood. The new county was an almost perfect parallelogram, lying equally on the two sides of the Great River, with its north line bordering New Hampshire and Vermont. Northfield was one of its most populous towns, considerably larger than Greenfield, and would have made an ideal county seat but for its non-central location.

At a meeting of the Court of Sessions held in Greenfield the first Tuesday of March, 1812, a committee was appointed to procure plans for the county buildings, a court house and a gaol, and Ezekiel Webster of Northfield was one of its members. Presently, the same court, which had entire control of county business, named General John Nevers the first high sheriff. Elihu Lyman, Jr., son of the veteran who as a young man beat the drum in Northfield's street calling out the minute men for the march to Concord, was made the county attorney. The honored father of this lawyer was still living in Greenfield; the son had been graduated at Dartmouth in 1803.

Before the year's end the two Northfield men changed places, Lyman becoming sheriff and Nevers, the county attorney. Still another Northfield man, although now practicing law in Colrain, Isaac B. Barber, was made the first judge of probate. He was the son of Captain David Barber, the Revolutionary veteran still living in Northfield, and so the grandson of the leading merchant, Timothy Dutton. He was a Dartmouth graduate of 1805, learned his law from John Barrett, being admitted 1808, and had a captain's commission in the war of 1812.

The next year General Nevers was succeeded by Samuel C. Allen, the former Northfield minister and law student of John Barrett, now practicing law in New Salem, a hill town at the eastern end of the county. At the bar of the county in its first days were two other products of Squire Barrett's training, Horatio G. Newcomb and Franklin Ripley, the latter having married Charlotte Collins Barrett, daughter of his instructor in law, and granddaughter of another substantial citizen, Obadiah Dickinson.

CHAPTER XXIX

NEW ERA OF PIONEERING

A Mother Town to Vermont and New Hampshire

In the later years of the previous century and quite as much in the early ones of the nineteenth, the town had come into maternity, with numerous offspring in the way of young and growing communities up the river, among the Green hills and beyond. Her own household had been cut in twain by the boundary line that the King in Council, spiteful towards Massachusetts, had caused in 1741 to be placed forty miles south of the one claimed under its charter and even fourteen miles south of the most daring claim of the province of New Hampshire. The old state had lost six hundred square miles of territory. The town that suffered most by this stroke was the one on the Connecticut River, then the terminal of the advance up the Great River. It lost a third of its territory.

For a time the dismemberment worked no loss of family ties. Association of blood and church and trade withstood the invisible separation by a state line but self-consciousness developed and the mature town could look upon Hinsdale in New Hampshire and later Vernon in Vermont only as daughters not far removed from the roof-tree. Now she had witnessed and was witnessing much more distant departures.

Even before French domination of the north country had been put to an end on the Plains of Abraham, certain venturesome souls had sought lodgment in the wilderness in which still lurked the hired savages. They paid heavy penalties for their daring. John Kilburn, of Northfield in 1741, made the first settlement in what was now Walpole, and by the defence of his cabin against attack of Indians to the number of four hundred—by whom counted no one knows—in 1755 had won a lasting monument in the mountain which came to bear his name, across the river from Bellows Falls.

Township Number Four, now Charlestown, in New Hampshire, was the scene of repeated slaughter and somehow it was next to always Northfield men who were cut down. The nearer hamlets of Keene, Winchester and Hinsdale were again and again under attack and Northfield families mourned the victims. In the teeth of such peril, settlements were persistently undertaken on the east side of the river, such as Westmoreland, where several of the Howes, from the neighborhood of Fort Dummer, had taken up a grant in 1752.

Advance had been more cautious on the west side of the river. Here the memorable tragedy was that on West River, one of the last in the French and Indian days, where the home of Captain Fairbanks Moore, within the bounds of the new town of Brattleboro, was attacked at midnight, the captain and his son killed and the latter's wife and four children carried captive to Canada. Captain Moor carried two old Northfield names and his wife was the daughter of Colonel John Kathan, who had lived in the northerly part of the town, was in the Northfield militia and scouting companies and was the first settler in Putney, Vermont.

After the passing of the French authority from the continent, in 1760, emigration from Northfield and other valley towns to the regions west of the Connecticut had become active. Fort Dummer, on Northfield territory, had been the first foothold in what was now the state of Vermont. Within the fort had been born a son, John, to John Sargent, a Northfield Indian fighter, and claim had been made that he was the first white child born on the territory that became the state of Vermont. The first birth of record, however, was that of Timothy Dwight, May 27, 1726, son of Timothy, the builder and first commander of the fort, the same Timothy Dwight who had made the original survey of Northfield, the one that generously added territory to it beyond all claims or expectations.

The Dummer infant, Vermont's first-born, in time was graduated from Yale, became a prosperous merchant in Northampton, judge of the court of common pleas and many years a representative. He was a Tory in the Revolutionary days and went to Natchez, Mississippi, taking with him his sister, the widow of Major-General Phineas Lyman, and died there in 1777. He married the daughter of Jonathan Edwards and had thirteen children, the oldest of whom, Timothy, in 1795 had become the president of Yale.

The days when Vermont territory was the battleground between New Hampshire and New York were now of memory, but a memory keenly cherished in Northfield because of the parts numerously played in the drama by sons of her families and men who had been associated with her own life. New Hampshire's royal governor, Benning Wentworth, had left a fame as the most extensive grantor of land the country had known, and of land that was doubtfully his to give. He claimed for New Hampshire's western boundary a line twenty miles east of the Hudson—a continuation of the western boundary of Massachusetts. Against him was the counter claim of the government of that empire which King Charles of England had, with a stroke of the pen, bestowed upon his brother, the Duke of York, with the Connecticut River as its eastern boundary.

Wentworth began with a grant near the north-west corner of Massachusetts, to which he applied his own name, Bennington. New York came on with patents to speculators in New York City, meanwhile confirming to settlers on the soil some of the grants already made by New Hampshire. The King in Council had confirmed the New York claim of all territory to the Connecticut River and Wentworth's grants to himself and his relatives, enormous in extent, were declared to vest in the Crown. Up to 1776 New York had made original grants of 2,418,710 acres.

Many Northfield men now held New York grants by virtue of settlement and were drawn into the thick of the fight. The nearer settlements, townships like Guilford, Dummerston and Halifax, were strongholds of New York and in them raged the most vigorous battle. The settlers in the disputed territory in convention in 1777 declared themselves an independent state and took the name of Vermont but the Continental congress refused recognition. It was only when the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, September 3, 1783, established a boundary that included Vermont that the state came into recognition, not even then to be acknowledged by the lower settlements, the offspring of the old valley towns. Guilford, yielding no fealty except to the King of England, was for a series of years in effect a republic all its own and it was in 1784 that Colonel Ethan Allen, hero of Ticonderoga, had to lead troops there to make it subject to Vermont authority.

In the first census of Vermont, in 1791, the most populous town was: Guilford. It had 2232 people. There were older towns, such as Halifax, next after Bennington to receive a charter from Governor Wentworth; Rockingham, dating from 1753, when three men from

Northfield began clearing its land; Westminster, the old Number One of 1735. Guilford owed its large population to bordering upon Massachusetts. It was Northfield's town, by right of pioneering, for it was Captain Samuel Hunt's two sons who first broke the ground there.

There was ample topic for reminiscence for a group sitting around the hospitable public room of Houghton's tavern, in the migration from the town to Vermont and New Hampshire regions. Let such a chance gathering of the older men on an evening in 1814, one supplementing another, recount the transplantings. In Winchester they numerously count Alexanders, Beldings, Burts, Fields, Holtons and Wrights, coming down to the recent event of William Swan's daughter, Betty Lauretta, marrying Amos Alexander. Hinsdale had the Bridgmans and Taylors and in later years the Wrights. On the Chesterfield road out of Hinsdale stood the old tavern kept by Thomas Taylor, whose first wife was Sarah, daughter of Northfield's Theophilus Merriman, and the second, another Sarah, the daughter of Joseph Stebbins of the part of Northfield which was now Vernon, who kept the tavern going after Thomas' death and until her own in 1809.

Then it occurs to the tavern group to make a list of the Vermont towns to which Northfield had contributed, if indeed it had not, in the persons of its pioneering sons, laid the foundations. It took more than one night to complete their record. Once started, they found it good for a large share of the winter evenings.

Westminster alone kept them occupied through long hours. Dr. Bildad Andross, the Northfield physician, went there in 1768, and was in the thick of the famous troubles leading up to the "Westminster massacre" of 1775, which they would talk over another evening. Then the list ran on by names and the years of the removal from Northfield if known—John Avery, 1774. Benjamin Burt, son of Asahel (who had been killed by Indians on Pauchaug hill), a judge, now living in Bellows Falls. Ebenezer Holton, a soldier of the last French war, 1798. Caleb Howe, of the Vernon region, a Tory who had made escape to Nova Scotia. Nehemiah Howe, his brother, who had been with Captain Thomas Alexander in the Crown Point expedition. Simeon Knights, a Fort Dummer soldier, who married a daughter of Joseph Burt and was one of the first three settlers. John Pettee, born in Northfield in 1735. Elizabeth Root, daughter of Samuel of Fort Dummer and his wife, Mary, daughter of Joseph Alexander, married to Elijah Ranney. Mary Root, married to Judge Burt. Naomi Root, married to Captain David Eaton. Thankful Taylor, granddaughter of Joseph Stebbins, married to Stephen Bradley. Medad Wright, brother-in-law of Captain Thomas Alexander, and his wife, Irene Holton. Moses Wright, son of Benoni, one of the first settlers in 1753, commissioned a captain by New York in 1778. Captain Azariah Wright, "Uncle 'Riah," the foremost disturber of the peace in the riotous days of '75, who had died in 1811, about whom there was much to recount, another evening. All these were in the recent past or now in Westminster.

Then they turned to Hartland, far up the valley, beyond Windsor, because of the interest kept up by the Northfield Alexanders in their relatives, Reuben, Eldad, Quartus and Consider, settled there. One of Rev. John Hubbard's sons was there. Submit Lyman, daughter of the Revolutionary veteran, Simeon, had married, in 1804, Colonel John Dennison, a conspicuous Hartland citizen.

At Brattleboro had settled Eliphaz Alexander, William Holton, Aseneth Holton, John Sargent, Jr., the disputed first-born white Vermonter, and Alpheus Taylor, who was also of Field descent.

In Windsor—Moses Evans, who married Chloe, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Doolittle, and their son, Zerah. Two daughters of Elijah Mattoon, whose mother was a daughter of Seth Field, had married in succession Samuel Hedge of Windsor.

Brandon—Seth Carey, who married Abigail, daughter of Captain William Holton—their numerous sons and daughters now living there. Rufus Carver, a Northfield minute man, 1797. Ezra Holton, son of Lemuel. Oliver Smith, son of Deacon Samuel and grandson of the original Preserved, removed in 1794, his daughter, Martha, having been won back to Northfield as the wife of Isaac Mattoon.

Rockingham—John Evans, who married Lydia, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Doolittle, with sons now at Rockingham and Hartland. Philip Safford (of Northfield 1758-66), soldier in Captain Burke's company, a leader of the "Whigs" in the Westminster "massacre" and marked for his bravery.

Guilford—Besides the Hunts, two sons of Samuel Root—Timothy, a prominent partisan of New York and commissioned a lieutenant; and Elihu, a soldier of '76, settling there in 1783, after his marriage to one of Joseph Stebbins' daughters.

Lyndon—Calvin Doolittle. Lavinia, daughter of Captain Thomas

Alexander, married to Moses Root. Dr. Hubbard Field, nephew of Squire Seth, in practice of his profession.

Beyond these groups, the list ran on to note—At Middlebury, Benjamin Brown and his wife, Sabra Wright; at Montpelier, Samuel Prentiss, who married a daughter of Edward Houghton, the tavern-keeper, in 1804, the next year after his removal there; at St. Johnsbury, Amaziah D. Barber (son of Captain David of Northfield), a merchant there, who had died this year; at Sharon, Captain Thomas Alexander's daughter, Lydia, wife of Asahel King; at Chester, Anna, daughter of Shammah Pomeroy, wife of Lucius Hubbard; a daughter of Gad and Lydia (Norton) Corse, the wife of Cephas Wells; at Bridgeport, Charles L. Field, son of Abner; at Shoreham, Elisha Alexander, son of Elias, and Josiah Fisher, who had recently had a mill on Miller's brook in Northfield; at Newport, Reuben Bascom; at Barre, Calvin Holton, son of Elias; at Woodstock, Timothy Swan's daughter, Mary Gay, the wife of Charles Dana; at Orwell, Elias Bascom, soldier of the last French and Indian war, now living there with his son, Elias, and near his several daughters; at Springfield, David Sawtelle, of the old Sawtelle fort, a first settler; at Pittsfield, Luther Fairbanks, Northfield blacksmith before the Revolution, soldier with Captain Thomas Alexander in New Jersey, made a captain, still living; at Newfane, Chester Pomeroy, son of Shammah; at Huntsburg, Lucretia Swan, sister of Timothy, the psalm tune-writer, the wife of John Webster, a first settler; at Burlington, Samuel Smith (born 1789) son of Oliver and grandson of Preserved; at Franklin, a son of Rev. John Hubbard, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of Timothy Swan; at Vershire, Nathaniel Mattoon (born 1763) son of Philip, grandson of Hezekiah Stratton, and his wife Almena, daughter of Squire Seth Field; at Fairhaven, Doctor Jesse Smith, another son of Deacon Oliver; at Halifax, Oliver Orvis and his wife, Patty, daughter of Joseph Stebbins; at Bradford, Arad Stebbins, grandson of Joseph; at Brookfield, Ebenezer Stratton (born in 1762), grandson of Hezekiah, now an aged tavern-keeper; at Hanover, Palina, daughter of Josiah Stebbins, the wife of Theodore Kellogg; at Bellows Falls, John Stratton, drowned in 1785 and the subject of one of Rev. Bunker Gay's most elegant epitaphs.

It had interested the Houghton tavern group to draw such a list, whether or not it would ever interest another soul. It was in the main a list of persons now living and known to them. It established the fact that the town had made its full share of contribution to the rather new state of Vermont. They undertook a similar one of New Hampshire, beginning with the removal of the town treasurer, Barnabas Billings, to Chesterfield, where he was now living, but summarized it with the observation that there were Burts and Howes at Westmoreland, Burts and Lymans at Walpole, Hubbards, Hunts, a Janes, Stebbinses and Taylors at Charlestown; a Robbins, who had married a Holton, at Lyme, and a Strowbridge, son of the owner of the hill in Northfield which was already stamped with the name, the son having married Sarah Lyman, daughter of Simeon, now settled at Claremont. There was no chance that their town would make an impression on the life of New Hampshire at all like that it was clearly making through its sons and daughters widely scattered over the Vermont country.

To be added to the list was the most notable of all who had gone from the town to the Green Mountains, General Ebenezer Walbridge. Fifty years ago he had been a carpenter in Northfield and had worked as such in building the meeting-house in 1760 to 1763. He had gone to Bennington at the time the New Hampshire governor made his first appropriation of territory to the west, had kept step with Captain Thomas Alexander in the march upon Quebec in 1776, was in the battle of Bennington with General Stark, became a major general and was in command of the Vermont troops in the conflict with New York over the land grants. In the early days of the state he had held high civil offices. His business enterprise had produced the first paper mill in the State. The venerable general was living at this time, well towards eighty years old, a dignified figure in his gentleman's costume of short breeches, long hose, silver shoe buckles, three-cornered hat and silk waistcoat. He was closely tied to the Northfield neighborhood, his wife being a daughter of Joseph Stebbins, the founder here of the family which was, now, by chance of changing state lines, on the homestead in Vernon, Vermont.

More familiar had been a contrasting figure, old "Uncle 'Riah" Wright, of Westminster. He had died in 1811 but there was no one in Northfield who did not know of him and his exploits. He was a great-nephew of the town's historic hero, Captain Ben Wright, and was born here in 1738, the son of another Azariah. He was one of the earliest in Westminster, and always the most prominent. As "cap'n" of the militia he was in charge of the forces of the town involved in the massacre, which was a bloody incident of the same sort of conflict as was raised by Daniel Shays in Massachusetts. He had his share in state affairs and succeeded in running one speaker of the house of representatives out of office. He was the terror of his home town.

Being the champion of the town's minister, by the name of Goodell, who was run out of both pulpit and town on some charge of immoral conduct, Uncle 'Riah showed his ill-will towards the successor, Rev. Joseph Ballen, by speech and action, repeatedly tweaking the minister's nose. He tweaked it once too many times and a document of excommunication was drawn up. On the Sunday it was to be read Cap'n Wright paced the aisles of the church throughout the service, armed with his musket. At its close, as the minister started to read the paper, the old warrior raised his gun and pointed it towards the pulpit.

"Make ready!" he shouted as if to his militia. The minister continued to read. "Take aim!" commanded the cap'n, and obeyed his own order. The minister prudently ceased and passed the document to the eldest deacon, John Sessions.

As the deacon resumed the reading, Uncle 'Riah turned the gun upon him and repeated the self-commands. The deacon followed the pastor's prudent example, returned the instrument and closed the services with the scriptural phrase, "All things are lawful but some are not expedient." The proclamation of Uncle 'Riah's excommunication was folded and laid away not again to be opened.

While in such characters as Captain Azariah, Northfield had passed along to Vermont a vigorous share of its pioneer spirit and widely contributed to the making of a new state, it was suffering no decline in its own progress. By virtue of newcomers to the town and a high birth-rate in its own families, the population was steadily increasing. In 1810 it reached twelve hundred and eighteen, a fifth more than in 1800. It was taking on the refinements of the progressive towns with which it was increasingly in contact. Its provision for schools was more liberal with each year and it had fully arrived at the education of its girls, at least in the three R's and the graces of singing and polite letter-writing.

CHAPTER XXX

GROWTH, DEVELOPMENT, BEAUTY

Trees on the Street, Bridges over the River, Ventures in Invention Mark Progress

In political and in religious opinion, the town had steadily been on the liberal side. In the present period, marked as it was in the expanding nation by a breaking-away from old standards, the people of this community were simply following their own traditions of freedom. As in the Revolutionary days the town was intensely patriot and had no toleration for Torys, even calling its minister sharply to account for his loyalism. Its sympathies had been with the Jeffersonian revolt. It had gone the length of opposition to the rule of the Federalists in the election of 1804, in contrast to the commercial towns, even with its mother town, Northampton, and towns more like itself in size and character, such as Deerfield and Hadley. It had, seemingly, never ceased being an outpost.

Jeffersonianism was more than a political fact—it was a symptom in politics of the spirit of democracy, of personal freedom and dignity. Freedom of religious thought moved along with it—another symptom of a powerful social fact. Here again, this independent town had no occasion to change its mode of thought. It had been liberal for a century. It had stood by its minister in his Arminianism in the Jonathan Edwards days and it had accepted the leadership of that minister's protege, Seth Field, of whom the men who had known him were saying that he was "the father of Unitarianism." The Unitarian name was new. Its liberal gospel, set out now by Channing in Boston's Federal Street church, was capturing the Congregational church of New England. It had no conquest to make in Northfield, whose people were all that the new name implied before the name arrived.

In the town's pulpit was a product of Harvard, a big and strong man, powerful alike in verbal and physical encounters, unsparing and sarcastic in speech, an unmatched wrestler, a welcome member of the group at the tavern, a fact which carried no reproach, completely unfettered as a preacher, never described as spiritual but distinctly human and capable of deep sympathy. When Guy, the so-called slave of Deacon Dutton, died, the Rev. Thomas Mason made a memorable prayer of the most touching humanism, long to be remembered.

When Priest Mason's less conventional and most unministerial acts and words jarred some refined member of his parish into criticism, the outraged parishioner might safely expect a thinly concealed rejoinder, a bristling one, in next Sunday's sermon. There was a boundless range in his preaching and a force and originality that kept anticipation of his sermon alert, along with a dread of the shock it might give. Expectation was not always justified, for there were lapses into inconsequence that betrayed the fact that his worldly week had yielded scant time for spiritual preparation. Consistently he was a liberal. Calvinistic dogma had the sole claim upon his interest in that it gave him an occasional target. He fitted the times in this respect, so well indeed that the more pious of his people sensed a strain upon their loyalty which was saved from becoming a breach by his usual avoidance of doctrinal themes.

Reaction towards orthodoxy found its first outlet in the arrival of the Methodist church within the town's borders. It was tardy echo of the revivalistic disturbance of Whitefield, the English associate of the Wesleys, most marked in its profound stirring of religious feeling and awakening of the indifferent in other states than Massachusetts, Pennsylvania in particular, where Benjamin Franklin, free-thinker that he was, had given it his powerful favor. The Methodist invasion of a town that had thus far known but one church was modest and inconspicuous. It established itself on "the mountain," as the easterly part of the town was designated, four miles away from "the Street." It gathered into its fold hardly more than its hill-top neighborhood. The notable exception was the Connecticut man, Isaac Prior, now one of the leading firm of storekeepers, who twice each Sunday attended its devout services, driving his horse up the hills for the morning and walking the distance for the evening one—out of consideration for the horse.

The houses built by newcomers on ample lines and with a preference for hip-roofs, after the fashion set by Dr. Pomeroy, in the house at the corner of the Boston turnpike, or in similar style by the prospering sons of old-resident families, were giving the town an appearance of elegance. The three-story exceptions, Lawyer Barrett's and Captain Hunt's, were not held in high regard. The only gambrel roof had been replaced by the Bostonian, Benjamin Callender, with a plain gable one on his house, just across the street from Houghton's rambling tavern. Picket fences, some of them with gateways of some pretension, lined the entire street, save where a barn or a house had been placed on the street line.

Now and then the notion was expressed that the street itself could be beautified but it gained no headway. The broad stretch had practical uses. It was good training ground for the militia and the artillery company. It afforded storage for carts and for piles of lumber and wood. Here and there trees had been set out but on no general plan. Two elms stood in front of Caleb Lyman's hat shop. There were a few Lombardy poplars, a small forest of them occupying the front yard of the house that Rev. Ebenezer Gay had built for his daughter, where she dwelt with her genius of a husband, the tune-writing Timothy Swan. The roadway kept no definite bounds; it swerved out of line around the meeting-house and again for Council rock, which was too much a historic feature and a community loafing-place to be removed.

In 1812, there arrived a young lawyer from Boston, Thomas Power, who was attracted to the town as a place for practice of his profession and brought with him enterprising ideas and a sense of beauty. There was another attraction, young Power's acquaintance with the Field family. Justin Field, a brother of Silas, had married Harriet Power, a sister of this Boston lawyer.

In spite of the disadvantage of being some fourteen miles from the new county seat, the town offered an opportunity for the lawyer. Ever since John Barrett had established himself here and prospered it had gained standing as a seat of legal learning and his students tarried for a while as practitioners. Litigation was in favor. Men stood for their rights and fought for them, chiefly to the profit of the lawyer. Whether the new man from Boston would find a field here or not, his coming proved a fortunate event for the town.

Power immediately displayed a public spirit which was to count in certain definite ways to the town's advantage. He started the movement for the planting of shade trees in four rows the entire length of Main street and in the face of some vigorous opposition carried it through. It was unfortunate that Squire Power chose for his office a room in the second story of the Pomeroy store. There was a standing feud between Pomeroy and John Nevers, the young lawyer and the militia general. Power suffered by it and his tree-planting project easily aroused the general's protest. He threatened to shoot any man who undertook to plant trees in front of his house. His most logical ground for objection was that it would ruin the street for training, certainly for the artillery, with trees standing in the way of the drag ropes and of the maneuvers in general. But Power carried the day with the approval and co-operation of the townspeople. Two rows of elms marked the roadway in the centre of the street and one of rock maple flanked these on either side.

Even earlier than his tree-planting venture, Thomas Power had awakened an interest in the establishment of a library. Within a few months of his arrival he gathered the leading citizens at Houghton's tavern and with them formed a Social Library corporation. The General Court had passed an act in 1798 "to enable the proprietors of Social Libraries to manage the same." Northfield, under Power's leadership, was the first town in the county and one of the earliest in the state to take advantage of the act.

On February fourth, 1813, the first meeting of the library promoters was held at the tavern, which from that day became the library headquarters. A constitution and by-laws had been drafted and to it the proprietors signed their names, that of Thomas Power, written in a hand only to be compared with that of John Hancock in his signature to the Declaration of Independence, leading the list. Among the signers were the storekeepers, Bowen, Pomeroy, Prior, Dutton and Doak; the tanners, Whiting and Parsons; another of the town's few lawyers, Obadiah Dickinson; the minister, Thomas Mason; the tavern-keeper, Houghton; the plow-maker, Munsell; the distinguished member of the Hunt family, Jonathan, from Vernon, over the Vermont line; and for the rest, members of the old families, Alexander, Holton, Wright, Mattoon and Field, with the addition of such a representative of culture as the young Ezekiel Webster, just out of Harvard college, and the musical genius, Timothy Swan. The name conspicuous by its absence was that of John Nevers, who was as little in accord with his young rival's library project as he was soon to be with his tree-planting.

The proprietors held equal shares, each contributing the modest sum of four dollars to the book-purchasing fund. These were from time to time transferred and came to have a gaining value as the collection of books grew. In March, a committee was chosen to buy books and before the year's end the library had seventy titles. That they were acceptable proved the substantial reading tastes of the town's household. The costliest was a set of Russell's "Modern Europe" in five volumes, costing thirteen dollars and fifty cents. In the first catalog were Paley's "Moral Philosophy and Natural Theology," Robertson's "History of America" (four volumes), "The Parent's Friend," Goldsmith's "Grecian History and Plutarch" in six volumes (costing nine dollars). Classification of the list showed: Geography, description and travel, sixteen titles; philosophy, eight; biography, thirteen; history, nine; essays, thirteen; natural history, four; poems, five; leaving "The Parent's Friend" unclassified, and a total lack of fiction.

Each year books were added with no sacrifice of the solidity of the foundation list. There were occasional gifts and additions in lieu of assessments. A main source of income was from the elaborated scheme of fines, not alone for detention of books but for failure on the part of the trustees to attend meetings, each absence carrying a penalty of one dollar. Shares of proprietors failing to pay fines and assessments were sold at public auction and the proceeds added to the association's funds. There were no expenditures other than for books, the library room being donated and the librarian serving without pay. By 1818, the number of volumes had increased to three hundred.

Lawyer Power's stay in town was for only four years. He had devoted himself quite too freely to the public enterprises he started to make practice profitable and there was a suspicion that the persistent enmity towards him of General Nevers, who by now had become the county's high sheriff, contributed to his rival's return to Boston. Back in the city he presently became the clerk of the police court. He had planted the seeds and nurtured the early growth of two of the town's chief blessings, the trees that would in time be his graceful living monument, and the library which would increasingly with the years serve the intellects of the townspeople.

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The Great River, bisecting Northfield as it did no other town in its entire length, was a divisive feature, separating a community quite as effectively as did the state line. The two ferries that furnished transportation were clumsy and slow and could be operated but half the year. The ice-bridge supplied a crossing for the winter months, or such parts of them as were cold enough to give safe thickness. The currents and eddies kept open places and the ice crossing was likely to be in long loops and rarely direct, the course found safe for travel being marked by poles or brush. Spring floods broke up the ice in a grand spectacle and resounding noise. Then for a season the meadows were covered and the ferry road impassable.

Tiffany's ferry, just above the mouth of Mill brook, the stream that divided Main street into two sections, was on the stage route from lower Vermont towns, through the village, and out of it over the Boston pike. Moffatt's, at the lower end, was a link in the road to the county seat. Ever since the bridge between Greenfield and Montague had been built and opened with great demonstration in 1802, the ambition of Northfield for a like one to span the river had been growing. There was another inciting precedent in the existence of a bridge at Walpole, thirty miles up the river, built in 1784 and claiming the distinction of being the first to span the Connecticut.

With the turnpike an accomplished work, the bridge was the natural next step in progress. It was taken in 1807, when the General Court granted incorporation to the Proprietors of the Northfield Bridge. Twenty-three of the substantial citizens of the town were named in the act (Chapter 119) headed by Major Elisha Alexander, by chance of alphabetical order, and including John Barrett, the lawyer; Thomas Mason, the minister; Governor Hunt, of Vernon; his son, Arad; both the local tavern-keepers, Adrastus Doolittle and Edward Houghton.

The act defined the location as "Between Mill Brook and Tiffany's ferry." The bridge must be at least thirty feet wide and foot travel was to be protected by sides of boards at least a foot high. Enterprising as was such an undertaking as building a bridge across the Connecticut, it was with expectation that the investment would prove profitable. The legislative act fixed the toll rates, closely following those prescribed for the toll-gates on the turnpike, with classification of vehicles according to the number of horses or oxen drawing them, the curricle still being most heavily taxed, while rates for livestock driven over it ran from the head charge on cattle down to the dozen rate for turkeys. The tolls were to continue for seventy years, with the proviso that after fifty years the legislature shall have the right to regulate them.

No more complete charter, no more definite promise of the Commonwealth not to disturb it, could be asked. Based upon it, certificates of shares, handsome enough to be framed, were issued with a par value of fifty dollars each. It was substantial as a business undertaking but the money was not swiftly gathered. After two years, the town was besought to come to its aid and in 1810 voted to contribute $1,000, taking twenty shares of the stock. The bridge was built during the year 1811.

The legislative act had required that the bridge should be strongly built of good material. It was entirely of wood, with abutments of logs. It was a "trussel" bridge, a description which in tavern talk could have been heard transformed into "tussel," out of regard to the long pull for money to build it, with the rejoinder that it would earn the name when it got into a "tussel" with an ice jam. Its financial soundness also came into question in the first year and the General Court was asked to mark up the toll rates, which it consented to do, early in the session of 1812.

As a unifier of the two sides of the town the bridge was not a success. The river was one sort of an obstacle to unity and a schedule of tolls, higher than the ferry had charged, was another and rather more effective. In 1818, the west-siders had come to such a sense of independence that they petitioned the General Court to be set off as another town. Significantly the first name in the petition was that of Nathan Prindle, the former ferryman, whom the building of the bridge had put out of business.

For years past the over-river section of the town had been known as Satan's Kingdom, in common speech considerately shortened to "The Kingdom." The tradition was that some wag coming out of church, after hearing a sermon in which the fires of hell were depicted, and seeing a forest fire across the Connecticut, observed that Satan's Kingdom was burning. The petition for separation did not propose a name for the town and by the legislative refusal to grant it, Massachusetts was possibly saved a town by the majestic name of Kingdom.

There was no malice in the name, the west side being populated by families held in the highest respect.

The bridge was seven hundred and twenty feet long. In common speech it was "the great bridge." It was not, however, fully trusted. It shook under passing loads and there was a strict rule that horses should not trot as they were driven across it. No informed citizen of the town would have ventured upon it with a load of hardwood plank drawn by a yoke of oxen, that daring test of its strength being reserved to a Vermonter, Seth Newell by name, who came to the town April 1, 1820, and on the 20th so displayed his confidence or his ignorance. He had gone but a few feet, when he whipped up his team and, intending to fall behind, was standing by the side of the load when the bridge broke. Newell was killed by the fall. The oxen fell in shallow water, the yoke was broken by the fall, and they escaped. No effort was made to rebuild and when ice covered the river the next winter the shattered bridge was taken down and lumber sold for firewood. The ferryman returned to business.

. . . . .

The industries that had appeared in the town in recent years had thus far not developed beyond the means of livelihood to the owners and an occasional hired man or two. The distilleries were the most profitable but called for little labor. The two tanneries turned out heavy leather somewhat in excess of home demand but were family concerns. The process used was not attractive to any but the most muscular. The product was either the raw material for boots so stout as to last a good share of a lifetime or, in the case of calfskins, a finer leather suitable for dressier because somewhat less substantial boots.

Munsell's plow shop, turning out an advanced model implement, and a shear-making shop in the Alexander up-town neighborhood were the only other industries reaching out for a market beyond the town. Asahel Cheney, maker of eight-day clocks, famous in their day and running for years in a good share of the households, had died, and his shop had been replaced by a distillery at the rear of the lot, on the river. One far-reaching venture was made by Amos Alexander, at his blacksmith shop on the turnpike, just off Main street. It was to supply the southern market with an improved plow. He made three hundred of the plows, sent them by Isaac Prior's boat to Hartford, whence they were shipped by sea. They struck a market which was glutted by the product of other manufacturers and the only return was for the old iron knocked off the shares. The shop had other local fame as the place where Daniel Lyman had forged the iron-work for a shoe-pegging machine which was a pioneer invention.

There were dreams that the town would gain industrial importance. It found eloquent expression in the description of the resources of the town by Rodolphus Dickinson, a Deerfield man, who had a project of a gazetteer of the state and in 1818 published sample pages devoted to Lexington and Northfield—"intended as an exhibition of the plan of a contemplated Gazetteer of Massachusetts Proper." He spoke of the modest industries of the town, located on its streams, as "capable of vast accession and improvement." The "Gazetteer" did not expand beyond the "exhibition" and the vast accession of the town's manufacturers showed no positive signs of any greater fulfilment.

If the brooks, fed by the springs back in the hills on either side of the Connecticut and flowing into the Great River, were some day to be made to turn wheels, other than those of the present saw-mills, grist mills and bark mills, it would be when some outsider should try to harness them. There was no need of Northfield men undertaking it. They could read the predictions of such industry with a smile—as they did. The farming business was good enough—and they were farmers by heritage and by inclination. Such of them as carried on other trades owed their patronage to the home folks, in the main, and they were not more prosperous than the owners and tillers of the soil; rather less so, in fact, and distinctly less so as a rule. If the sons wanted to make money faster than their fathers, they could buy more land and work harder on it. Perhaps they could find some new crops to raise that would pay better. The land was the one safe reliance—the meadows the mine to be worked.

The crop that paid the best was the one object of interest and of search. Fashions in crops changed as demand outside home use varied and as habits within the home took new turns. Barley, for example, had ceased to be grown as beer had gone out of favor and cider had taken its place. The malster had gone out and setting the mash had long since ceased to be the housewife's Saturday task. Wheat was sparingly raised, for lack of a market and limited home use; the grist mills were not flour mills and wheat was not a meal grain. Rye, on the other hand, was a staple crop. Rye meal was the common reliance for bread. The distilleries demanded this grain and Strobridge's mill, on the pond that had been made, a short mile out on the pike, was wholly used for grinding it.

Corn, of all the grains, held first place in acreage. It was the prime staple both for household and barn use. Every house had its "meal room," kept stocked with both corn and rye meal. Corn was in steady demand outside the town and found its way to the down-river towns by Prior's boats. Oats stood high in acreage, the standard feed for horses, as was corn for the swine and cornmeal for the milch cows. The largest single item of farm production was hay, main reliance for the dairy, for the cattle barn and stable. Tobacco, inherited from the Indans, was grown to the extent that its leaves were needed to fill home pipes. It was a dwarfish plant, ranker in odor than in growth, except that when raised on heavily enriched soil, such as an abandoned barnyard, it grew higher and its leaves broadened.

In 1813, a new crop was introduced—broom corn. It resembled Indian corn in field appearance but had no family relationship. It was really a grass of tall growth, closely akin to sorghum—another new arrival in local cultivation. The value of broom corn was solely in the long fibrous top. It required careful tillage and rich fertilizing. When ripened, the stalks were scored near the top and the heads doubled over, making the field resemble a huge table. When harvested, as it must be before frost, and the heads fully dried, it was hetchelled of its abundant seed and after being put through a sulphur fuming was ready for the broom-maker.

Some attempt was made to turn the seed of the broom "corn" to account for stock-feed. There was standing dispute as to its value. The seed was almost as hard as gravel. It was defended as good for the hens and, in turn, was alleged by one poultry-raiser to cause the hen's feathers to reverse and point bristlingly towards the bird's head.

In the next ten years, the acreage of broom-corn rapidly increased and it took its place as a profitable crop. The broom-tier came to be a recognized professional. His skill was shown somewhat in the shapeliness of his product and more in the number of brooms produced in a day. In this rivalry there was a general suspicion that the veracity of man underwent a new and severe strain. In the beginning, housewives had little favor for the new broom as against the old one, made of splints or twigs, but it made its way and soon came to the point of providing a real industry.

Five years later, came another new crop, which likewise captured the farmer and his acres. Hop-raising began on Moose Plain, west of the river and "the Kingdom" rather rapidly came to have large fields of this prolific vine, grown on poles and giving the landscape the aspect of great fields of beans. The dried hops had a good market, not at all local, and yielded a corresponding profit.

Every homestead had its orchard, made up of apple and pear trees, with an occasional peach tree and a quince bush or two. They were allowed to take their own form of growth and were kept in service as long as they continued to produce. The product was for home consumption, save that cider had come to have a marketable value. The best apples were stored in the home cellar and the seconds were sent to the cider mill. The Baldwin apple, a clear improvement on the old stock, had appeared. The russet was in favor and the summer sweets were valued for baking. Every orchard had its "Shropshire vine," if that was the correct name for what in common speech was the "shropsy-vine" or, for short, the "shropsy," an apple of the ruddiest hue, juicy and acid to the limit.

Cider had wholly replaced beer as the common beverage. It was produced to the extent of hundreds of barrels each year. The change in beverage was a doubtful gain. Beer, when newly made, was more of a stimulant, and did not become more intoxicating in keeping. Cider was harmless when sweet but as the winter passed it took on a disturbing potency. As certain men waxed disagreeable and even ugly towards springtime, it was commonly remarked that their cider was getting hard. There was a pious excuse for ample storage of it that it would turn to vinegar, a household requisite. There was no such cover for sending it to the distillery to be turned into cider-brandy, a liquor that was as vigorous as it was colorless.

In the memorandum Colonel Alexander made in 1813, for tax assessment, "cyder" was valued at $1.34 a barrel; "cyder" brandy, at fifty cents a gallon. The grain values were $1.50 a bushel for wheat; corn, 75 cents; rye, one dollar; oats, 25 cents; buckwheat, 67 cents. Flax was rated at 12 cents and hemp at 10 cents a pound. Horses were valued at $30; cows at $10; pairs of oxen, $35; young stock on a scale according to years; swine, $3. Meadow land was assessed at from $37 to $60 an acre and other land at from $5 to $8.

By 1820, the town had made another twenty-five per cent gain in population in a ten-year period. It was now 1,584, as compared with 1,218 in 1810 and 1,047 at the opening of the century. Even such a population failed to make it "important" in the same relative degree as when it was approaching a thousand in the nineties, but it was more than three times as populous as in Revolutionary times. It was an expanding town and keeping step with New England's progress in social conditions.

The notion of public improvements which Thomas Power had stimulated in his brief residence was active and the street, where the trees he had caused to be planted were attaining size and shade, was reflecting greater care. Even that historic object, Council Rock, fell into disfavor and in 1821 public spirit accomplished its removal. The great mass of conglomerate, standing athwart the street near the site of the first fort, had been a picturesque and somewhat a social feature. Its level top had served through the years as a gathering place for leisurely gossipers and a play spot for the young children. The roadway could be straightened only by its removal, which proved no small undertaking. After the blasting, the stone was dragged on stone boats to the easterly side of the street where it was turned to account for a wall along the street line of the Seth Field homestead, now owned by the squire's nephew, Zechariah, who had built a house at the corner of the south Warwick road, in the prevailing hip-roof style.

The meeting-house remained, the only intrusion upon the street's broad space. It seemed antiquated and out of place. The vacant lot back of it invited it and only the cost of replacing it saved it from removal or replacement by a modern structure. It stood in a certain reverence, not fully shared by the youngsters who found their delight in the racket caused by the slamming down of its hinged seats at the close of service. Perhaps it would follow the old-time religion, now giving way in New England to quite a new order of theology.

CHAPTER XXXI

A GOLDEN PERIOD OF CULTURE

Accession of Hosmers, Curtises, a Jarvis and Academy Teachers a Deep Influence

NORTHFIELD VERY SLIGHTLY FELT THE SHOCK of the upheaval of Calvinism through the force of liberal religious ideas, which in the first quarter of the century had torn asunder many of the churches. It had a tradition of liberalism. It had taken its stand when it defended its minister, Benjamin Doolittle, in his Arminianism, more than seventy-five years ago. Its people fully sympathized with those of Deerfield who in 1807 had persisted in their choice of Rev. Samuel Willard for their minister, even after a church council called for the purpose of settling him, had dissolved without ordaining, not finding him orthodox in his belief.

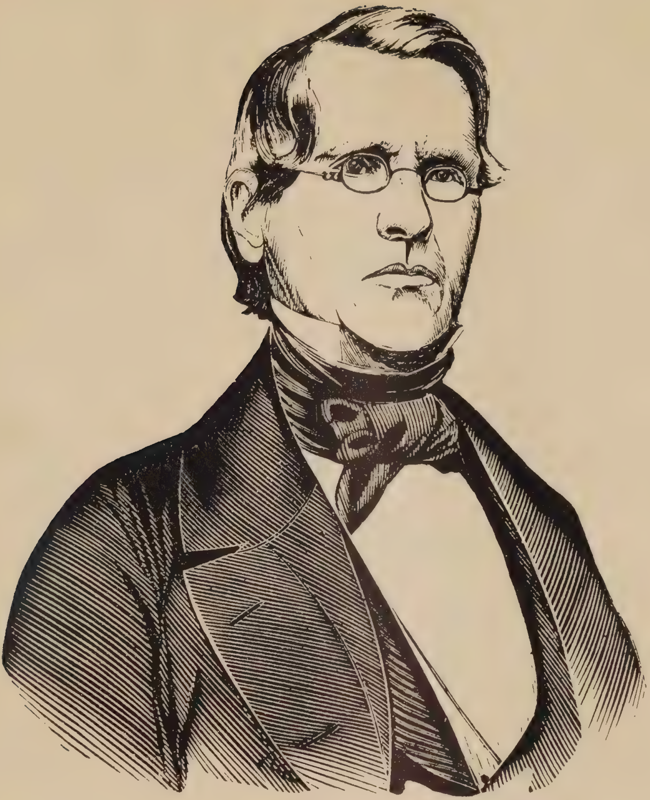
The people with liberal slant were not irreligious. They were keenly interested in theological issues. When the Social Library included in its slender first array of books such trifles as Paley's "Moral Philosophy and Natural Theology," it served the town's appetite. The next year their committee added Adams' "View of Religion," Blair's "Sermons" and Fordyce's "Sermons," then Zollicoffer's "Sermons," Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History" in six volumes, Wilberforce on "Religion," Burch's "Village Sermons," Hurd on the Prophecies, "The Gospel Its Own Witness," and others of the kind to such number that in the five hundred titles in the catalog of 1825, the religious works held a high proportion. To be sure the Rev. Thomas Mason had all this while been the chairman of the committee to purchase books but there had been associated with him physicians, lawyers, blacksmiths, hatters and farmers. The library reflected and served the town's demands.

Freedom of religion, which to the Puritans had been freedom only for those who accepted their faith, had taken on a new meaning in the late years of the last century and the first quarter of the new. The first church which had been willing to bear the open reproach of

Unitarianism was not, however, one of Puritan background; it was the Episcopalian King's Chapel in Boston, under the leadership of James Freeman in 1787. By 1800 all nine of the Congregational churches of Boston were deeply infected with the heresy and in this year the First Church in Plymouth, the church of the Mayflower people, was breaking in two because a liberal minister had been settled. Meanwhile Universalism, founded in England, had been organized as a sect in America, and the Baptist church had yielded another division, the dissenters from its sectarianism taking the name of "Christian."

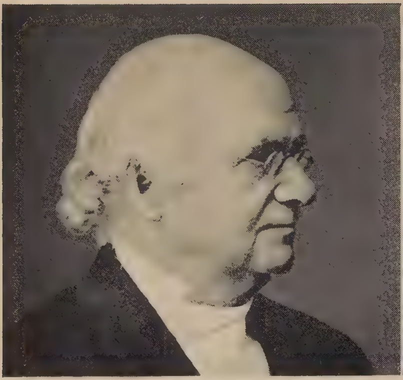
Harvard College had accepted an outright Arminian, Henry Ware, as professor of divinity and, a few years later, Kirkland, one of the most advanced in the liberal brotherhood, had become the college president. In 1809, Boston had set up a defensive fortification, the Park Street Church, avowedly "to give asylum to high orthodoxy in the midst of the enemy." The professors of Andover and Harvard theological schools came into open battle in 1815 and their great debate fixed upon the dissenters the name of Unitarian, which had been avoided by them on the ground that rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity was but one article of their platform. William Ellery Channing, the liberal minister of the Federal Street Church, holding back from affiliation with the avowed English Unitarians, had said, "We preach precisely as if no such doctrine as the Trinity existed," and again, "We, all of us, think it best to preach what we esteem to be the truth and to say very little about speculative error." In 1819, Channing, at the ordination of Jared Sparks in Baltimore, preached a sermon that produced a sensation greater than had any ever yet preached in America and it had become the high text of the Unitarian movement. In it he squarely placed Unitarianism upon the Bible, an affirmation and not a negation.

In Northfield, aligned as the church was with the liberals, the Orthodox minority withdrew in 1825 and formed the Second Congregational Society. Even now the difference was not so much doctrinal as it was personal. With a more tactful and conciliatory minister than Mason in the town's pulpit or one who gave less offence by his sarcastic speech, in pulpit and out of it, the separation would have been less likely to occur. When it came, however, it took out of the old meeting-house some of the worthiest of the townspeople.

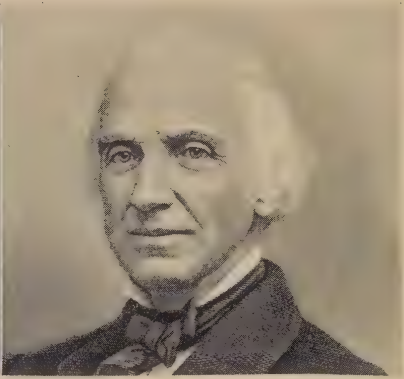


From woodcut in Fenner's "Raising the Veil"

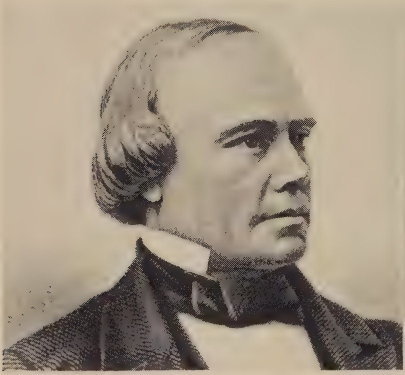
THOMAS POWER, Esq.
Planter of Northfield's Elms and Maples (1815)



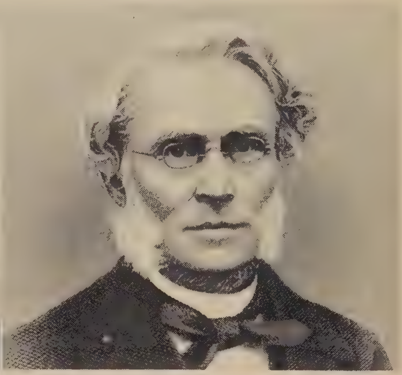
Rev. George W. Hosmer, D.D.
President, Antioch College



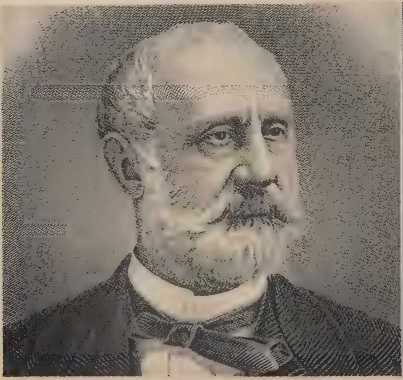
Edward Jarvis, M.D.
Pioneer in State Care of Insane
and in Vital Statistics



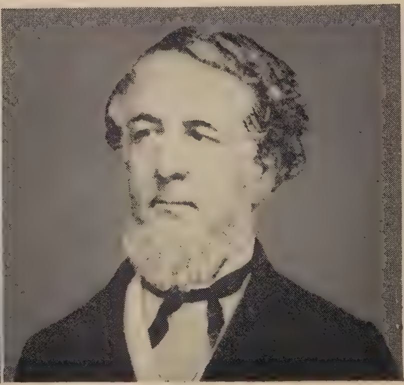
Benjamin R. Curtis
Justice, U.S. Supreme Court



William A. Stearns
President, Amherst College



General Charles Devens
Justice, Mass. Supreme Judicial
Court; Attorney General, U.S.



William Gustavus Woodward
Justice, Supreme Court of Iowa

SIX MEN WHOSE PUBLIC CAREERS BEGAN IN NORTHFIELD
IN THE EIGHTEEN-THIRTIES

When the dissenting (Orthodox) church was organized, November 17, 1825, following by two days the formation of the second parish, it had a membership of thirty. It began holding services in Union Hall, the town's one public meeting-place outside the meeting-house. The leader was Isaac Prior, who would no longer need to climb the Gulf road for acceptable preaching. Families divided and in the new body, as well as remaining in the old, were Alexanders, Lymans and Fields. Its first preacher was Rev. Eli Moody, a native of Granby, installed November 22, 1826.

That church unity had been broken in a town where the people had worshipped God together for more than a century was but one manifestation of the independence of thought that marked the time. There was incitement to doctrinal differences in the battle over creeds being carried on by the theological schools of Andover and Harvard. Politics, which for a period had been quiescent—the era of good will under Madison and extending into the presidency of Monroe—had now become virulent, with a peppery Adams at the head of the nation and a rabid Jackson rising to leadership.

Both religion and politics were in the common talk. Not alone as to them was there readiness for discussion. It was in the fashion to have opinions on science and literature and world affairs. The town that had been one of the first to have a library now fell in with the towns of like spirit in forming a lyceum. Here it would give a platform for the delivery by men of learning on every known topic of human interest. It was well under way by 1830 and bade fair to be a permanent feature of the town life.

Meanwhile there had been a more serious rift in church affairs than the departure of the Orthodox group in 1825. It was solely due to impatience with the town's minister, Thomas Mason, on personal and not doctrinal grounds. The doctrinal dissenters had numbered thirty; now, in 1827, the church lost fifty-six members by withdrawal from communion to form the Unitarian Society of Northfield. None of these would concede that the separation was permanent. The breach would be closed when Mr. Mason withdrew, which he showed no inclination to do. In February of 1828 they ordained as their minister the Rev. Samuel Presbury, a graduate of Brunswick College, 1822, and of the Harvard Divinity School, 1825.

Now the town had, instead of its one body of townspeople gathered in its meeting-house, three distinct churches in the village, with a Baptist church newly formed at the Farms and the Methodists holding out on the easterly hilltop. It was in fair way towards complete separation of the support of worship from the town treasury, a change that by this time was becoming common in Massachusetts towns.

While Rev. Thomas Mason was reaping the unpleasant but to him not disconcerting harvest of his unrestrained sarcasms and personalities, the town was getting the benefits of his intellectual leadership, equally unacknowledged. He had been Thomas Power's best support in the library venture and was now a promoter of the lyceum. All along he had taken an active and always positive part in town affairs. In the very time that there was the fiercest disapproval of his ministerial actions the town elected him year after year its representative in the General Court, beginning in 1824, running through the two following elections, giving him a respite for three years, but returning him in 1830, the exact year in which he was dismissed from the pulpit. He was in popular if not churchly favor. Always he had been provoking—in the less pleasant sense of irritation and in the helpful sense of keeping the town thinking. When any citizen calmly discussed Priest Mason, as seldom happened, it was to admit that the town owed no slight share of its intellectual activity to his incitement and example.

There had been a financial item in the terms of settlement of Mr. Mason in 1799 to the effect that he should be paid two hundred and fifty pounds sterling in addition to his salary, on condition that if he should leave within twenty years it would be repaid in such proportion as the time of his stay fell short of that period. The conditions had been fulfilled. He had long over-stayed the twenty years. But there seemed to be a surviving association of a thousand dollars with the compact. When the pressure for his resignation became strong, he consented to yield upon the payment to him of just that sum and it was finally tendered.

Sitting one evening in the public room of Houghton's tavern, Mr. Mason heard a Vermont drover, on the way home from Boston, boasting that he had sold his hogs for a good sum, a matter of three or four hundred dollars. Next day it was current in the town that the deposed, or bought-off, minister rejoined, "I have done better than that, I have sold my hogs for a thousand dollars." True or not, such an observation was accepted as entirely consistent with his manner of speech. And at next election, he was returned to the legislature.

Higher education than was reached in the town schools was needed, consistently with the cultural standards that were commonly recognized in the growing town. Back in the seventeen nineties, the town-meeting had considered the establishment of an academy as a part of its public school system. The voters were not ready for a step that would have put the town to the fore in public education but at a heavy cost. In the elapsed thirty years, there had been widespread adoption in Massachusetts towns of the academy, privately supported and filling the wide gap between the common schools and the college. Indeed, some of the academies so established had become colleges. There was no apparent reason why just that might not happen in Northfield, a favorable location for an advanced educational institution. In 1829, an act of the General Court was secured, incorporating the Northfield Academy of Useful Knowledge.

The academy, when it came, would be for both sexes. The need was greater now for boys than for girls. In the periods when the girls were not welcomed to the public schools, there had developed privately supported education for them that had advanced to a point beyond what was provided for the other sex. The boys who did not go to college gained only the education of the town schools, which was no more than elementary. As early as 1805, Sally Williams, a granddaughter of Squire Obadiah Dickinson, had opened a school for girls in Union Hall. In 1814, Patience Bancroft, a sister of Ebenezer, the cabinet maker, followed her and kept the school open nine months in each year until 1817, when she was led away from the school to the altar by Artemas Brown. She had a crowded school, some of her pupils coming from other towns. Next came Hannah Blake, a relative of the new Northfield family. Among the girls in the school under Miss Bancroft or Miss Blake were three Draper sisters—Julia, who was one of the first women public school teachers, beginning in 1817 at "Number Three," the Upper Farms; Emily, who in 1823, took the Union Hall School; and Eliza, who succeeded her. The school, under the succession of these ambitious teachers, came to be the point of supply of teachers in the town schools and did the greater service of lifting the culture of the town to a high level, on the feminine side. Nothing like it was provided for the boys until the Academy arrived.

The leading incorporators of the Academy were the town's business men, with the exception of Samuel C. Allen, the lawyer; four merchants in the list, William Pomeroy, Daniel Callender, Timothy Dutton and Thomas L. Doak, and with them the tanner, Jabez Parsons. Only Pomeroy among them represented an old family, the others being men who had come to the town in the period of accession of new blood. The act of incorporation authorized the holding of real estate not exceeding $50,000 in value and the proprietors promptly acquired the Hunt tavern, the three-story building next to the centre district school. They added a two-story piazza, extending around three sides of the spacious structure and rescued it from its blank plainness. About this time, out of regard to its being an industrious abode of learning, it acquired the name of "The Bee Hive."

In October, the Academy opened most auspiciously. Its principal was Owen S. Keith, a young graduate of Harvard ('26), who had been the head of an academy in Framingham. He remained only a year but formed one attachment which led to his marriage in 1833 to Lucretia, the daughter of Northfield's leading merchant, William Pomeroy. Principal Keith's associate, Charles Osgood, was found in New Salem, where he was preceptor of a like academy. He was the son of a New Salem militia colonel, Joel Osgood, and descendant from the John Osgood who was one of the early Bay immigrants from England, the family being for several generations of Andover, then of Barre, the Worcester hill town, and New Salem in Eastern Franklin. There could be no mistake about the Academy beginning with the traditions of New England.

Now Northfield entered upon a period of exceptional culture and quality. The Academy brought new leadership in progress. When Mr. Owen left in 1830, he was succeeded by Cyrus Hosmer, one of the distinguished old family in Concord. In the same year, the First Parish, for a successor to Thomas Mason, settled George Washington Hosmer, a younger brother of the preceptor and a Harvard graduate. The same year brought from Concord, Dr. Edward Jarvis, just graduated from the Harvard Medical School, to begin his practice here.

Coincident with these accessions, there arrived from Boston to continue his law studies and eventually to practice here, Benjamin Robbins Curtis. He was born in Watertown, November 4, 1809, and had been graduated from Harvard in 1829. The young man bore the credentials of the highest social standing of his family. He was immediately recognized as a man of rare maturity for his years and of great promise because of his personal abilities and charm. The circumstances leading Mr. Curtis to Northfield and certain of his experiences here will be told later in the story. His first legal fee was entered in his account book thus—

> August 10, 1832, of Samuel Merriman jr, for retainer $1.00

The service Mr. Curtis was to render was possibly in connection with the estate of his client's father, Levi Merriman, who had died suddenly at dinner, August 3, 1829. The designation of "junior" for this Samuel Merriman was in distinction from his uncle of the same name. If Mr. Curtis should rise to eminence later, it would be a treasured honor to have given him his first professionally earned dollar.

Already in Northfield, when Mr. Curtis came, was another lawyer, Asa Olmstead. He was a native of Enfield, Connecticut, a graduate of Princeton College ('14), had studied law with George Bliss, in Springfield, and had practiced eight years in Wilbraham, a town near Springfield, from 1822 to 1830, when he was attracted to Northfield.

Another accession was that of Samuel C. Allen, who returned after some years of residence in New Salem and Greenfield to the town where in his college days he had taught school, had been for two years minister of the church, too Calvinistic in his views to be satisfactory, and having studied law with John Barrett had begun practice. Meanwhile he had been state senator and served several terms in Congress.

Mr. Allen's congressional service ran through five Congresses, the 15th to the 19th, covering ten years, from 1817 to 1827, of great political importance. Henry Clay was the Speaker through much of the time and the Massachusets delegation included Daniel Webster, from 1823 to 1827, when he went to the Senate, and Edward Everett, in the last term of Mr. Allen's service. He met another son of Northfield in his last term, in the person of Jonathan Hunt, from Vernon, Vermont. Mr. Allen was recorded in the congressional directory as from Greenfield, in 1817; from Northfield in 1819; from Greenfield in the remainder of his service. He brought back to his old town a great distinction, which was now being crowned by a professorship in Amherst College in political economy. His son, Samuel C. Allen, junior, was one of the town's most substantial citizens, a farmer, living in an imposing house in the midst of his many acres in Bennett's meadow.

The men who came to Northfield in this period and brought with them high education and professional talent entered fully into the life of the town. B. R. Curtis became a shareholder in the library and a speaker in the Lyceum. He made a notable address for so young a man (only twenty-four) at the Deerfield celebration of the centennial of the birth of Washington, in which he devoted much attention to New England, closing with the words,

> "There are few periods of two hundred years in the history of any country which can compare with the history of New England."

The Hosmers, Asa Olmstead and Dr. Jarvis took immediate place in public, literary and social affairs. None of them exceeded in activity this young physician and the town profited by his varied contributions and leadership.

A Sunday school was established by Mr. Hosmer in the first year of his pastorate, a novel church activity, and Dr. Jarvis was its superintendent. It promptly became a powerful factor in the life of the town, was attended by all the numerous children of the parish and greatly stimulated their intellectual as well as their spiritual interest. The doctor was an ardent naturalist. Of him Mr. Hosmer said, "No plant or flower on the mountain or in the meadow escaped his eye." What he gained for himself in studies of nature he ardently communicated to the youth of the town, along with his enthusiasms for search and understanding.

None was a more welcome speaker than Dr. Jarvis in the Lyceum where his first lecture was on "Vegetable Products—Food." During the winter of 1830-31, he gave a course of six lectures, beginning in December and ending in April, on the Thermometer, Heat, Electricity, Oxygen, Combustion, Salts, Limes and Minerals. One on "Analogies and Differences of Vegetable and Animal Economy" he delivered in both the Northfield and Greenfield Lyceums. Other Northfield lectures were one on "Peculiarities and Habits of Animals" and two on "Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology." Revealing his association of science and religion, he gave a course of eight lectures to the

Sunday School teachers on "Anatomy as Showing the Wisdom of the Creator and His Continuing Watchfulness and Benevolence."

Benjamin R. Curtis came to Northfield as the result of General John Nevers' search for a law clerk. The old General had a considerable and a profitable practice. He was respected and trusted. To him came the people of the town and the neighboring towns with their personal affairs calling for legal assistance and with their disputes, numerous as these were. He avoided appearance in court, having never acquired experience as a trial lawyer. Within three years of admission to the bar Nevers had become high sheriff and had continued for sixteen years in that dignified office, the duties of which prevented his engagement in trials; he could not step from his station in the courtroom to enter the arena. For the trial of his cases he engaged other attorneys, chiefly relying upon Daniel Wells. He was now nearly sixty, much occupied, none too fond of search into the intricacies of the law. Out of his need he turned to Mr. Wells, who consulted his nephew, James C. Alvord, now a student in the Harvard Law School. The young man suggested his most intimate friend there, young Curtis.

Curtis was the son of a sea captain, who in some business ventures had been so unfortunate as to leave his widow in close circumstances. The young man was a year and a half short of graduation from Law School but felt the need to be self-supporting and the inducement offered by General Nevers, including the prospect of coming into his practice, led him to accept. Some of his Boston friends suspected a romantic reason for his venture. He was frankly in love with his cousin, Eliza Maria Woodward, the youngest daughter of William H. Woodward, a former treasurer of Dartmouth College. Mr. Woodward was the grandson of President Eleazer Wheelock, the founder of Dartmouth, practiced law in Hanover and was chief justice of the court of common pleas. He was the nominal "defendant in error" in the celebrated Dartmouth College case which gave Daniel Webster early fame and established a legal precedent of national importance. He married Betsey Curtis, sister of B. R. Curtis' father. Mr. Woodward had died in 1818, pending the conclusion of the famous case.

Young Curtis came to Northfield in August, 1831. He was only twenty-three and not yet a member of the bar, to which he was admitted the following year. He married Miss Woodward May 8, 1833, at the home of his uncle, George T. Ticknor in Boston. His bride had a little fortune of her own, just sufficient to furnish a small house in Northfield and the young couple immediately began housekeeping. Their first child, a boy, was born here. In the winter of 1833-34, the young attorney was made an attractive offer by his cousin, Charles Pelham Curtis, Esq., of Boston, to become his associate and he left Northfield in the fall of 1834.

The stay of Mr. Curtis in Northfield was chiefly of profit to him in the opportunity it gave him somewhat for a varied practice but more for study of law, to which he applied himself with absorption. In the letters to his own people, afterwards published, and in his later statements, he attached great value to the seclusion which would not have been possible in Boston. The letters show no other enthusiasms over this period; General Nevers had a waning attraction.

The old General was fairly described at this time in his life as a tall spare man, with silvery hair, a parchment complexion, manners that were both rustic and formal, a dry humor and an expression about his eyes and mouth that indicated shrewdness and a habit of suspicion. The General's antipathy of years before towards Thomas Power was remembered in Northfield as characteristic. Much the same spirit was now shown towards Asa Olmstead, the only other attorney practicing here. Young Curtis was thrown into a conflict with Mr. Olmstead, which had to do with what was regarded as the old lawyer's outrageous treatment of people who fell within his grasp.

Mr. Olmstead was identified in the Curtis family correspondence as "a pettifogger of the worst character." As strong, or stronger, language was used in a presentation against Olmstead to the Court of Common Pleas held at Greenfield on charges most vigorously and unsparingly prosecuted by James C. Alvord. The result of this proceeding was a slander suit brought by Olmstead against Daniel Wells, who had signed the charges against him, and for language used in the presentation. It fell to Curtis to defend Mr. Wells, which he did successfully on the plea that the document was a privileged communication. His argument was preserved, to become the first document in the published papers of the lawyer, who had within a few years become eminent at the bar. The incident had its effect on Mr. Olmstead, who a few years later gave up practice and removed to Clinton, New York. There was divided opinion in Northfield as to the merits of the case and not all its people would subscribe to the bitter denunciations of Olmstead by the Nevers, Wells, Alvord, Curtis group.

When Mr. Curtis left town for Boston he turned his practice over to William G. Woodward, his cousin and Mrs. Curtis' brother. He was but a year older than Curtis, born at Hanover, May 20, 1808, was at Harvard as a graduate student for a year, read law with Hon. Ira Perley at Hanover, took a year at Harvard Law School, where he met Curtis, read further with Hon. Ebenezer Moseley at Newburyport, began practice there in 1833 and, the same year, became the law partner of Henry Chapman at Greenfield, coming to Northfield in 1834 and remaining until 1839, when he went to Muscatine, Iowa. Mr. Woodward married May 10, 1838, Arabella, daughter of Job F. Brooks of Westmoreland, New Hampshire.

Men of culture, like the two Hosmers, B. R. Curtis, Dr. Jarvis, Asa Olmstead and the rest, had not come into an intellectual wilderness. One of the attractions of the town for them was its existing culture. They had no occasion to assume a superior air nor to put themselves in the relation of benefactors to an inferior populace; and they never did. They formed companionships without concession and cultural enterprises were eagerly and intelligently supported by members of old families and men long identified with the town. The new men could find their wits matched by Thomas Mason, who for over thirty years had been a powerful, even if sometimes a disturbing, influence for culture, by the Allens, by Dr. Charles Blake, with his memories of service on the famous old frigate *Constitution,* by Ezekiel Webster, a Harvard graduate of 1812, and by any number of others. They could treat with high respect an old worthy like Obadiah Dickinson, now in the seventies an active lawyer, with the distinction of Yale graduation as long ago as 1778.

Also there were the Callenders, Benjamin, with a long-ago Boston youth, and his son, Daniel, the elder now town treasurer and the younger through these years the town clerk; Otis Everett, of the distinguished old Dedham family, a leader in the improvement of the street and the central cemetery, whose son, Oliver Capen, had in 1832 been graduated from Harvard; Isaac Prior, schoolmaster in Connecticut in his young days, now a man of means gained in trade in Northfield and boating on the Great River; and Timothy Swan, the aged genius in music, who had given the world hymn-tunes now recognized in every church collection.

Accessions to culture had come in the arrival of such men as James White, who had come from the western Franklin town of Heath, built the great house on Mill Brook, near his fulling mill farther down the stream, and was repeatedly trusted with the town's treasury; Richard Colton, from Springfield in 1811; the Stearns brothers, Samuel Spring and Calvin, who in this period were building one after another of the town's pretentious houses; the heads of the new families of Whiting, Watriss, Belcher and Parsons, every one of whose names appeared among library proprietors and church leaders. Another man of quality in this period was Nathaniel Seaver Boughtelle, whose ornate autograph in library records matched his impressive name; he removed later to Fitchburg.

Whatever new men brought in culture and enterprise, the old families were the backbone of the town. In this day and generation, they were abreast with the world and as alert to its progress, gloriously independent in politics and religion and partners on the level with the newcomers. A numerous group of young men, most of them born in the early years of the century, were active in the affairs of town and church and giving promise of maintaining for the future the standards that were being set high in this favored period. Among them were several Alexanders, George (born in 1808) and Charles (1810), brothers who had married the sisters, Eliza and Amanda Colton; Josiah (1791), whose wife was Mira Lyman, daughter of the hatter, Caleb; Elisha (1807), son of the venerable Major Elisha, who was still living; Henry, son of Colonel Medad.

The Holtons were as numerous, there being now in active young life twelve of the thirteen children of Luther among them, one of the daughters, Betsey, having married, January 3, 1828, Edwin Moody, who, born in 1800, was following the family trade of mason. Jonathan Hunt Blake (1807) carried two of the family names of standing and his sister Frances, having married a new young physician, Marshall S. Mead (1802), who had come to the town from Chesterfield, New Hampshire, in 1828. There were two Parsons boys, Elijah (1804) and Albert Collins (1812), sons of Jabez, the tanner, and nephews of Isaac Prior. Belding blood was represented in Elijah Eastman (1813), grandson of the interesting patriarch, Jonathan, who from his supposedly consumptive youth had lived ninety-four years, until 1829. Newer names in the town were borne by Franklin Lord (1808), son of the tavern-keeper from Athol, and already married into the Stratton family, and Ira Coy (1804). Aside from Ezekiel Webster, the Harvard graduate of 1812, there was a brother, Arad (1795), married and with a growing family, the first-born in which had been given the name of Lewis Taylor, for an uncle in Hinsdale.

The Allens, sons of the distinguished Samuel C., were present in the persons of Zebulon (1802) and Samuel C., Jr. (1793), while others, Elisha H. (1804) and Frederick H. (1806), had been given college education and were starting in the practice of law. There were two Merrimans, Samuel (1807) and Elijah (1806), grandsons of the Revolutionary patriot-captain, and a sister had married Ezekiel Wood (1794), son of the Revolutionary soldier, Barzallai.

Of all the old families the Fields were outstanding in number, culture and public spirit, Phineas (1799); Lucius (1796), a Wesleyan graduate of 1821; Moses (1808); Erastus (1791) who had married Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin Callender; and the son of Silas, who had married Ruth Faxon of Boston, lived in the finest house in town, built by Timothy Dutton, and for some of the time in Boston and Charlestown, where his sons Benjamin F. (1806), Franklin (1819) and Joseph (1826) and his daughters, Augusta (1809), Elizabeth (1811) and Maria (1821) had been born.

The one Dutton of the period was Samuel W. (1813) son of Timothy B., who had been a leading man, the present Samuel marrying in 1835 Mary Dascom of Milford, New Hampshire. The Janes family, interwoven with about every one of the other older families of the town, was represented in this array of youth in the person of Frederick (1808), son of the Xenophon, who was church organist, town clerk, deacon and about all else, the young man now keen to get into the ministry.

Such a list, written in the eighteen-thirties, might have future interest only for the descendants. It is far from a complete roster of the rising generation which was a fit circle for companionship with the cultivated young men who had come to the town. It had the present worth of evidence of the character of the home people. Few had been given a college education. All were by inheritance and necessity industrious and enterprising but at no sacrifice of the grasp upon those affairs of the wider world and current thought which supplied a common intelligence and culture. It quite overlooks the cultural influence of the young women of the period who had quite generally gained a liberal education in the local private schools, including the new and now well sustained Academy.

CHAPTER XXXII

SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW FREEDOM

Old Meeting-house Demolished, Old Restraints Go with It

Union of church and state came to an end in Massachusetts in 1832. And it came without jolt and jar. For more than two centuries the support of preaching had been the first charge upon the people of every town in the colony and Commonwealth. Long ago, now, there had been practical division of government, the church, separately organized, consisting of its members and deacons, coming into control of ecclesiastical affairs, and the town gradually withdrawing to the simple performance of financial support. Now the taxing of property for maintenance of preaching was discontinued and the parish came into the town's place. Northfield had anticipated this action by six years, the First Parish having been incorporated in 1826.

It was still within memory that in the controversy with Parson Hubbard over his Tory views the towns and church were arrayed against each other and it was only after four years that peace was brought about through the arbitration of a committee made up equally of church members and townsmen. The discontent in the church with Priest Mason would have accomplished his retirement much earlier had he not had a town following, and with the town holding the purse strings. Under the new order the church and the parish, made up substantially of the same people, would manage affairs and pay the charges. Events proved that nothing was lost spiritually by the change.

First physical sign of the new order was in the removal of the meeting-house, built in the 1760's and holding its place within the street's bounds. The old house of worship would have stood longer but for the public spirit of one man who must from now on be counted as a town benefactor. William Pomeroy had made his moderate fortune as merchant and distiller. He was descendant, in the fifth generation, from Eltweed, in the Dorchester settlement of 1630, and of the family that had been at the front of affairs in Windsor

(Connecticut) and Northampton. Pomeroys had been among the first petitioners for the settlement of Northfield but had become residents in the 1760's, when Medad, the doctor, Eleazer, and Shammah, the saddler, came here, William being the son of the saddler. His mother was a Mattoon and he was related one way and another to about all the other old families.

Mr. Pomeroy offered, in 1832, to remove the old meeting-house and build a new church on the vacant lot adjoining its site, a part of the old Parson Doolittle home-lot, on condition that the pews should be sold and the avails constitute a permanent fund for parish expenses. Acceptance, demolition of the old house and building of the new one were prompt and the new church was dedicated October 16, 1833.

Three years later Mr. Pomeroy created a trust fund, amounting to another $5,000, for the maintenance of a minister of the Christian religion, with the provision that his religious sentiments "shall be in conformity with the general and more important sentiments and doctrines as taught at the Theological College in Cambridge." By that stroke he made the First Parish permanently Unitarian.

The new edifice was modern in its arrangement, including heating, a recent innovation, had high gothic windows and a spire after the style of Wren, with an open belfry in which was hung the bell cast by Paul Revere for the town in the 1790's. The Trinitarian Society, with the privileges and liabilities of a parish, had been incorporated in 1829 and had built the same year its house of worship, farther up the street.

Towards the end of the decade, which in its early years had been marked by the influx of young professional men of high culture, long steps in educational gain and church development, the town was conscious of a pause in its progress. The Academy had not proved the expected success and, in 1835, the property was sold to Phinehas Allen, who carried it on as a personal enterprise. There had been no new developments of industry. The country was in a distraught financial situation, a panic in 1837 being the most serious it had suffered. Agriculture, the town's main reliance, was under the general depression. New people were not now coming to the town as in the recent past.

By 1840, there was for the first time since the Revolution, a decline in population, slight to be sure but contrasting to the gains shown in the census of each previous ten years—1,673 now as compared with 1,757 in 1830. Most serious of all the losses had been the departures, somewhat of young men, sons of old families going out into the world to seek their fortunes, and more conspicuously of the group who had given the town cultural and social leadership.

Benjamin R. Curtis, the talented young lawyer, who had made a good start in practice and had said he intended to remain here, had left in 1834. He had fully entered into the life of the town. His name was enrolled in that list of the intelligentsia, the library shareholders. So was that of William G. Woodward, his successor in practice, who left in 1837. Dr. Edward Jarvis, after most publicly fruitful years here, was attracted back to his native town of Concord, in the same year that B. R. Curtis left, somewhat by its better attraction for practice, Northfield being rather over-supplied with physicians, but more, it was surmised, by his interest in a Concord girl, Almira Hunt, whom he married in 1834. It was known that he had, four years later, yielded to the pull of the West and gone to Louisville, Kentucky.

Of the Hosmers, whose presence in the town had been a blessing, Cyrus, principal of the Academy, had died here in 1833. His brother, Rev. George Washington Hosmer, in 1836, asked dismissal from the First Parish pastorate, to go to the new Unitarian church in Buffalo, New York. He had married, the next year after coming to Northfield, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Kendall of the old Plymouth church, and three sons had been born here, the first, named after Dr. Edward Jarvis, dying at the age of two years, the others, James Kendall, born in 1834, and William R., in 1835.

The discontinuance of the Academy meant the loss to the town of a group of teachers, whose presence had been a priceless benefit, such as William A. Stearns, Harvard '27; Jonathan F. Stearns, Harvard '30; Samuel M. Emery, Harvard '30; Edgar Buckingham, Harvard '31; William W. Wellington, Harvard '32, Cyrus Hosmer's successor as the head of the school. In the new order of things, under Phinehas Allen's proprietorship, the assistants were all young women, two of whom, Jane Whiting and Mary Ann Willard, came from Cambridge, another being Lucinda R. Stone. Cultured as were these women, they could hardly replace in effect upon the town the remarkable group of Harvard men who had been on the Academy faculty.

The ministerial changes were the succession to Mr. Hosmer of Rev. Oliver Capen Everett (Harvard '32), son of Otis Everett, already a resident here; and in the Trinitarian church, in place of Rev. Eli Moody, in 1831, the Rev. Bancroft Fowler, well on in middle life, fifty-six at the time of settlement, a Yale graduate of 1796, succeeded in 1836 by Rev. Horatio Lombard, a Williams graduate of 1815. Within the period before 1840, it could not be said of these that they had made the distinctive contribution to the town that had placed Hosmer and Moody in grateful memory.

Somewhat of force and leadership had been lost to the town in the retirement of Rev. Thomas Mason, who had continued in public affairs down to 1835, the last year of his continuous service in the General Court. Now, in the seventies, he was living a leisurely life in the house he had built and limiting his associates to a small group, in which the favorite was Charles Osgood, his nearest neighbor, the late assistant principal of the Academy. One of his diversions was an occasional caustic exchange with the venerable Timothy Swan, who lived behind a small forest of Lombardy poplars in the house nearly opposite.

There were other retired worthies, like Squire Obadiah Dickinson, well on in the eighties, whose family departures typified the new and locally destructive fashion, the children now scattered from Maine to Illinois and as far south as North Carolina and Florida, a son and two married daughters in Boston, and only one, the youngest, Louisa, still in town by reason of marriage to Timothy, about the only one of the most distinguished branch of the Field family who stayed here instead of moving to Boston. Samuel C. Allen, likewise, was conferring distinction on the town where in youth he had taken a brief tour in the ministry and started in the law, now after his years in Congress and professorship at Amherst, spending his late years here. Up to 1839, Captain David Barber, who could recall the fortification of Dorchester Heights, had been paid the reverence due a Revolutionary soldier. Then here was the now aging General John Nevers, who in other years had travelled with regularity to the county seat from his big house set well back from the street, sustaining, whether in Greenfield or Northfield, the dignity befitting the high sheriff of the county of Franklin.

There was beginning to be too much memory in the town's life and not a due balance of hope and prospect. It was suffering, as every detached inland town was suffering, from the two enticements to other fields, the larger towns of commercial and industrial life and the broad prairies, which a national government's policies of internal improvements and land grants were making lures to youth and enterprise.

Perhaps the railroad would some day help matters. Back in the late twenties, representatives like Mr. Mason and Ezekiel Webster brought home stories of such projects—first of a horse railroad from Boston to Albany, then a vivid rejection of the idea that the steam locomotive, now used in England, would ever be practical here. The reasoning in the legislative report of 1827 was that in England, where coal was cheap and oats were high, the former would be workable fuel; while in this country with coal scarce and oats plenty, the horse would be the motive power. In 1829, Governor Lincoln, progressive that he was, had advised construction of railroads by the State and his suggestion had in the course of years been followed, with the result that in 1836 and '37 the Western railroad to Worcester and headed for Springfield had received state aid. Already there was talk of sending another line to Fitchburg and along the Miller's River valley to the Connecticut, where it surely ought to turn to the north and tap Vermont. Northfield dreamed hazily that it would be on such a route.

That there should have come a halt in the town's growth, measured by population, was less disturbing when comparison was made with other inland towns. Something was happening not only to stop the increase but actually to bring about a decline, and in the case of those not favorably situated, a sharp declivity. When the census of 1850 was published, it revealed that twelve of the twenty-six towns in Franklin County had a smaller population than in 1830. Northfield was not one of them. It had dropped slightly in 1840 but had recovered, even though the total was now but fifteen more than twenty years before—1,772 as against 1,757. It was standing still and fortunate in so doing as compared with towns all about it. If comparison were extended to other counties or over the state border in nearby New Hampshire and Vermont, satisfaction could be taken that it was holding its own.

In 1820, the most populous town in Franklin County was New

Salem, distinctly a hill town, with its central village pitched on a conspicuous hill-top. It then had 2,146 people. By 1850 it had shrunk to 1,253, a decline of nearly half. Warwick, the nearest neighbor of Northfield on the East, had declined with each decade and was twenty-five per cent smaller than in 1830. Hill towns in the western part of the county had lost in like measure: Ashfield from 1,748 to 1,394; Hawley from 1,089 to 881; Heath from 1,122 to 803; Leyden from 974 to 716; Rowe from 851 to 659. New Salem had dropped from first place to ninth; Warwick from eighth to sixteenth; Leyden from seventeenth to twenty-sixth.

That in the shifting of population Northfield had been least affected was shown in the fact that alone of the twenty-six towns it had exactly held its rank, being the fifth in rank in 1820, fifth in 1830, fourth in 1840 and fifth in 1850. That in the census of 1850 it lost a point, temporarily gained in 1840, was due to the advance of certain towns, which had passed it on the way. Quite as marked as the loss by the hill towns had been the growth in others. The towns that were growing were gaining at a higher rate than the declining towns were losing. From 1820 to 1830, the eleven towns with declining population lost at a rate of 7.5 per cent; the thirteen growing towns had a gain of 12.2 per cent. The centralizing tendency was more marked in the next ten years, when fourteen towns lost at a rate of 9.5 per cent and ten towns gained 13.1 per cent; still wider, in the years from 1840 to 1850, the losing towns declined at the rate of 7.2 per cent and the growing ones added 18.8 per cent.

The power that was operating to shift town populations was generated by water wheels. The neighbor that was being sought, as a substitute for the family on the next farm, was the factory. Farm profits and wages for farm labor could not compete with the returns on investment in a mill or pay to shop-workers. The work-day in a factory was actually as low as ten hours; on the farm it was indefinite; it might easily be fifteen hours, and at seasons even more than that between early milkin' and the last chores. The factory job seemed more genteel, as well as more remunerative, and there was more companionship in it. The smarter boys were drawn to it. Even the girls were finding it attractive, as in the woolen mill at Hinsdale, within the original Northfield territory.

The growth of factory towns, the depletion of the farm villages and the swift decline of the hill populations was bringing about great and swift changes all over New England. It was apparent within the bounds of this county which had been solely agricultural up to the first quarter of the century. In 1820, the town of Orange was twenty-second in rank of population, with 829 people; in 1850, it was sixth, with 1,701, more than doubled. Miller's River, a smart stream with the least variability of almost any New England river, had been harnessed there. Greenfield, the county seat, much smaller than Northfield in 1820, had doubled in population and advanced from seventh to first place, not because it was the county capital but because of Green River. Deerfield, always till now smaller than Northfield, had nearly doubled in the three decades and in population was next to Greenfield solely because it was next to it geographically and the industry that made Greenfield grow was actually within Deerfield territory; its growth was in Cheapside. The only farm towns to hold their own were those on the rivers, having broad meadows, and even these were showing no gain. The hill towns were clearly under a doom.

Now it was realized that the several streams which found the Connecticut at Northfield, beautiful as they were and swift as they were, had no considerable possibilities for power. None of them was more than some five miles long, flowing from springs in the town's own hills, draining no watershed, as did the Ashuelot, lost to the town when the New Hampshire line was run, or Miller's River, which might have been Northfield's southern boundary if only the early surveyor, Dwight, had been a little more grasping than he was. The streams within the town served for local industries but could not compete with the real rivers of New England. On the other hand, the Connecticut was too big, as it seemed, to be harnessed, even at the rapids of the French King, where it both invited and defied being put to service.

Upon agriculture must the town depend. In this reliance, it had ample prospects, was deriving substantial profits and was enterprising. It was on the alert for new crops and could just now claim the profitable distinction of being the hop town of the valley. In 1840, it produced 13,847 pounds of hops, all the other towns in the county yielding 6,200 pounds. It had 993 neat cattle, 1,686 sheep, 556 swine. It produced in the year 7,649 bushels of oats; 5,736 of rye;

866 of wheat; 326 buckwheat; 9,130 of Indian corn; 14,785 of potatoes; 1,800 tons of hay. Its dairy products were insignificant as compared with Vermont towns, having a value of only $5,149, and its orchards were made to yield to the trifling value of $813; both items suggested greater future development. The lumber production was only $1,937 and the granite in its hills was disturbed only to the value of $300, even though a little earlier it had supplied the walls of the new county gaol at Greenfield. It remained for the prospectors for the railroad, a few years later, to discover that the town had "a large quantity of plumbago of excellent quality, iron ore in great abundance and a surplus of pine, oak, and other timber, particularly chestnut," only waiting for rail transportation.

The centripetal force towards certain towns in New England was not expended solely on population; it drew commercial and business interests towards the centres and even reached the professions, particularly the law. The country squire, in the sense that term was used in New England, was disappearing. The lawyers were clustering about the county seat. Northfield, which could not long hold a Curtis or a Woodward, could little hope to attract other ambitious young attorneys. After Olmstead left, General Nevers would have been left alone in his practice but for two rather temporary exceptions.

One native youth and of an old family, Charles Mattoon, had studied law with William G. Woodward and was admitted to the bar in 1839, the year his mentor left town. He was a son of Col. Elijah Mattoon, a grandson, on his mother's side, of Dr. Samuel Mattoon and, on his father's side, a great grandson of Seth Field. There could be no better Northfield ancestry than that. He was but twenty-three when he began practice.

The other addition to the legal group came with the arrival, in 1841, of a young man from Boston, Charles Devens, Jr. He was but twenty-one and just now admitted to the bar. He was born in Charlestown April 4, 1820, the son of Charles and Mary Lithgow Devens, and had been graduated from Harvard at the age of eighteen and from the law school at twenty. In the law school he had become the intimate friend of a Greenfield youth, Wendell Thornton Davis, whose older brother, George T. Davis, was the partner of Daniel Wells, in the leading law firm of the county seat. Upon graduation the two joined in practice, with Davis maintaining the office in Greenfield and Devens coming to Northfield. This arrangement ran for three years when, in 1844, Daniel Wells was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas and removed to Cambridge. Thereupon the Davis brothers and Devens combined in the Greenfield law firm of Davis, Devens and Davis, which forthwith took the leading place at the county's bar.

Mr. Devens entered fully into the life of Northfield and formed close friendships among its young men, who in the later years of the decade followed with interest his advance in public affairs, including his election to the state senate of 1848 and 1849. His activity as a Whig in support of Taylor and Fillmore in 1848 led to his appointment by President Fillmore in 1849 as United States marshal, an office that took him to Boston. All of this had happened before he became thirty and it was common prediction among his Northfield friends that he was headed for greater distinctions. He was a strikingly handsome young man, courteous and even courtly, a social favorite, but escaped from Franklin county a bachelor.

Even though at a standstill in population the town was making progress in other ways, and improving. New houses were being built and generally of a more pretentious sort. Two carpenters, Calvin and Samuel Spring Stearns, brothers, had moved down from the Warwick hills early in the century, had built a number of the town's better houses and were now being succeeded in the craft by the sons of the former, George, Charles, Albert and Edward. They were as much the architects as the builders of the houses, which were distinctly different style from the square hip-roof fashion set years ago by Dr. Pomeroy and having the best recent examples in the houses of the Duttons, now the home of Silas Field, and of Obadiah Dickinson, standing next each other, well up the street.

The vogue now was for pillared fronts. The Stearns builders were pillar-makers and several houses had rather massive fluted pillars rising two stories to the support of the projecting gable-end, while others had porches at the front with pillared support. The fine example of the former was the house built for Captain Samuel Lane, a retired sea-captain, who had married in 1845, Charlotte Stearns, a sister of the carpenters. Nearly across the street from it was one of the houses with the pillared porch, on the old Mattoon lot, now the home of Oliver Smith Mattoon, a descendant, by the way, of the first of the Northfield Mattoons and of the original Preserved Smith.

Quite another style of house, an oddity, admired but not sufficiently to be copied, had been built for the school which in time had succeeded to the academy and was now owned by Dr. Philip Hall, a cottage with high gothic windows. Another variation was the cottage built by George Stearns for himself, near the site of the first fort, a story-and-a-half, elevated from the street and with a row of pillars across its front. Late in this period it had been sold to Joseph S. Beach, of a Connecticut family which had transplanted to Northfield around 1800, whose father had married Sophia, daughter of Col. Elisha Alexander. This Joseph had been for some years in the South, had married in Charleston, South Carolina, Susan Ellen Lane, a native of Alabama and of the Virginia Lane family. He died soon after the purchase of the cottage, leaving his widow with a family of eight children.

Farther down the street was an imposing house built by Daniel Callender, with the high pillars, which in this instance were only three instead of the usual four, a modification which was commonly spoken of as a monument of Callender thriftiness. Just now it was the home of Francis Sumner Bemis, a Boston man who gained his claim to Northfield recognition by marrying into the Field family, a daughter of Captain Elisha of Boston who had commanded a company in the war of 1812 and later was United States consul at Cape de Verde Islands.

After such fashion, the Main street had taken on a fine, even though varied, appearance. Such of the houses as were set back from the street had front yards, shaded by ornamental trees or adorned with shrubbery. The old fences had given way to more or less ornamental ones with posts and pickets, uniformly painted white, the universal white of the houses themselves. The elms that had been set out under the leadership of Thomas Power were now towering trees and their branches were arching over the roadway. The roads leading from the street were gradually being set with elms or maples.

It was still, in the main, a town of old families. But there had been accessions and the newcomers gave speed to social activities. These largely centered about the First Parish Church but were not restrained by the old religious standards. There was the weekly sociable, running through the winter months. If there was music and literature in their program, there was more of fashionable games—whist, blind man's buff, twenty questions, turn the cover and just now a novelty in the string game. This diversion was introduced by Rufus Minot, a recent arrival from Boston, who was setting an example in fashionable dress that marked him as the town's dandy.

Three Boston men, understood to have been old cronies in the city, had settled as near neighbors in the centre of the town, Jonathan Minot in William Pomeroy's recent spacious home; Joel Fay in the Isaac Prior house, and Phineas Wright in the imposing new pillar-fronted house on the site of the Munsell house and plow factory. Rufus Minot was of this group, a popular beau, to be captured presently by Captain Henry Alexander's youngest daughter, whose brother, Edwin, the year before had married Rufus' sister, Helen. In the introduction of the string game he was ardently supported by Dr. Holland, another of the town beaux, whom it was confessed in a certainly maiden letter of 1847 all the girls were "smut with," and John Mudge, a young fellow from Winchester who was living with an uncle, Walter Field, on the Farms Road. All hands held a rope, circling around the room, and the leader, within the circle, undertook to slap a hand and escape before being overtaken by its owner, the penalty for failure being a kiss. It was a welcome variant in the list of osculatory games that were much in vogue with the young set, including the youthful matrons. The evenings ended with dancing, begun at 10 o'clock and ending at 12.

Feminine beauty was frankly admired. Dr. Holland had married "the lovely Louisa Field," in the church on Christmas day of 1846. The most striking, although a rather retiring and modest beauty of the town, was Martha Belcher, the second daughter of Col. Jonathan, the hatter, who was soon to marry a Hartford man, Gardner Morse. Had she not inherited the charm of the Norton belles of an earlier day? Then there was the girl with the unrestrainable blonde curls, Anna Greene, the daughter of a princely gentleman, Hugh W. Greene, who had recently come to town.

From outside the town there came an occasional entertainer. Premier among these was Professor Harrington, making his first appearance in 1850, whose tricks in ventriloquism and legerdemain were wonderingly admired. Again there was Comical Brown, whose announced "coming to town" was sure of response. There was ample home talent to fill the entertainment needs between the visits of these itinerants. On the more serious side, the lyceum, established in the days of Hosmer and Dr. Jarvis, was maintained and home debates on serious themes were frequent, with lectures by men of the Boston literary and scientific circles.

Feminine dress had taken on new elegance as well as expansiveness under the crinoline vogue. The local stores, particularly Murdock's, undertook to supply the materials but were none too prosperous in the enterprise, this principal one just now being on the verge of financial collapse. There was a particular competitor in the showy team that was driven into town from Brattleboro by James Fisk. It was loaded with the most enticing fabrics and gowns and made a welcome door-to-door appeal. It is anticipating but slightly to find this vendor succeeded by his much more dashing son, known all about as "Jim" Fisk and headed for a spectacular career in the financial and military world.

Male attire had its showy styles as well. Knee breeches and brass buttons had largely gone out, but the ruffled shirt and the high stock were retained. The tall hat was worn on all occasions. Beards were coming into fashion. In 1850, Franklin Field persuaded his rather aged father, Silas, to join him in a trip to Washington. It might extend to Georgia, where the son was to go at all events, it being only two and a half days' journey beyond the capital. In the items of the old gentleman's attire for the journey were, first of all a surtout, an expansive outer coat, and a varied array of waistcoats, the prime feature of male decoration. The journey was to be broken by a short stay at the Astor House in New York, a prospect that demanded the best in the day's fashion.

Frivolity of the sort that the young folks of the town were generally sharing in was outrightly disapproved by the heads of some of the households. Playing cards were a device of the devil. Dancing was worse. In certain families the boy who indulged in either would have felt the rod of parental rebuke. Stories were current of severe punishment falling upon certain violators of the rules by sly indulgence in either of these vices. The cleavage between the two churches was less doctrinal than social. The North church people were standing stoutly for the Puritan ideas. Their young people did not share in the fashionable sociables. Their church vestry was used on Sundays for the Sunday school and once a week for the prayer-meeting. It was abhorrent that the older church permitted its vestry to be used for worldly pleasures, for game-playing and for the performances of itinerant entertainers like "Professor" Harrington.

Some respect to the old proprieties was indeed paid by the more liberal church in that dancing was not permitted within its walls, dancing after the church sociable was at one or another of the homes. The difference in standards was, however, respected on both sides and in all the other relations of life the town was a unit. The deacons of the two churches served amicably on the same board of selectmen or school committee.

CHAPTER XXXIII

CHANGING STANDARDS AND MANNERS

The Railroad Period Brings Stouter State Regulations of Towns

Church support had now come to be entirely voluntary. It was still based on taxation but only of those who were willing to be taxed. An amendment to the state constitution in 1833 had removed the last vestige of the obligation upon the people to maintain Christian preaching. In 1848, a committee of the First Parish, which was directed to examine the effect of this change, made a comparison between the situation in 1825, when all male persons were required to contribute to the support of the gospel in some society, and the present one. There had been a breaking up of the common obligation to the one church as a result of dissatisfaction with the minister, Rev. Thomas Mason, and the Orthodox Congregational society had remained separate. In 1830, after the return of the Second Unitarian Society, the number taxed for the support of the old church was 240. Under the practice of "signing off," by which people who wished to escape contribution could freely do so, the number of male adherents to the parish had fallen in 1847 to 78, less than a third of the number under the old regime. Church attendance had not been similarly reduced and the committee found that the decline was due "to no dissatisfaction but that the taxes were burthensome."

The committee concluded that from its observation there was not "that interest felt for moral and religious instruction in this place which Christians ought to feel and exert." But in answer to the question submitted to it, it answered that it was unable to decide whether that interest was increasing or diminishing. The fact was that actual interest in religion did not suffer decline when support of the churches passed from compulsion to choice. Church views might be more liberal and social life gayer as they were, but that the town was less religious was, at least, not discoverable.

If Northfield were non-conformist in religion, as it always had been, it was equally so in politics, as again it had always been. It had been anti-Federalist, when all about were towns that followed Boston's lead the other way. It had been Jeffersonian, when to be so was to refuse to agree to Boston's proposals—and to thank God in its town records that it had a different opinion. It had voted for Jackson, when to do so was heretical in Massachusetts, and for Van Buren even when Daniel Webster was carrying his state for the presidency. It had voted against its own Samuel C. Allen when he was a candidate for the State Senate. It was generally with the minority candidate for governor. It kept its minister, Mason, in the legislature for years, even after it had put him out of the pulpit, and in so doing had an individual and not a party representative.

When the Whig party came into being in the election of 1840 on no particular issue but as an aggregation of all the opponents of Jacksonian policies, it was a divided town. The old Democrats were holding fast to the Van Buren succession but there was a resolute group of young men who were hot for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" and to whom "Van, Van's a used-up man." They paraded with log cabins, drank hard cider, and travelled the hills up to Barre to hear Daniel Webster make a disappointing speech. In 1844 and 1845 the town was represented in the General Court by Charles Osgood, a constant and unyielding Democrat.

The anti-slavery cause which had taken on fire and fury in the 'thirties had its outright adherents here and when it became a distinct political issue in 1848 there was a considerable group of Free Soilers in the town, which was represented by Albert C. Parsons in the county convention of the new party whose main plank was that "the soil we till must be a free soil." The Free-Soil party was actually an outcome of division into factions of the Democratic party but it was the vehicle for the expression of abolition sentiment. Hence it attracted to the support of Van Buren men with anti-slavery convictions, who had been excitedly opposed to him in 1840. Thenceforward for a few years the town went steadily Democratic and in the national election of 1852 the Whig ticket had 110 votes and the Democratic, 134. The election of the Democratic President, Franklin Pierce, had its local result in the appointment of Charles Osgood as postmaster.

Just before the end of the half-century, the railroad, long hoped for, reached Northfield. It had taken nearly twenty years of agitation, controversy and slow construction to accomplish this realization. Actually the first charter granted by the General Court for a railroad was that of 1829 for one to be built over what was now the route of the Vermont and Massachusetts. It was the route from Boston to the interior which had been recognized before railroads were dreamed of, in the survey by Loammi Baldwin for a canal. Other projects, however, had been actively and successfully promoted, among them the Boston and Albany, which gained legislative favor and the Commonwealth's financial aid and was in operation before any real effort was made to get the road to Vermont under way.

By 1844, the Vermont and Massachusetts had been chartered by both states. It had yet to win financial support. In a letter published in the Boston *Courier* early in that year, its cause was argued on the ground that it was the feasible route to tap Vermont and by extension beyond Brattleboro eventually to link the West with Boston. A pamphlet dated June 7, 1844, signed by a committee of eight, two of whom were James White and Richard Colton of Northfield, set out in detail the prospect that the road would pay a profit of ten per cent on the investment.

Beyond the securing of capital, which was not readily gained, other difficulties obstructed progress. The route along Miller's River was unopposed but the proposal to turn sharply around Mr. Grout's barn in Montague and proceed north through Northfield and Vernon to Brattleboro aroused the violent opposition of Greenfield. A convention in that town on October 25th, 1845, framed an address to the effect that the whole question was as to the best route from Boston to Troy and that was to be met by a straight course to Greenfield and thence up Green River over the southern Vermont hills. The charter of 1844 was patiently extended by the legislatures of 1845 and 1846. Greenfield's state of mind was relieved by providing a branch from Grout's Corner to that town.

Further delay was caused by a furious controversy over the route from Westminster, waged between Gardner and Winchendon. The captains in this battle were Alvah Crocker, the Fitchburg capitalist and promoter, and Levi Heywood, Gardner's champion. The outcome was a compromise by which the road would enter Ashburnham pointing north and would then almost double upon itself to pass through the lower part of Gardner. The result was that when the trains began to run, they were halted at Ashburnham Depot, the engine turned around and attached to the train's other end, while the passengers rose and reversed the seats to avoid riding to Boston backwards.

Railroad building in Northfield was active in 1847 and 1848. The great task was the building of the bridge across the Connecticut. Granite for its piers was quarried in the Northfield mountains. In the railroad's building were first employed the Irish laborers who came to be a part of the town's population. The road's engineering staff of ten men were quartered in the house of Dr. M. S. Mead, which was let to the company for this use. The legislature of 1848 authorized the company to receive the franchise of the Northfield bridge, which was to be a combination highway, with tolls, and railroad structure.

October 16, 1848, the road was officially opened. The committee and officers on that day passed over the whole route from Fitchburg to Brattleboro and over the Greenfield branch as far as the Connecticut River. In the report made to the stockholders at their meeting, February 14, 1849, the committee rejoiced over the best railroad construction yet achieved in the country. It particularly described the bridge as "the beautiful structure spanning the Connecticut River at Northfield, which has four spans of 166 feet each, the railroad track being upon its deck and the travelled way upon its chords." It was a carping critic who would dwell upon that word, "beautiful," as applied to a bridge that had the architectural charm of an average New England barn, greatly elongated and set upon granite supports.

In the same report it was stated that the road was now in business, with five passenger engines weighing from 16 to 23 tons each, six freight engines of from 20 to 25 tons, two second-hand engines, five passenger cars with sixty-four seats and three with fifty-six seats, four baggage cars, sixty eight-wheel and twenty four-wheel freight cars and sixty-four platform cars.

After the railroad which brought Northfield into communication with Boston was finished and in operation, E. H. Derby, a Boston promoter, in an argument to the legislature said of it, "There is not, Mr. Chairman, a railroad in Massachusetts, I may say in the whole

United States, which in substantial masonry and bridges, and in favorable curves, surpasses the Vermont and Massachusetts."

Eloquently he dwelt upon the bridges, as well as he might, for between Grout's Corner, near the mouth of Miller's River, and Gardner that stream was crossed not less than thirty times in "Howe truss," covered wooden bridges. "You have seen," said Mr. Derby, "ponderous engines with heavy trains attached, flying across bridges, over valleys and streams, at the height of sixty feet, without causing so much as even a deflection to the structure."

The project of another railroad, which would traverse Northfield, on the westerly side of the Connecticut, was being urged in the middle 'forties but was not taken seriously. Hudson's letter in the Boston *Courier* in 1844 declared that "there is little prospect of a railroad up the Connecticut valley reaching farther than Northampton." Railroad expansion was too much in favor to support such negative prediction and the Connecticut River road was opened as far as Greenfield November 23, 1846, and was then assured further extension to Brattleboro. The Vermont and Massachusetts had hardly been built when it was joined by the River road at South Vernon, Vermont, but a few rods beyond the Northfield line.

If railroads could make a town, Northfield was made. The last of the stages which had lumbered over the turnpike to Boston made its farewell journey in 1846. No whistling, bell-ringing arrival of the locomotive would ever stir town interest or be the thrilling event of the day which had seen the coming of the stage, with its horses whipped up to rattling speed and its horn freely blown to arouse the villagers.

Shifting of population to mill towns, emigration to the West, first to the Western Reserve in Ohio, then to the prairie states and now to California in excitement over gold discoveries, and the development of the railroads were only the visible causes of change in the interior New England towns. To these reformative causes was added the assertion by the state government of an authority over local affairs, which might prove to be beneficent but which was clearly a reversal of the traditional order. For two centuries the town had been the high seat of authority in New England. It was the unit and it had yielded to the Commonwealth only those fragments of its integrity necessary to serve a common interest. Its own affairs were—its own affair. Now the state was asserting authority in matters that had always been home concerns.

In 1841 the state had begun to demand of the towns full records of births, marriages and deaths, lumped under the new and ornate title of "vital statistics." The towns had the independence to pay slight attention to the demand. Of what concern at Boston could be the knowledge that such a couple, both of the town by generations of ancestors, had married; or that some aged person, whose life had been of so little account that his passing was hardly noted by his neighbors, had died; or that a child had been born in a household already overblessed in that fashion? Such records were not even kept by the town; if anybody wanted information of the sort, the family Bible had it fully written between the Apocrypha and the New Testament. In the report of this new and interfering activity of the state for 1843, it was admitted that Boston, now a city, was refusing or failing to supply its statistics. Northfield, in this instance, stood with Boston.

In the same spirit, the state was undertaking to regulate in some fashion the care of the poor. Northfield had an ancient pride in its provision for the needy. It had steadfastly refused to deposit them in an almshouse; it never had a poorhouse. It sought no advice from the capital and it mildly resented inquiry. Again, there was being undertaken a search for the insane and the idiotic. The town cared for its occasional crazy person humanely; it was considerate, even kindly, towards its fools, of which it had a few. Could the state do better?

Resentment of the state's interference as to the insane was softened in Northfield by the fact that the leader in the enterprise was Dr. Edward Jarvis, who was gratefully remembered in the town where he had begun practice. In fact, he had been the leader in the campaign for "vital statistics." His "Report on Insanity and Idiocy in Massachusetts" in 1855 was a wonderful product of great study and sound reasoning. It was, on the whole, interesting reading. It was really the report of a Commission on Lunacy but the other commissioners (Levi Lincoln and Increase Sumner) said it was "due to the intelligence, ability and fidelity of our laborious and indefatigable associate, Dr. Jarvis, to state . . . that the draft of the report is from his pen."

Doctor Jarvis made out a great case for better care of the insane than keeping them in dark dungeons; but Northfield did nothing like that. He had counted all the lunatics in the state—and it was cheering that he found only two in Northfield, while smaller towns like Montague, Shutesbury and Whately had six each, while Deerfield actually had ten. When it came to idiots, the town scored higher, with four males and one female, while most of the towns had only two, one or none. Perhaps idiots were more clearly recognized in Northfield, by virtue of contrast to average intelligence; and it was something that four of the five were "independent" against one who was a pauper. Even a fool in Northfield could be independent. Thus some comfort was gained by reading Dr. Jarvis' learned report.

More determined was the state's invasion of town management of the public schools. In 1836, a state board of education had been created. There could have been no thought that any part of the actual control of the schools could be taken over by the state. For two centuries they had been local institutions. The one requirement was that the towns should support schools and now there was not a Massachusetts town that failed to do so. In 1789 control was carried even closer to the people by the creation of school districts within the towns. The school district was the purest jewel of democracy. Its authority was final and rested in the hands of the people of the neighborhood. Each had its own committee. In 1840 there were three hundred and seven towns in the state and over twenty-five hundred school districts, each completely self-governing. A supervising town committee had been provided by legislation in 1827 but it had next to no power, none indeed beyond visiting and making an annual report. What was there for the Commonwealth to do in such a situation? The answer was being furnished in the form of annual state reports that were unsparing in criticism and prolific in advice.

The state board had at the outset employed a secretary by the name of Horace Mann, a name that very promptly came to be known in every corner of the Commonwealth. His first great stroke had been the creation of state normal schools, for the training of teachers. The first was opened at Lexington in 1839, the second in Barre, the same year, and the third in Bridgewater in 1840. Next he set up county conventions, to which the towns might send their school committees to hear Mr. Mann assail the imperfections and shortcomings of their towns and rejoin as best they could. They could return home as free as they came, to do or not to do according to the degree of their acceptance of Mr. Mann's vigorous advice.

By 1841, in his fourth annual report, the secretary was able to show some results of his campaigning. The average length of the school year in the towns had advanced from six months and twenty-five days to seven months and ten days—a gain of a fortnight. The monthly pay of teachers had been increased from $25.44 to $33.08 for man and from $11.38 to $12.75 for female teachers. But this valiant reformer had but begun. He declared there were too many schools—more than three thousand in the state when there should be only nineteen hundred. The schools should be conducted by the towns but he admitted, with a perfectly audible groan, that it was not probable the school districts would ever be abandoned. He had secured legislation in 1838 permitting districts to combine and this process was his hope of relief. Forty children was the minimum for a good school and twelve hundred in the state had fewer. The schools were attended by "scholars" from four years old to twenty and, in instances, from two and a half to twenty-five, all under one teacher. The general regulations were the same, he observed, for infants but just out of the cradle and for men who had been enrolled for seven years in the militia.

Mr. Mann's terrific assaults on the public schools were made endurable by his constructive advice and by his buoyant recognition of every forward step. He found the towns responsive in a degree. In 1841 he could look back a decade and say that by now there was not a single public school in Massachusetts which would not be regarded as tolerably good. There were indications that school committees were awakening, that the incompetence of teachers was being discovered and that the painful irregularity of attendance was being reduced. He offered up thanks that one town in the state, Springfield, had taken the novel step of employing a superintendent of schools at a salary of one thousand dollars. More female teachers were being employed and they were incomparably better than males for young children. But he was unsparing in his denunciation of private schools, which the people of the state maintained for common school instruction with a total expenditure ($241,114) half as much as they were taxed for public schools ($447,221).

That such assertions of the state's concern about what had been purely local affairs were not seriously resented was due to the realization that the town had everything to gain and that it lost none of its real authority. In each feature the new state boards and officials asserted no control. The towns could neglect the needy, retain the lunatics instead of sending them to the state hospital, and allow the schools to be poorly taught and badly attended, even though they could no longer escape criticism for so doing.

Northfield, in the eighteen-fifties, had district schools to the limit of subdivision. Only the one in the centre was divided on the age basis—the "primary" and the promiscuous "upper." Within the village there were three other schoolhouses, each with single room, "scholars" of all ages and sizes and teachers of widely varying fitness —No. 2, in the Alexander and Moody neighborhood at the northerly end of "the street"; No. 3 at the "Upper Farms"; No. 9, "out east" on the road to the mountain. At the lower Farms had been built a two-story schoolhouse, the added story for a neighborhood hall; across the river were two more of the common type and in the hills to the East were two more. If each of them had one or more or many of the faults Horace Mann was vigorously assailing, they were the centres of neighborhood interest and pride, more or less justified according to the chance of employment of good or poor teachers. Nearly all the teachers were "females"—town girls, products of the same schools and fully competent in the "common school" branches which were little more than the "three R's." Attendance was optional and irregular. Summer terms would have few "scholars" and winter terms would be crowded.

The register of the primary division of the centre school showed for the summer term of 1850, beginning May 1st and ending September 9th, an enrolment of thirty-one and for the winter term, December 2nd to February 21st, one of 49. A niece of Deacon Dutton, the chairman of the superintending committee, Adaline M. Dutton, taught the former and Mary A. Lord, the sixteen-year-old daughter of another leading citizen, confronted the winter aggregation, with pupils ranging from Margarette Kieffe, barely four years old, to a boy of one of the old families who was nearly thirteen and one exceptional student, also of ancient stock, who was all of seventeen. Horace Mann could have said something about this school in particular if he were not so busy saying pointed things about the schools of the day, in general, of which this was typical, but he would have rejoiced in this sort of "female" teachers.

Northfield was showing a response to the disturbing Secretary Mann's preachment, as far as was possible with actual control resting in district "prudential" committeemen. It took care to choose the superintending committee from its best citizens—just now Deacon Dutton, a man trusted with all the major responsibilities of town affairs, Charles Mattoon, Esq., its one lawyer, soon to become the county judge of probate, and young Elias Lyman, who had proved his worth by being able to handle that most difficult of all teaching tasks, a winter school. The committee's reports were echoes, mild but distinct, of the secretary's criticisms. The districts were paying higher wages to the teachers, although not in all these years seeing fit to employ one from the normal schools. Private schools did not exist for the common school sort of "scholars." Indeed, the town had some difficulty in maintaining a private school for advanced instruction and was seriously considering building a town hall, the upper story of which should be used for a high school. The Academy building had been used for a temperance hotel after Phineas Allen gave up his school enterprise, an inn whose name pointed a contrast to the sort first kept there in the days of Captain Hunt and his wet "sundries." In the early days the big building had been revamped and opened as an Institute of Learning, with high pretensions under the guidance of Alexander Bruce, a college man of courage and culture.

CHAPTER XXXIV

NEW TOWN HALL, A SYMBOL

Higher Oratory, Livelier Politics, Greater Sociability

The project of a new feature—a town hall—appeared in a town-meeting of March 6, 1850, held in the basement of the Unitarian meeting-house. Already land had been purchased of James O. Webb, a relative by marriage of the late General Nevers and living in the spacious house which the General built. A contract that had been made with Jonathan Minot, the Boston man who had chosen Northfield for his residence, and others, contemplated a combined town hall and schoolhouse. Now the town had changed its mind and the meeting chose a committee to bring about a settlement with Mr. Minot. A motion to deed back Mr. Webb's land was "not sustained" and the selectmen were authorized to settle as best they could. Another meeting, held April 1 to consider purchasing land for a town hall, dismissed the whole matter.

It was not till four years later that the town-hall project again appeared. The March meetin' voted to raise $500 to purchase land and at another, held March 13, it was voted to build, by a vote of 210 to 120. A site offered by George Alexander was accepted and $3,250, a sum that was denounced as extravagant, was voted for the building. Two weeks later the site was changed, when it was voted, 181 to 40, to locate on the southwest corner of Arad Alexander's garden. By fall, the appropriation proved insufficient and, on October 14, an additional sum of $610 was voted for stone steps, settees and heating apparatus, meaning, of course, wood-burning furnaces.

The town hall, which came into use late in 1854, was an imposing but by no means ornate structure. Its interior was a spacious hall, with a shallow gallery with level floor, from only the front seats of which a view could be had of any part of the main floor. Under the gallery were rooms for the town officers. A platform at the farther end of the hall carried a long, ornamental, black walnut desk. The transcendent feature was the windows. They were nearly the height of the room and the ten by eighteen panes were of all the colors that glass could carry. The color effect upon the town-meeting was hardly short of startling. The voters were green, blue, purple, yellow, according to their location. In the course of the day-long annual meeting on a sunny March day, the citizen of the most unyielding mind would rival the chameleon in change of hue. At night it was lighted by chandeliers of kerosene lamps.

The town hall was expected to be of community use. The town voted, in 1856, to authorize the selectmen "to appoint an energetic and suitable man to take charge of the town hall and to let it at a sum not exceeding $10 a day nor less than the cost of lighting and heating." In protection of the property it was ordered "that no nails, screws, hooks or other articles shall be drove (*sic*) into the walls or woodwork under any circumstances whatever without the consent and direction of the selectmen." The hall came at once into use for dances, lectures, debates, church fairs, annual maple-sugar and strawberry festivals, political rallies and travelling shows, Professor Harrington's and Comical Brown's along with the rest. It developed one unplanned feature, a remarkable echo, somewhat diminished when crowded but adding resounding effect to town-meeting oratory.

It was observed that town-meeting oratory took on new fervor and eloquence in the new setting. Every March meetin' was a field day for certain citizens who had cultivated a Websterian style. Somewhat of its majesty was shown in the resolutions in protest against the separation of Hack's Grant from the town.

Hack's Grant was a tract of one hundred and eighty-one acres near Grouts Corner that had been retained by Northfield when the town of Erving had been set off. There were five houses on the tract. It was an island of Northfield entirely surrounded, not by water, but by Erving. The latter town had petitioned for its annexation and the legislature ordered Northfield to show cause why it should not be severed from her ancient territory. It did so in these terms—"After due deliberation it is resolved that this meeting views with surprise and regret the interference of the Selectmen of Erving with the corporate and private rights of the town and citizens of Northfield by petition recommending a dismemberment of the town by annexing Hack's Grant to Erving when all its inhabitants so earnestly protest against so onerous a burden being inflicted upon them and their interest.

"To sever the inhabitants of the 181 acres from the pleasant and flourishing town of Northfield and annex them to the small, mountainous and sterile town of Erving must involve a sacrifice severe and oppressive in the extreme.

"A separation from their school association which enjoys the income of a fund of considerable amount, besides a large and commodious schoolhouse with all the apparatus for useful instruction, is also an interference with municipal interest in the town of Northfield, to which they have been so long used and to which they have contributed a liberal share, which must damp the ardor of a commendable ambition and awaken the most painful sensibilities of the present and future generations."

Representative Samuel Holton was instructed to use all honorable means to resist the petition and (Query, did this fall outside "all honorable means"?) that he be authorized to employ Samuel C. Allen, late of Northfield, now of East Boston, to appear before the committee of the legislature to carry into effect the Northfield resolution. The protest was ineffective and the inhabitants of Hack's Grant were consigned to the mercies of the "small, mountainous and sterile town."

After the political excitement of 1840, the year of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," there was a period of calm. The Whigs rested upon the victory which put an end to the Jacksonian regime and were forced to an ashamed silence by the disappointment of the Tyler administration. The election of Polk in 1844 was accepted as a rebuke to Whig pretensions. The war with Mexico, unpopular in New England, had brought new political issues and the appearance of a new party outrightly opposed to slavery. It also brought a new hero into the political field—General Zachary Taylor, who in 1848 was nominated by the Whigs, again defeating Henry Clay and painfully disappointing Daniel Webster, for whom Massachusetts voted solidly throughout the convention. In a speech at Marshfield during the campaign, Webster declared the Taylor nomination as one "not fit to be made." But he stayed Whig and Massachusetts stood with him. Then followed his "Seventh of March speech," in 1850, which aroused the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts to denunciation, bitterly voiced in John G. Whittier's "Ichabod." The election of the New Hampshire

Democrat, Franklin Pierce, in 1852, was the death knell of the Whig party.

Throughout this period Northfield kept true to her record of being different from her neighbors. The towns about were consistently Whig, some of them solidly so. It was said in one of them, that when the ballot box was opened for the counting a Democratic ballot was found and it was thrown out on the ground that it must have been a mistake. Meanwhile a new factor had appeared, a secret party, calling itself American and called by everybody else "Know-nothing." Unproclaimed and unobserved it gave the old Commonwealth a shocking surprise by electing a governor, Henry J. Gardner, in 1854, and with him a legislature with a Know-nothing majority in both branches, the senate not having lawyers enough in its membership to make up a judiciary committee of the usual number. Northfield shared in the overturn and to its own amazement gave Gardner a majority over all the other candidates. The next year, although Gardner was re-elected, Northfield had returned to the Democratic fold. Steadily but for this diversion the town had been voting for candidates for governor who were not elected.

Now came a striking change. The anti-slavery party had been for ten years in third place in the town's alignment but had held true and constant. When the Republican party appeared in the election of 1856, with the dashing John C. Frémont for its presidential candidate, the town swung to the new party, giving it 238 votes, drawing in enough former Democrats to reduce the Buchanan vote to 106.

The town remained true to its new faith in the state elections of the following years, in 1858 giving the youthful Nathaniel P. Banks, the "bobbin boy" of Waltham, 129 votes to 82 for Erasmus D. Beach, the perpetual Democratic candidate. When the crucial election of 1860 arrived, with its division into four parties, it voted for Lincoln, 182 to 107 for all the others. By about the same vote it supported John A. Andrew for governor.

In its representative elections, the town had reached a higher pitch of excitement than over national and state contests. In 1850 no candidate had a majority on election day and a special election two weeks later had the same outcome, when Charles Mattoon, its one lawyer, had 142 votes; Captain Henry Alexander, 81; and Zebulon Allen, son of the distinguished former congressman, 64. Again in 1852, a second election was called at Amos Alexander's tavern and

Dr. Marshall S. Mead had but one more than the required number. In the Lincoln year, it chose as representative, Albert C. Parsons, an original and outright anti-slavery man, who had been with the Liberty party of 1844, a Free Soiler of 1848, and a Republican from the first moment of the new party's existence.

To the governor's council was elected Hugh W. Greene, now for some years a gentleman resident of the town, who with his charming family, including two daughters quite the belles of the town, occupied the imposing house built by the distinguished lawyer of other days, Obadiah Dickinson, Esq. Mr. Greene was an ardent Republican. Thus Northfield had good share, in the person of two loyal supporters of Governor Andrew, in the state government which was to face the new and serious problems of threatening war.

An unwelcome and unfortunate result of the attraction to the cities and large towns was reduction in the number and quality of the young men in the town. In consequence the women had come to be the leaders in social affairs and intellectual superiority was on their side. There were no professional opportunities for young men and only limited business ones. Not for years had any of the sons of even the best families been given a college education. Apparently it was reckoned that to send a boy to college was to send him away for good and all. The last instance had been the sending to Amherst of Caleb Clesson Field, to graduate in 1833 and after medical training to settle in Leominster for practice. It was seemingly taken as a warning.

It was a period of change in about all directions, in none more clearly marked than as to the churches. Long pastorates went out with Priest Mason. His successor, Hosmer, stayed but six years. In turn, the Rev. Oliver Capen Everett, settled over the First Parish, now Unitarian, in 1837, remained until 1848 and left to accept a ministry at large in Charlestown. He had been faithful, revered and valued. He mingled slightly in civic affairs but was a helper in every case of need among his people. Near the end of his stay, he had taken an interest in the family of Edwin Moody, who had died, leaving his wife, Betsey Holton Moody, with a mortgage-burdened farm and numerous children. One of the boys, Dwight, had been taken into the family of Mr. Everett and remained with him up to the time of the minister's change of settlement. This boy had been plentifully christened Dwight Lyman Ryther Moody. The first two of his names had no family significance but the Ryther came from Dr. Gideon

Ryther, long ago the village schoolmaster, later a practicing physician in Bernardston, who had married one of Col. Medad Alexander's sisters, the aunt of Isaiah Moody, the boy's grandfather.

After Mr. Everett came the Rev. William C. Tenney, as to whom the parish developed a varying regard but who was thoroughly in favor with the spirited social set that the town had developed. His stay was as long as the newer fashion of shifting scenes seemed to demand, some ten years, and then the church took a sharp turn in its choice by calling Rev. John Murray, as Scotch as his name, a bit heavy in preaching but four-square, serious, devout, about whom there could be no division, so good a man was he. He was the minister of the old parish when came the days of a troubled public mind, with the nation verging fast towards conflict between the states.

The Orthodox church, for so the second church was familiarly and fairly named in common speech, had shifted ministers more swiftly. Its first pastor, Rev. Eli Moody, of the same valley stock as the Northfield Moodys but not closely related, had stayed but four years. Then came a succession of college men, Rev. Bancroft Fowler, Yale 1796, for five years; Horatio Lombard, Williams '15, four years; Nathaniel Richardson, Amherst '36, two years; Luther Farnham, Dartmouth '37, less than a year; Willard Jones, Dartmouth '35, coming in 1845, and still here in 1860, a deeply revered man.

It was a period of doctrinal variations in the Massachusetts towns and Northfield was an exception in not having divisions which multiplied the spires in even smaller communities. The Methodists had lost their foothold on the Mountain. The Baptists had withdrawn an outpost at the Farms. The two village churches, the one liberal and the other conservative, met religious needs and held within their communions the people of whatever shades between.

As ambitious in its courses of study as in its name the Northfield Institute of Learning was the product of another effort to revive and maintain the Academy. Principal Bruce instructed in ancient languages, mental and moral sciences. His assistants were a cultured group of young women, among them one Northfield girl of a family that was marked for its intelligence, public spirit and piety, the Duttons, descendants of the leading merchants of a generation or two before—Miss Lucie Dutton. Her department was mathematics and French. In the catalog of the third year were Miss Gordon, English branches and music; Miss Hurd, natural sciences and drawing; Miss Taylor, English branches and French.

There were one hundred and thirty-five students in the Institute in 1853, almost equally from Northfield and from other towns, some of them as remote as Boston, Roxbury, Keene, New Hampshire; Taftsville, Vermont; and even western towns, Quincy, Illinois; and Summit, Indiana. In the Northfield group, the old family names appeared numerously. Evidently Mr. Everett's interest in the education of the Moody boy carried beyond his stay, as in 1853 one of the students was Dwight L. Moody, now sixteen years old.

In the catalog the merits of the town as a seat of learning were glowingly set forth. "The town of Northfield is situated on the Connecticut River, about midway between Greenfield and Brattleboro, and is furnished with almost every variety of beautiful scenery to attract the eye and impress the mind. Within a short distance and in almost any direction from the village are eminences, from which may be had enchanting views of the river in its meandering course, the fertile meadows along its banks and the mountains arising in the distance around . . . one of the most quiet, healthy and delightful of the Connecticut valley."

The old Academy building had been refurnished and the grounds developed so that it could be described as "large, commodious, and well adapted to the use to which it is applied. The piazza affords a pleasant prospect and an agreeable promenade," while "adjoining the building are the playground of the students and the Seminary garden, pleasantly laid out with walks and adorned with a fountain, trees, and flowering plants, interspersed with various shrubbery."

To all this was added the practical attraction that board may be had in respectable families at from one dollar and a half to two dollars a week, including fuel, lights and washing, while those desiring it can be accommodated with the Principal and be under his immediate care. There was an Institute fund, intended to make it permanent, with Northfield men as trustees—Charles Osgood, who had been a preceptor of the former Academy; Jonathan Minot, the Bostonian in retirement; Elisha Alexander, "Uncle Elisha" to many of the tribe and an imposing deputy sheriff; and two of the village doctors, Philip Hall and Elijah Stratton. So outfitted, Principal Bruce could say of his Institute in 1853, that it had "received such marks of popular favor in increasing prosperity, as to attest the wisdom of its location and given assurance of future permanency." Vain hope! Five years later the Institute was only a memory.

One social feature which had in other years been cherished by the leading men of the town, the Masonic lodge, returned to life in 1850. Masonry had been under a blight since the outbreak against it in 1830. Harmony Lodge, which had been chartered in 1796, suspended its meetings at that time but held its charter, which bore the signature of Paul Revere, as grand master. The demand that it give up this precious instrument was refused in 1836 by the Worshipful Master, Richard Colton. There had been a mysterious disappearance and it was not known until later years that the charter had been concealed in the hollow trunk of a tree in the master's orchard, after the style set in Hartford's concealment of its colony charter in early history, the only variation being from an oak to an apple tree. No meeting was held from February 17, 1836, until February 20, 1850, when the remaining members were called together by Squire Colton.

The lodge had passed its fiftieth birthday in eclipse. It was on May 5, 1796, that a convention of brethren in the order met in the hall of Brother Houghton's tavern and voted to petition the grand lodge of Massachusetts for a charter. The charter granted, the installation of the officers October 13, of the same year, furnished the first grand occasion, with Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, the temporary grand master, making a spirited charge to the officers and Rev. Samuel C. Allen, then the town's minister, preaching a sermon. The lodge had as its first master, Solomon Vose, Esq., and among its charter members such other outstanding citizens as Samuel Brewer, the merchant; Dr. Samuel Prentice and Foster Alexander, a lawyer of Northfield birth. It had raised and advanced to its highest degree such men as Thomas Power, who became its master and, in the last year of his residence, the district deputy grand master and from 1821 to 1826 the recording grand secretary of the grand lodge; General John Nevers, admitted in 1813; Justin Field, admitted the same Christmas day in 1813 as his brother-in-law, Thomas Power; Franklin Ripley, Esq., who was the master in 1815 to '16; and, along the way, an honored list of the town's best men. It now resumed its place as an important institution of the town and gloried in the unbroken possession of the original instrument bearing the autograph of the patriot of April 19, 1775.

CHAPTER XXXV

CIVIL WAR AND AFTERMATH

Patriot Spirit Shown at Home and on Battlefield

THE SPIRIT OF DEFENCE of the Union which expressed itself politically in the vote for Lincoln in November, 1860, flared into response to the assault upon Fort Sumter in April of '61. The first call for troops was met in Massachusetts by the immediate sending to the front of the regiments which the new and alert governor, John A. Andrew, had put into marching readiness. The first command into which Northfield men, prompt as was their enlistment, could be mustered was the Massachusetts Tenth, made up from the five western counties, called into action in early summer and going to the front July 25th. It saw action at Manassas, Yorktown, Williamsburg, distinguished itself at Savage's Station and Malvern Hill, was in numerous other engagements and was discharged June 25, 1864.

The twentieth and twenty-first Massachusetts, mustered in the early fall, had several Northfield men in their ranks, which meant that they would be in the major battles of Antietam and Gettysburg. In larger number they were in the ranks of Company B of the Twenty-Second, of which Fred R. Field was lieutenant and became captain. Of the 17 men from Northfield in this company, two were killed in battle, Calvin T. Field at Gettysburg and William H. Johnson at Gaines' Mill.

Ten men were enrolled from the town in Company C of the 27th, mustered in October and known as the "Second Western Regiment." They were in many engagements along the coast, then inland, and at Cold Harbor. Other volunteers were on the rolls of various regiments, while the largest number of all made up a large part of Company F of the 52d, of which Marshall S. Stearns was lieutenant. The Fifty-Second encamped at Greenfield in October, 1862, had a rough passage by sea to join General Banks' expedition up the Red River, was in the battle of Port Hudson and was stationed at the Louisiana capitol at Baton Rouge, in charge of contraband negroes, at the time that building was burned. The regiment suffered a loss of over ten per cent of its men, chiefly by malarial sickness.

Fourteen Northfield men were in Company H of the 36th, whose service was in the Mississippi valley, which took a large toll through the marches under the hot sun as far down as Vicksburg, where it shared in the trying campaign that led to that city's significant surrender.

The distinction that a New England town brought out of the Civil War was that of having done its abundant share in supplying to the nation's service the full measure of its youth to become the new impersonation of that distinctly American hero, the citizen-soldier. In the main, and to its greatest glory, the army had been one of volunteers. Its ranks were recruited out of the same patriotic people who had risen at every need to exemplify the spirit of the frontier fighters of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries and of the minute men of the Revolution. They were without military training and with no military ambition beyond doing the duty of privates in the file. It was rare that among them rose any to personal distinction in title. They went in as privates, as non-commissioned officers of local companies or at the highest as company commanders. They came out with the same rating. It was rare and only by circumstances other than their own devotion to duty that they gained promotion. Nor was the honor due them and gratefully paid them any the less because they displayed at the end only the decoration of honorable discharge.

Northfield had furnished one hundred and twenty-one men to the Union service. One had risen to a captaincy. The highest rank of any other was that of lieutenant, so taken at the beginning and so carried at the end. Conditions, little noted at the time, had in the years before the war fore-ordained such absence of personal advancement. Military spirit had been lost in the round of other concerns in life, mainly the every-day business of earning an honest living.

In these years the state had kept up only the formal enrolment of men from eighteen years upwards in a possible militia. The local company, which early in the century had made a military display in training, had long since become an idle show, with officers often chosen half in joke, and had even ceased this empty performance. When the war came, the Massachusetts towns were rare that had a company that could be for a moment regarded as ready for service. Northfield had not even the shadow of such a body. A generation had come that knew no tactics and cherished no ambition for soldiery.

It might well have been suspected that the conditions which had drawn seriously upon the supply of matured youth in the town would lessen the prospect of personal military distinction. Moreover, through the years when the men for an army to be raised in the early 'sixties were coming on, there was a real lack of spurs to ambition of any sort. Some connection might be found between the fact that not a Northfield boy had been sent to college in twenty years before the war and the new fact that none of them rose above a minor rank in the whole war period. Such relation would rest not in the college gate being in the path of generalship, or even of colonelcy, but in the significance that there was an actual narrowing of interest, the logical outcome of an arrested town development, only less true in Northfield than in many a country town but measurably true and discoverably so in this one.

Northfield's sacrifice by death in the Civil War was relatively small. There were indeed names to be held in perpetual honor because of the supreme gift. That the roll was not long was due to the chance that the divisions in which her men served were in fields where the engagements were less costly. The Fifty-Second Massachusetts, in which more than in any other these men were enlisted, saw no sharper encounter than the relatively bloodless siege of Port Hudson, in Mississippi, while its losses by sickness were extremely high.

Civilian services, which gave an outlet to patriotic spirit and in practical help in field and camp, drew sparingly upon the small town. The war nurse, a new figure in military aid, was from the centres where some slight measure of training had been gained. The two organized features, the Sanitary Commission, whose ministrations were as glorious as they were new, and the Christian Commission, with its primary purpose to provide a spiritual help, were likewise the product of the cities where wealth and manhood were ample in extent to meet such demands.

Northfield could only make note that in one of these civilian bodies one of her sons had gone from Chicago into the field in the person of Dwight L. Moody and that he had rendered the active, unresting service in the Christian Commission to be expected of him by those who remembered the sort of youth he was when he left the town in the early 'fifties to make his way in the world. In the town, from the first to the last, there had been constant activity by the women, in the making of garments and the scraping of lint and in fairs to raise money for the aid that depended on private interest and devotion.

During the war a town might be doing its full duty in encouragement of enlistment and in all manner of home activity to cheer and help its sons in the service and at the same time carry along political differences, centering on war issues. Massachusetts had full share of opponents to the war at the outset. Advocates of peace, even with consent to secession, were outspoken in 1861. Wendell Phillips, leader among abolitionists, made an astonishing speech, favoring non-resistance to the South. At a great peace convention in Faneuil Hall, the principal speech in opposition to war was made by a man in whom Northfield took an almost paternal interest, Benjamin R. Curtis, and delegates were chosen to a national peace conference. The firing on Fort Sumter subdued but did not silence the protestors and through the years of strife President Lincoln was under constant criticism. The election of 1864 was dreaded for what it might show and Lincoln was known to be almost in despair. In it he faced as his opponent the Commander of the Army of the Potomac, whom after infinite patience with his inactivity he had been compelled to replace. General McClellan ran on a platform declaring the war a failure.

Patriotic feeling was too strong in a real New England town to permit outspoken disloyalty. No opprobrium could fall upon one of its citizens greater than to be labelled a Copperhead—bitter term borrowed from the South where it belonged to the most venomous snake. When the crucial mid-war election came, the peace-at-any-price man could express himself in a vote for McClellan, and it proved that Northfield had one hundred and seventeen such. The Lincoln vote was two hundred and one. The proportions were identical with those of 1860. They may have signified no more than that the old-line Democrats were too fixed in their voting habits to make new departures. The town had elected one representative during the war and its choice of Deacon Dutton showed that it stood fast by its support of Governor Andrew and the President. In 1864 it had the rare distinction of naming the state senator and sent Albert C. Parsons, who thus had a share in the state government in the first and last years of John A. Andrew's governorship. There was no question about his politics.

The war had not only laid heavy burdens of taxation but had weakened national credit, and paper money had so far depreciated that gold was at a premium of nearly three to one. Internal revenue had been so expanded that almost nothing escaped federal taxation. The family carriage, the horse, the watch in the pocket, paid tribute in a searching schedule. But out of the nation's needs had come the national bank system and an end to uncertainty of the worth or worthlessness of currency. Coin had disappeared and in its place had come the fractional currency, bits of paper down to ten and even five cents, dirt-accumulating "shin-plasters."

Prices of the commodities to be bought at the village store had gone distressingly high and somehow wages and the prices of farm products had not kept pace. There could be no idling on the farm or in the household. A new industry in which women could add to family earnings had arrived, the making of straw bonnets and hats. Northfield produced thirty thousand of them in the year of 1865. The palm leaf was delivered and the hats gathered by teams from hat-making towns such as Petersham and Amherst. Meanwhile, broom-making had developed as a home industry for men and the town produced one hundred and sixty thousand brooms the same year. With an average price of eleven or twelve cents per broom, the "tyer" was not in peril of great wealth. The forests on the hills were being made to yield a revenue, with a thriving pail factory on the Warwick road producing thirty thousand pails and tubs in a year and ten saw-mills turning out four hundred and sixty thousand feet of finished lumber.

Industrious use of the land shared in the compulsion and Northfield acres were never so diligently tilled. Tobacco had come to be a main reliance and two hundred and thirty-seven acres were now devoted to it. There were five hundred and eighty-three acres of corn, two hundred and eighty-two of oats, one hundred and eighty-eight of rye and smaller numbers in broom corn and hops. Stall-feeding of cattle for market had grown to the point where 197,745 pounds of dressed beef were sold.

Somewhat of the burden of farm labor was being relieved by machinery, the mowing machine having arrived just before war time. That lofty building of varied fortunes, the "Bee Hive," had fallen from its educational dignity to be the place of manufacture of the horse-hoe. The maker of this implement was an addition to the town's characters in the person of Amos W. Ross, who carried along with a weight of three hundred pounds the varied distinction of being a dancing master, who could play the violin and simultaneously demonstrate the polka, schottische or waltz, a shrewd trader and an outright infidel in religion, as well as ardent demonstrator of the Ross-hoss-hoe.

Certain years in the traditions of the town were marked as those in which the Great River executed an unusual performance. Each such would be remembered as the flood year until another with like demonstration came to replace it. There was the flood of 1863 to be talked about until it was dethroned by a supreme event in 1869, making it thenceforth "the year of the flood."

Occasionally there was a local showing of nature's power to be remembered. The tornado of 1821 was firmly fixed in history. Sunday, September ninth in that year, was one of the belated hot days that rival midsummer. Suddenly, in the afternoon, which had been free from storm, a dark spiral cloud gathered on the mountain east of the town and moved to its crest and over to the Warwick hills beyond. As it moved, it carried all before it, uprooting the forest and destroying all the houses in its narrow path. Such of their households as sought safety in the cellar might escape but in one of them two lives were lost. Houses and barns were lifted from their foundations. A horse was picked up and carried a distance and one swine was seized in his pen and carried into the woods. The track extended for several miles across the fortunately thinly settled portion of Northfield and Warwick, leaving complete desolation behind and for years after the scar of its course was clearly marked.

On the afternoon of June 7, 1867, somewhere up in the hills near Old Crag, thunder clouds which had been rolling in blackness came to an aerial combat and burst into a downpour that in an instant turned Millers Brook into a torrent. With a roar, the stream rushed down its narrow valley, swept every bridge away and carried the ruins of the saw-mills on its flood. At the little schoolhouse, Number 9, on the easterly side of the village, the first warning of the unusual was the crash of a balsam tree, broken off at its base, followed almost instantly by the flood which surrounded the building, rose to the level of its floor and made escape impossible. The school's teacher, who that day left her name, Minnie Bliss, imprinted for life on the minds of the children, gathered them about her and told them that what had come so suddenly must as quickly go away. When the flood passed, the bridge over which many of them came was gone but a butternut tree had fallen across the brook's bed and over it the father of three of them, Asa Holton, who had been in the village and hurried to the scene, carried the children one by one to the other bank. The deepest trace of the disaster was left on the town's books in the expenditure to replace bridges and rebuild mountain roads.

Every spring, the Connecticut was swollen to a flood by the melting snows of the Vermont and New Hampshire hills. The meadows along its banks were flooded without harm. Northfield dwelt in the comfort that it was elevated beyond any peril to its homes. For the rest of the year, the Great River behaved faultlessly. In October of 1869, it transgressed. Great rains suddenly carried it to an unprecedented height. The meadows now were in harvest. The corn was in the stook and rowen in the tumble. Down came the flood. Great Meadow was a vast lake. Ferryman Stebbins' house on the high westerly bank was surrounded. The flood was strewn with the wrecks of bridges and barns swept down from the smaller streams. Countless pumpkins bobbed on its surface. On the floating roof of a barn rode a bewildered rooster. The water rose to within a man's reach at the railroad-toll bridge. It was the highest flood of record and its damage was made serious because of its destruction of the meadow crops. When it subsided the land was strewn with wreckage and there was a campaign of the owners to identify on the land of others the corn that had been swept from theirs. The fall flood of '69 seemed to have made its place as secure in Connecticut valley tradition as Noah's in Biblical record.

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In no one feature were Massachusetts towns showing firmer devotion to old notions than in their schools. A quarter-century after Horace Mann had assailed the district system, that institution was still firmly entrenched and a town which made claim to being progressive was content to leave its neighborhoods to provide as they would and manage as they chose their own little schools, as good or as bad as they might chance to be and none of them as good as they should be. For anything beyond the common school's limited instruction, parents could provide at their own cost. This they did variously and intermittently.

A subscription school was now maintained by hiring two or at most three rooms in the Bee Hive and employing a single teacher to instruct in the higher branches, necessarily a cultured person to be versed in all of them. Here, at last, was one of the products of a state normal school, Miss Mary E. Huse, brought from Framingham and having in her hands some thirty pupils, more girls than boys, ranging from fourteen to seventeen or eighteen years in age. One day the charming teacher discovered to her embarrassment that all her pupils had decorated themselves in purple—purple hair ribbons, spreading purple bows, purple neckties on the boys. It was their gentle way of recognizing her engagement to marry a substantial farmer, owning broad acres just over the line of the town of Gill, by the colorful name of J. Smead Purple.

The deficiencies in the district school for even younger children led to the support of now and then a little group in a private house, as when for a period the widow of Robert Cook carried out certain personal notions of child-training—never having had a child of her own—in the roomy house she had inherited from her husband. She had the distinction of having taught school "down South" and in war days was suspected of Southern sympathies, confirmed by the name she gave her sole companion, a large and impressive cat, her "Beauregard." Dame Cook lived her late days a lonesome and somewhat terrifying survivor of old times and devoted to old styles, including the rather over-indulged habit of snuff-taking.

When a new schoolhouse at the centre was built in 1800, with two stories, it was expected that it would provide for higher education. The town had then only recently considered building an Academy or high school and its narrow defeat in town-meeting might be expected to be only postponement of the project. Fifteen years having failed to bring a realization of the dream, the voters of District Number One voted to sell the upper story and a committee, of which that exponent of public spirit, Thomas Power, was a member, conveyed it to Hezekiah Mattoon, who after some years sold it in undivided fourth parts to such town leaders as Calvin Stearns, the builder, Oliver Smith Mattoon and Charles Mattoon, the lawyer, retaining an eighth share each for himself and his brother, known always as John L.—without the necessity of adding the Mattoon of his name. These upper-story owners, in 1856, conveyed their elevated property to a much more numerous group of leading citizens.

Throughout this forty or more years, the schoolhouse second story was a public hall, used for all manner of purposes under the name of Union Hall. Here the succession of young women teachers in the earlier part of the period had conducted their high-class school for girls. Here social affairs and public meetings found their place, until the town hall replaced it. Finally, in April, 1865, its owners sold this negotiable second story to a committee of the Masonic Lodge, and Harmony Lodge established itself there, to remain in as complete possession as was the school district underneath.

The years in which the men who had gone into the Union army were settling back into the home life and the town's people were kept close to the tasks of making the farms yield enough to pay the war taxes and a living were years of swift national expansion. It could only be watched with a detached interest and a degree of national pride in New England. The great region beyond the Mississippi valley, vast organized territories not yet lifted to statehood, was attracting the venturesome by discoveries of gold and silver and repelling the cautious by the outbreaks of Indian violence. The first transcontinental railroad was making its way through the Rocky mountains. Emigration was active from the Middle West. New England capital and wealth seekers were moving into California. All of which was observed but rarely shared in from comfortable settled-down towns like Northfield.

Political issues which were deeply disturbing at Washington concerned chiefly the states of the South. Massachusetts was represented at the capital by Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson in the senate and most conspicuously in the other branch of congress by General Butler. The assaults of the former on President Johnson's conciliatory reconstruction policy were ardently supported by the men who had been in the Union party in the support of Lincoln, and Butler's passionate "waving of the bloody shirt" was accepted as justifiable. In the election of 1868, there was little change from the party lines of war time and the Seymour vote was cast only by the unyielding Democrats, of whom Northfield had its disproportionate number. A mild interest had been taken in the fact that Benjamin R. Curtis had been chief of the counsel for President Johnson in his impeachment trial, confined to those who remembered Mr. Curtis in his earliest days of practice, thirty years in the past.

In recent years both of the churches had changed pastors. To the Unitarian First Parish had come Rev. Charles Noyes, a Harvard man, the son of the doctor of divinity who had made a modern translation of the Bible. The Trinitarian church had lost two ministers in succession, Rev. Willard Jones, who died in 1861, and Rev. Isaac Perry, May 2, 1865. To it had come Rev. Theodore J. Clark, a native of Northampton, William College '36, Andover Theological Seminary, 1841. He was acting pastor from 1865 to 1870 and was installed August 17, 1870. Two ministers of the gospel could hardly offer greater contrast. Mr. Noyes was of modern type, debonair, of fine pulpit appearance, singularly deep voice and popular. Mr. Clark was of the true, devout, modest sort. Both were held in warm regard by their people and the significant outcome of their contrasting service was that there was the height of good feeling between the people of the two churches. Religious differences of opinion, wide as they were, carried no further than the church doors.

Christmas night of 1871, the First Parish (Unitarian) church was discovered to be on fire. It had been used for celebration in the evening and the fire resulted from a defective furnace flue. The town was always helpless in face of fire and the usual total destruction followed. In it the Paul Revere bell, which had pealed from the old meeting-house, standing out in the street, up to 1832, and from the one which replaced it through the gift of William Pomeroy, fell and was melted to a shapeless mass. Rev. Charles Noyes now found a field for ardent work in securing the money for a new church building and in it he scored the crowning success of his pastorate.

CHAPTER XXXVI

TWO CENTURIES OLD, OF ONE BLOOD

House by House, a Common Origin and Individual Character

Now—the year is 1869—it was two centuries since Daniel Gookin, gentleman, and his three companions had discovered the region which was now Northfield. He was without expressed honor in the town which came to be settled because of his favorable report upon its location for a plantation. Had he been blessed with a more pleasing name, the town might have been christened in his memory. It was indeed a name that had all but disappeared, and with it the distinction that was due this leading citizen in the Bay Colony, the major-general of its troops, the companion of John Eliot in Christian labors with the Indians, the constant "assistant" to the governor. The occasional lineal descendant could claim that what was of worth in his blood had been preserved in the Quincy and Adams families—and that they owed their merit to Gookin ancestry. His daughter had married the first Edmund Quincy and was the ancestress of all the Quincys in America, as well as of the Adams line after John, the second president.

Of the other explorers in the quartette, Captain Prentice had been represented in the land of their discovery by Dr. Samuel Prentice, descendant in the sixth generation, who had been in practice here in the early part of the present century. He had built on a knoll rising from the street a part of a house, to which he had planned to add an imposing front. It stood now much as he left it, the home of the town's one dentist, Charles Shepardson. Dr. Prentice had moved to Vermont and his son, who had married the Northfield tavern-keeper's daughter, Lucretia Houghton, had been for twelve years in the United States Senate and later a federal judge. Another son had been a founder of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, its mayor and throughout a long life a leading citizen. Captain Henchman's descendants had remained in Boston and one of them in Revolutionary days had given the Hancocks their start in business. Leftenant Beers, six years after his sharing in the discovery, had come back to the settlement as captain of a relief party, to die and rest in a grave on the hill-top from which he first saw the valley. In Watertown, the Beers' home, his sister had married Isaac Stearns, ancestor of the Stearns family, represented here by the house-building brothers.

Interest in the town's beginnings or in its history had never been ardent or general. Present-day affairs had kept everybody occupied. Occasionally a citizen would show concern in old days and old things but he was regarded as odd, if not a bore. An exception, whose lively telling of old-time tales made him a welcome visitor to the town of his birth, was Deacon Phinehas Field, whose brother, Moses, and no end of other relatives were here. The deacon was one of a knot of men and women who had started an antiquarian society in Deerfield. Presently Northfield was invaded by two antiquaries who began a campaign of search and inquiry into old records and family Bibles, which had hitherto been paid the respect of privacy. One was a minister from Framingham, who had gone antiquarian and was making a profession of it, the Rev. Josiah Howard Temple. The other was a substantial, shrewd and intelligent scion of an old Deerfield family, George Sheldon.

There was no attic safe from the antiquarians' invasion and no tradition proof against their acid test. The first outcome of their attack was a celebration of the bi-centennial of the town's first settlement and the second was a "History of Northfield with Genealogies." If it had not been for the celebration there would not have been the "History." Of all social affairs none was in greater favor than a picnic —and the celebration was an all-day picnic. It was held in Belding's grove, on the West side near the Vermont line. Belding's grove was the high resort for all manner of reputable festivities. Moreover, there was a band, a full-blown brass band, from Hinsdale, and it was not often Northfield echoes were stirred by such music, albeit this was an era when brass bands were in high favor.

The celebration of the two-hundredth birthday was a dignified and serious affair. It was held September 12, 1872, the significance of the year being that the town had its first settlement in 1672. The morning was devoted to the dedication of a monument at the side of the road leading to Pauchaug meadow, marking the spot where

Nathaniel Dickinson and Asahel Burt were killed and scalped by the Indians, April 15, 1746. The monument now built bore only Dickinson's name. Burt was just as much killed as was Dickinson but he had the misfortune not to have descendants in the town or still interested in it. The Burts had in their day been one of Northfield's most substantial families but they had scattered themselves over New Hampshire and Vermont. Even though there were judges and other dignitaries among them they seemed to have forgotten their slain and scalped ancestor, as the blankness of the monument as to him eloquently indicated. The Dickinsons were in evidence of the day, even to having one of them, the venerable Mrs. Polly Holton, ninety-two years old, singled out for honor as the granddaughter of Nathaniel, slain one hundred and forty-two years agone.

The monument duly dedicated, the line of carriages made its way down the main street and through the mid-day darkness of the toll bridge, bringing up at Belding's grove. Here there was such an output of speeches as the town had never before experienced. Mr. Sheldon, the president, was sprightly and entertaining, as was even more so the story-telling Deacon, Phinehas Field. Mr. Temple was ponderous in his deliverance of over twelve thousand words of history. For full measure Deacon Brown, Artemas Washburn and Joseph Stebbins of Vernon, once a part of Northfield, made real contributions of folk lore and an unending list of other visitors were permitted to speak as a reward for having travelled distances to be here.

Incidentally there had been pointed out the rock in the town street where Aaron Belding was killed, the last victim of savagery, and the people were shown a crude inscription cut upon its face by that old Revolutionary survivor and beneficiary of the town's kindly charity, Thomas Elgar, long since dead. According to Mr. Sheldon, the people of the town had, to an extent, not known there was such an inscription nor indeed that the rock had such history—evidence that antiquarian matters had been outside the pale of local interest. Not so, from now on. The people were convinced there must be much to be said if all that Temple had told today was only a sample. It was certain at the day's end that there would be a History of Northfield with Genealogies.

At the end of its second century the town was nearly as pure English as in its first settlement. The decided majority of its people were descendants of original settlers, in one of the three attempts to establish a town. There was a considerable aristocracy based on descent from the brave little group of 1672 to 1675—but they asserted no distinction in a population so closely inter-related as to make the town exceptionally homogeneous even among towns of its kind. No race distinct from their own had invaded the town until within the past quarter-century.

In the very middle of the present century Massachusetts had received a great number of Irishmen. They had come, generally bringing their families with them, under the impulse of the great famine in their native land. Northfield received its group of them at the time of the building of the railroad and the bridge across the Connecticut. They had settled here, bringing a valuable accession to the town in farm labor and household service and had readily adjusted themselves to the town. They had built their modest and invariably neat and attractive homes or had acquired existing ones, such as the little group on the Warwick road that had once housed the workers in the distillery, the industry that had gone out about the time they came in.

There was now a racial and religious line of distinction in the town. It was not deliberately drawn but existed through a fine understanding by the people on each side of it—the Yankee and the Irish. There was no social denial and no social assertion. There was mutual respect and mutual good feeling, a ready acceptance of the situation. The newcomers were industrious, thrifty, orderly, conforming to the standards of the community and bringing their own equally strict code of conduct. That in the twenty-five years there had been no intermarriage was a tribute no more to one than the other. It required no compulsion to bring the Irish children to school; they were there at tenderer age than the Yankee children and they were easily matching the brightest of the scions of the old stock; in class and on the playground there was no trace of distinction. The town had gained a valuable addition to its life, recognized it and saw nothing in it to talk about.

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Whenever money was to be raised for a town or church project, whenever there was calculation as to how the vote would go in the next election, or whenever there was an exercise of the less purposeful practice of estimating the financial standing of each household, the uniform method was to "begin at the south end of the street" and proceed seriatim, up one side and down the other. Applied to the problem of what proportion of the Northfield at the end of two centuries had settlement ancestry, it would have established the persistency of the now somewhat ancient stock.

In the house at the corner of the street and the road to the ferry, the house built by Daniel Callender early in the century, with its deep front yard adorned with towering smoke bushes, was Joseph B. Callender, clerk of the First Parish, leader in the choir and favorite speaker on important occasions. The Callenders were relatively recent to Northfield, going back only three generations, but Mrs. Callender was a Field, of a pioneer family in the third settlement, descended from a Dorchester settler of 1630, also by ancestry a Mattoon and a Petty—equally pioneer. There had been a Petty ancestor in the second settlement, another killed in an Indian scouting party, another taken captive from Deerfield to Canada and, what was of less tragic but not less picturesque interest, a grandmother christened Piana. It was a household of culture and refinement.

Back from the street in an odd and rather ornate house sometime built by Wright Stratton was the Elmer family, the head of which was the successful manufacturer of Elmer's Painkilling Balm, of which it was proclaimed on black and yellow signs along every roadway that it "cures like a charm." It was the red-hottest concoction ever named a balm, betraying capsicum in control of its patented formula. The threat of its administration was credited with accounting for the prevalent health of childhood in the town. Elmer was an Indian-war name, an ancestor having been the builder of one of the fortified houses in the exposed neighborhood over the present state line in Hinsdale.

In a cottage on the street lived "Uncle" Mark Woodard, son of a soldier under Burgoyne, himself a veteran of the war of 1812, his wife the daughter of another of the shattered British army who had floated into Northfield after the battle of Saratoga. It was modern to have only a Revolutionary ancestry.

On the Janes lot was the big-roomed house built by one of the family about 1750, now occupied, as it always had been, by descendants of the man who preached the first sermon to the settlers of 1672, under the old oak still standing a little way down the street. The venerable gentleman with snowy hair and patriarchal beard, sitting outside the quaint old doorway, is Ebenezer, son of the Xenophon Janes who in his day was a leading citizen and the town's first official organist, and the next generation is represented in Charles Xenophon, a Civil War veteran. In their veins flows the blood of Alexanders and Bascombs, further mark of the first settlement.

Dr. Samuel Mattoon remodelled the next house in 1760, the oldest now standing on the street, a perfect example of the early eighteenth century architecture with its broad two-story front lined on the street and the roof sloping to a single-story at the rear. Here lives a namesake grandson, whose wife is the daughter of Jacob Moody, one of the brothers who came up from Hadley late in the previous century. The Mattoons carried, aside from their own direct ancient ancestry, descent from Wrights and Partridges, notably pioneer, and even from that family of prime distinction, the Cottons of the Bay Colony.

Another Mattoon lives in the house with pillared porch built by Isaac, son of Dr. Samuel, the present one being Oliver S., who adds to his other colonial ancestors the Smiths of the first settlement, whence his middle name. "Uncle Oliver" is one of the town's wealthier citizens, with a thrift that made certain no diminution of his fortune. An air almost of tragedy hung over the house and perhaps accounted in a measure for the reserve that seemed always to cloak Uncle Oliver's contact with the townspeople. He had married at twenty-two a cultivated girl, the daughter of a Brattleboro physician, Charlotte Arms, and there had been seven children. All had died either in infancy, childhood or early maturity, only a daughter, Helen, a girl of fifteen, being left when the mother died, and she had followed three years later. By a second marriage, there was brought into his household a beautiful girl and just now this step-daughter was sharing with him the grief of her mother becoming violently insane, her removal to an asylum and her death there. Not from Uncle Oliver's lips would anyone ever know of his sorrows—in which he displayed not so much a characteristic of his own as that of the people among whom he lived, an unbreakable silence as to their personal afflictions.

On the site of the first stockade, where the beleagured little hamlet of 1675 heard the hopeless gunfire of the Beers battle, at this time lives Dr. Elijah Stratton, deep-voiced practitioner of medicine and surgery. In him converge the lines from Hezekiah, the resolute townsman who in Indian war days had successfully resisted the plan to abandon the wide street and had fought with Kellogg, and from the Holtons and Smiths of the first plantation. It is his daughter, Mary, who is pursuing the sober task of copying all the epitaphs in the old cemetery for the town history now being written by that searching pair of antiquaries, Temple and Sheldon.

The dignified cottage, next in line, built by George Stearns, had been for a time occupied by Joseph S. Beach and his Southern wife, whom he later left a widow with eight children. It had been considered an act of courage on the part of another resident of the neighborhood, Albert C. Parsons, himself a widower with two children, when he married the widow Beach with her flock but he won a wife of rare charm, and two more children had been added to reach the traditional New England of a dozen. The cottage was now occupied by Edwin M. Alexander, straight in ancestral line from the first settlers, a grandson of the town's outstanding citizen of his time, Colonel Medad, and signifying in his name, Edwin Moody, the cousinship to the numerous family of Betsey Holton Moody, the widow of his namesake. Just now he was postmaster of the General Court at Boston.

Where Judge Mattoon had until recently lived, now dwells Albert Richard Lyman, the town's one marketman, grandson of Colonel James Lyman and of a line that runs back to the valley's first days with Janes and Wright ancestry as well. His wife, a talented musician, was a Brooks from Brattleboro and a probable descendant of the pioneers of Northfield by that name.

Next along the street was another of the Stearns' houses, this one the home of Albert D. Stearns, one of the building family, in straight line from the Isaac Stearns of Watertown, whose wife was the sister of Northfield's earliest hero, Captain Richard Beers. This Stearns had twice married into the Priest family, not ancient in Northfield but amply so in the Bay Colony.

Any survey of the street a year earlier would have halted at the next step for admiration of the most extensive and floral of Northfield gardens. It was then the home of James Mattoon, with the familiar

Mattoon ancestry and his wife, a Field, the daughter of Elisha, the sea captain. The couple had somehow come to be identified in town nomenclature as Uncle Jim and Aunt Jim, not because there was any shortage of individuality in the latter. She was indeed the masterful personality of the household, with Uncle Jim giving an impression of unwelcome but complete subjugation. Combined with her strenuous traits was an artistic one that ran to writing verses that found place in the poets' corner of the county paper and to the cultivation of flowers—wonderful flowers, protected from invasion by her own resistance to visitors, reinforced by a strong and high picket fence, albeit she was at moments most generous in gifts from her garden, as the chancel of the church often proved. The house had just passed into the hands of Charles H. Green, a new citizen.

In William Pomeroy's house, of a half-century's history, was now Jonathan Minot, retired Bostonian, and under its roof the alliance with the town's ancestral distinction was through the marriage of his son, Rufus, the style-leader of prewar days who had quite failed to keep the pace of fashion, to Marie Antoinette, Captain Henry Alexander's daughter. The middle name had been favored and as Antoinette she was known as a woman of culture and grace, the teacher through the years of numerous boys in the First Parish Sunday School.

Passing the old store, once Pomeroy's, where Thomas Power long ago had his second-story office, the centre of the town's trade under the later ownership of Murdock, then Hastings and now Webster, the imposing house on the old Munsell lot is at this time the home of Phineas Wright, another of the three Bostonians to retire to Northfield. The line of ancient heritage breaks here as in spite of the local flavor of the name, this Wright seems not to fit into Northfield origin. A son had married Cynthia Brown, of a family not old in Northfield but distinguished by the close relationship to the now famous sculptor, Henry Kirke Brown, her uncle.

In the house beyond, there dwells the widow Lydia Everett, who had married late in his life Oliver Everett, the father of the minister of the old church, and herself the grand-daughter of Rev. Benjamin Doolittle, Northfield's outstanding minister in the eighteenth century.

The new First Parish church, in process of building, is on the corner of the road to both the depot and the cemetery, the road which was irreverently spoken of as the way out of Northfield by one route or another. On the other corner is one of the old houses, made modern, now the home of Lewis Taylor Webster, the merchant and, so long as Republicans are in power, the postmaster. He is scion of the Connecticut Websters, one of whom was that State's colonial governor, and of the family that for three generations had been foremost in Northfield affairs. Close neighbor is the Lord family, into which Lewis Webster had married, the father being Franklin Lord, of old Ipswich stock back to 1636, allied to Northfield by his marriage into the historic Stratton family.

A store that had some time been that of George A. Arms, now a Greenfield merchant, and of Windsor Fay, whose trade had shrunken to a much smaller shop just up the street, is now the headquarters of Samuel Y. Walker, merchant and tobacco dealer. For the first time the survey reaches a complete break in local connection, this vigorous trader having no town ties. As a buyer of the principal product of the Northfield meadows, he is regarded as more shrewd than generous and suffers under an accumulation of resentment by tobacco growers who have found that he had captured their crop at too low a price. "In New York," he has said, "I am S. Y. Walker, the gentlemanly tobacco buyer; in Northfield I am Sam Walker, the d——d thief and liar." Which will stand as an example of his gift in exaggeration of an actual fact.

An imposing, pillar-fronted house, dating well back in the century, is at this time the home of Albert S. Stratton, the town's wealthiest man. Not so long ago he had been the miller on the Warwick road but when he fell heir to the fortune of a bachelor uncle, a widely known dental surgeon of Brattleboro, he brushed the meal-dust from his coat and came into the street as the town's biggest capitalist. His was the distinctive Northfield Stratton ancestry.

The house in which Timothy Swan had lived and written the standard psalm tunes, "China" and "Poland" and many others, long since lost the seclusion from the street afforded by a small forest of Lombardy poplars and is now the home of the merchant, Fay, with his little store on the street line and no discoverable Northfield relationship.

General Nevers' stately house on the corner of the Meadow road is now the home of Colonel Charles Pomeroy, his title won by service on the staff of a governor who was looking for a handsome farmer for this military distinction and made no error in his choice of the imposing tall and broad scion of a distinguished Connecticut valley family. He has been the county's high sheriff and is now as near a judge as the town has, its one trial justice, before whom small civil disputes and criminal acts come to judgment and by whom occasional marriages are performed, never without the protest of his more reverent wife who holds that marriage should always be solemnized by prayer; justices do not pray when they marry. Colonel Pomeroy is the grandson of Dr. Medad, great-grandson of General Seth of Revolutionary fame, of whom Washington spoke highly, and farther back descendant of the clerk of the first proprietors of Northfield and, as well, of the Hunts and the Alexanders of Northfield's past.

More Mattoons—John L., in the house on the site of Micah Mudge's second-settlement home, a bachelor farmer with perhaps the largest holdings in Great Meadow. He now has the companionship of a widowed sister, recently returned from York state, after the death of her minister husband, whose son, Chester A. Arthur, is a prominent politician. Mrs. Arthur, whose first marriage was to a Mudge, leads a life of seclusion but it is said that her step-son, General Arthur, gives her considerate attention, although it is not known that he has visited her here. Next, in a brick house which is a perfect survival of the Revolutionary period, lives another brother, Hezekiah, and his son Dwight, whose pride is in his skill in "blowing" the First Parish church organ. He matches his talent against Miss Maria Field's playing, claiming that he "can blow any tune that Miss Maria can play."

Nothing finer for a house ever stood on the street than the Dutton house, now the home of the Silas Field family, and no family has contributed more to the town's life. The one-story wings, originally flanking the house at the front, have long since been removed, with no detriment to the stately example of the hip-roof period of local architecture. The place at this time stands in the name of Franklin Field, son of Silas and brother of three maiden women whose home it is, Elizabeth, Augusta and Maria, artist, poetess and musician respectively. The owner has business interests in New York. The oldest of the family, Benjamin F. Field, is at the head of a shipping firm in Boston, chiefly engaged in East Indian trade, having with him the youngest, Joseph Warren Field. It was Justin Field, a brother of Silas, who married a sister of Thomas Power, Northfield's gratefully remembered benefactor. The family was as much Bostonian as Northfieldian, but not more so. Its members identified themselves closely with the town. Miss Maria gives time and talent generously to training the native musical talent and to the home come the younger members, her brother's sons and daughter, all of them talented and all of them ready to share in the musical ventures of their aunt. There were Benjamin, Jr., familiarly "Benjy," William de Yongh and Fannie, basso, baritone and soprano, all of them beloved in Northfield and regarded as of it. The Silas Field family, as this branch is locally designated, is in straight descent from Captain Zechariah, one of the founders in the third settlement, and his wife, Sarah Mattoon, Deerfield captive of 1704, and by another line from Dr. Samuel Mattoon, and thus from the Partridges and Cottons, quintessence of Puritan ancestry both local and colonial.

The next house, another fine example of the four-square architecture of the first years of the century, built by Obadiah Dickinson, the lawyer, had been occupied rather recently by Hugh W. Greene, Governor Andrew's councillor, and for a short time by Lewis J. Powers, now a prominent citizen of Springfield and paper manufacturer. It is now the home of John Mattoon, who, because of having been on the Pacific coast in other years and because of stature, was distinguished from the others of identical name as "California John" or "Little John,"—a substantial citizen, a pillar of the Unitarian church and of a social rank indicated by his ownership of "a span" for pleasure driving.

An old house, standing at the corner of the road built to reach the toll bridge, with the top story converted into a photographic studio, had become the home and workshop of Joseph Brigham. Not to have been at least tin-typed by Brigham was to be a rare exception in the town. Next beyond is the three-story house built by the distinguished lawyer, John Barrett, now the Brigham castle, through its possession by the elder Joseph Brigham. The Brighams seem to have escaped Northfield ancestry.

On the slope towards the brook, where the Clary fort once stood and where the family was slaughtered in second-settlement days, in the house built by Lawyer Barrett for Daniel Callender's early residence, lives Henry W. Webster, one of the three brothers now here, descended from the Connecticut governor, and with a local ancestral background of Nortons, Merrimans and Chamberlains.

Just off the street, on the road along the brook, is the spacious house reputed to have been built by James White, clothier and senator, at all events the present home of James White Cowles, son of Porter Cowles of the old valley family who allied himself with Northfield by marrying the senator's daughter, Caroline, now a sprightly old lady with abundant white curls, whose equally animated maiden sister, Phidelia, had recently died. The fulling mill, which had been White's, farther down the brook, has gone and the quiet, wooded bank is now "the Glen," the picturesque retreat for the romantic and an occasional picnic spot.

Mill Brook had throughout the two centuries served as a sort of ward boundary, dividing the village, although never more definitely than into school districts. "Beyond the brook" was designation as to residence but it had long since lost any social meaning. Historically it was a slightly more modern region, but only historically so.

Here the survey of the street usually turned. On the slope of the little valley, on the easterly side of the street is the original Webster house, now the home of the third of the brothers, Charles, a bachelor, and his maiden sister, Lucy.

At the next house, in the household of Moses Field, the investigator if he had come a little earlier would encounter a typical tangle of ancestry with its lines running back to the town's earliest settlement and beyond that to the Dorchester settlement of 1630 by the way of Connecticut. The mother of the Field family was an Alexander, the grandmother a Lyman, and through lines of Root, Arms and Gilbert there was inter-relation with no end of the valley's first families. But the house has become the home of Peter McHugh, the one Irishman to have taken residence on the old street.

In an ancient house standing on the street line is now a Barber family, relatively new to Northfield but age-old in Warwick. Somehow, to occupancy of the next house had crept in the one actual foreigner on the entire street, a Peter Boucher, sole permanent representative of the French Canadians who were otherwise transient woodchoppers. Then in a little pillared house, moved up from the Parsons' place, dwelt a pair of rustly old brothers, Moody and Luke, of old enough line, but the beginning and end of the name, Darling, in this town.

This is the region of the old fortified house, the Dickinson fort, the last sign of which had disappeared in the building of modern but not now new houses. In one of them there is living Walter Field, son of Walter and Piana, and so of the truest settlement lineage. Inter-relationship with the old families had been observed by Uncle Walter in both his marriages, the first to a Holton and the second to a Lyman, his two children being by the first, the son a lieutenant in the late war.

Puritanic ancestry and devotion to the high standards of the fathers marked the next household, that of Samuel Williams Dutton. Deacon Dutton, as everybody knew him, was third in the succession of substantial men of affairs, the merchants who were his father and grandfather and the country squire, town clerk and treasurer that he is. If there were anything lacking in far-reaching ancestry—as there is not—it would have been fully compensated for in the marriage of one niece into the ancient Woodruff family of Connecticut and of another quite recently to Elisha Alexander, an outstanding representative of the original Northfield family.

Quite fittingly, the Orthodox church, of which he is pillar, is Deacon Dutton's nearest neighbor. It is buttressed on the other side by the residence of its minister, Rev. Theodore J. Clark, in whom his flock are happy, as well they might be in a Christian leader of the purest merit. He is of the distinctive valley family of Clarks.

In the four-square house at the corner of the old Warwick road, built by Dr. Blake, is a Phelps from Hebron, the Connecticut town which is more Phelps than all else combined, and probably, because Mudges and Phelpses intermarried there, a descendant of Micah, the Northfield pioneer, whose second-settlement house stood, in its time, directly opposite.

In the fork of the roads now stands the two-story building which was owned on the ground by the school district and in the air by Harmony Lodge of Masons. Then the Bee-Hive, home of the "hoss-hoe" and the "select school," rather dismal reminder of the gay days of Hunt's tavern and the temporarily flourishing Academy. In the house different from any other is Dr. Philip Hall, also different in that he has long since ceased to have a patient or to seek one.

To the Rev. Thomas Mason's house had recently come David West Allen, his wife, Priest Mason's daughter, and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Mason, a quality household with Bay Colony ancestors in abundance, the Allen line converging a few generations back with the ancestry of the Samuel C. Allens, father and son.

Charles Osgood, quite the leading Democrat of the town, learned and on occasion oratorical, in the next house, came to Northfield as preceptor of the Academy, is of the distinguished Bay family of the name, and the household linked to Northfield through his wife being a Parsons, descendant of the Priors and of the old Enfield, Connecticut, Collinses. Mr. Osgood was postmaster in days before the war, long the town clerk and a member of the constitutional convention of 1853.

Houghton's tavern of earlier days, when it was social and political headquarters for the town, had now long been carried on by one of the Mattoons and has but just passed to a newcomer, typical country-inn host, James Pickard, whose ancestry would be found in Newton genealogies.

In Dr. Medad Pomeroy's house, which years ago had set the style in hip-roofs, are now two Alexanders, George and Elisha, father and son, preservers of the family trade as blacksmiths. The name speaks volumes of Northfield ancestry throughout all the two centuries.

Passing the town hall, antiquity of race runs on in the Belcher household, Col. Jonathan, hatter in the days of hat-making, his wife a Whiting, further assurance of Northfield antecedents. Its occupants now are the sisters, Mary Ann and Eliza, quality women, one the town's best maker of dresses, the other the "primary" school teacher, and their bachelor brother, William.

This is the region of Captain Benjamin Wright associations and on his lot, occupied in the second settlement by the doughtiest of Indian scouts who as a boy was in the beleaguered group of 1675, now lives his descendant, the thrifty bachelor, Henry Wright, and his sister Martha.

In the house built by the merchant prince and river shipmaster, Isaac Prior, is now Joel Fay, one of the trio of Bostonians who had retired upon Northfield before the Civil War days. Then in a queer pair of cottages, linked like the Siamese twins, is the kindliest imaginable of country doctors, Marshall Spring Mead, here since the 1820's, uncle of Larkin G. Mead, famous as a sculptor, the doctor's wife a daughter of Dr. Charles Blake, once surgeon on the old *Constitution,* and so the grand-daughter of Governor Jonathan Hunt of Vernon, thus leading back to the Hunts of the second settlement.

The tour of the town is just too late to find another John Mattoon in the house once the home of the merchant, Brewer. He was one of the four or more Johns of this period, distinguished among them as

"Lame John." Through his wife, a Bennet, there is possible but untraced descent from the first settlement Bennets and Broughtons. Now the owners are two Russell brothers, carpenters, new to the town but of colonial stock.

Another recent transfer has followed the death of the last survivor in the town of the old Watriss family, which had filled a large place in town affairs, but the ancient house is still the home of one of an old valley family, Martin Dickinson, who had been called to Northfield as an expert tobacco grower by one of the most extensive farmers, Thomas J. Field. Ancestry was the least of his concerns and it did not bother him that in local economy of speech he was familiarly Mart Dick. The house is one of the oldest and perhaps actually the oldest on the street, with traditional great fireplace, broad boards and early-day panelling, concealed now, as modern fashions required, behind plastered and papered walls; in the cellar, a great arch of ancient brick upholds the tradition, as it also does the now hidden fireplace. Mrs. Dickinson, a Hayden and of the family which had furnished a lieutenant-governor of the State, is the gracious and devoted stepmother of her sister's five children.

A long building, which had once been the Parsons' boot factory, has at its front the Social Library, founded by Thomas Power and his associates, now grown to several hundred volumes with no corresponding increase in readers. Its librarian is Albert Collins Parsons, living in the house where he was born, whose occupations include those of assessor of the federal government's revenue, farmer and town-meeting moderator in perpetuity, pillar of the First Parish, an original anti-slavery man and, now that this issue is removed, the ardent advocate of temperance. There had recently died here a much respected man, the tanner of many years ago, who had been totally blind for forty of his ninety-three years, an example of cheer under an affliction which had stopped his activity in middle life, Jabez Parsons. Through him and by his marriage to a Prior, the family line runs back to the first of Connecticut settlers, thence to the early ones of the Bay Colony and, through the Collins ancestry, to the *Mayflower* in the person of William Bradford, governor. It is this household that is graciously presided over by the Southern woman who once was a widow with eight—Susan Lane Beach, now Mrs. Parsons.

Dame Cook and her cat, Beauregard, who seemed to be in about the seventh of a cat's nine lives, maintain the solemn dignity of the next house, which not long since ceased to be the seat of her dame school. Here she dwells in snuff-taking seclusion, an almost witch-like terror to the neighbors' children. Her ancestry was clear to the Puritans, through the Goodriches, but as foreign to Northfield as was the next town of Gill, her girlhood home.

This is the Stearns' neighborhood. The imposing high-pillared house is the home of the widow of Captain Samuel Lane, a daughter of Calvin Stearns, and here again the ancestry is Puritan, leading back to the first days of Watertown. One of the brothers, who had built more Northfield houses than any other carpenter, lives in the adjoining one, Charles Henry Stearns; and by his marriage to Mrs. Sophia Spafford, born a Field, the next generation traces descent from that worthy of the third settlement, Seth Field, the Squire.

Just a half-century before this time, the north room of the square house on the corner of the South Warwick road was the recruiting office for the Sea Fencibles of the war of 1812. It was then and is now a Field house, its occupants being "Uncle" Timothy and "Aunt" Lucretia, brother and sister of Silas, Justin, Esq. and Captain Elisha and with them having Northfield ancestry back to the beginning. Uncle Timothy's wife, some years dead, was a daughter of Obadiah Dickinson, the squire.

On the other corner is another Field house, on the tract that was Seth Field's homestead, occupied for a generation or two by the Lord family and now by Joseph Young. The house was once a tavern, conducted by Zechariah Field and exchanged by him for the Lord tavern in Athol, by which transaction the Lord family secured its Northfield foothold.

The survey of the street fittingly ends with two Matoon houses, the present occupants being another John and Isaac, and the home of a Wright—John, great-grandson of Col. Phineas, delegate to the provincial congress, and descendant of that Captain Samuel, who lost his life in the attack on the first white inhabitants in September, 1675.

By the house-to-house survey of the old "street" it is disclosed that at the end of the second century from the original settlement of the town its population was almost purely Puritan in its origins, with a marked preponderance descendant from the town's pioneers. To be of pioneer stock it was enough to have come from those who a century and a half before had permanently established the town. Many of the people who were original to this extent could also trace their lines back to the brave frontiersmen of the second-settlement and not a few to those of the fated one of 1672. Thirty-three of the fifty-four households, slightly over sixty per cent, were of Northfield pioneer ancestry. Of the remainder, seventeen were of the earliest Bay Colony or Connecticut ancestry and among these a majority of the families had been in the town for several generations, missing by only a slight margin the pioneer distinction. There was one as recently arrived as the Revolutionary period and there were only four others that were not of the pure colonial New England stock, one Irishman, one Frenchman, each of whom had within less than five years replaced pioneer households, and two whose residence here was new and their family origins not identified.

"Between brook and brook," being that part of the town where each of the successive settlements had been undertaken, was the proper zone for a population study but the showing of continuing family and racial factors would be hardly less conclusive to the same ends if extended over the township.

"Beyond the brook," always denoting the street north of the Webster ponds, has the same characteristics. First there is William C. Billings and his shoe-repair shop; there had been Billingses in Northfield from the time of Barnabas, the town treasurer, and it might be assumed that the family is the same, in absence of established relationship. Up the hill, another Wright, Henry, descended from the first "engager," Captain Samuel, through the Azariah line; in the ell of the house, tenderly cared for, are to be found the few town's paupers, at least in those years when some other citizen did not underbid this custodian in the annual "auctionin' off of the poor."

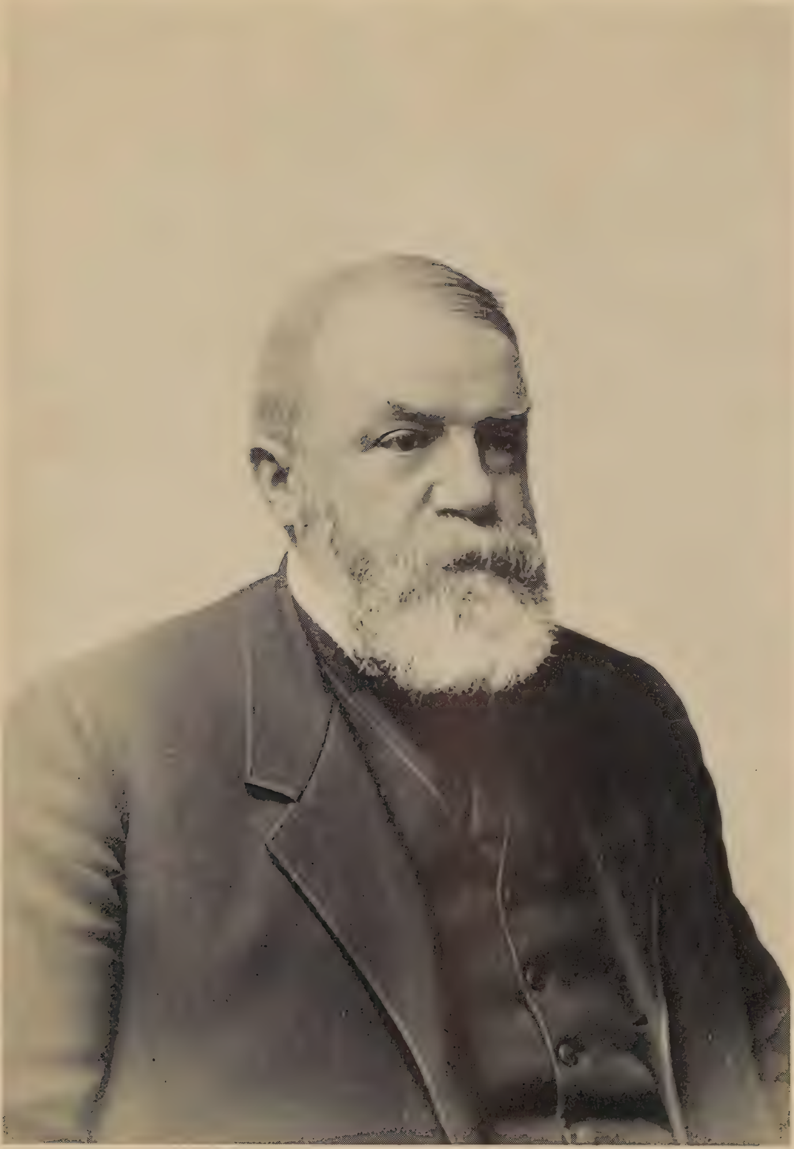
This is the old Burt neighborhood but their busy store has long since gone, as has the distillery down by the river and indeed the Burts themselves, not all by as violent a method as Asahel, killed by the Indians with Dickinson on Pauchaug hill and missing his companion's monumentation. On the street site in a spacious house is Eli Colton, of the old down-valley family, first represented here by his plow-making father, Richard.

One of the sturdy Irishmen of Northfield's colony, James Campbell, in the next house, is the one of the three of this part of the population who owned a Main street place, and next is Francis Fisher, distinctly Yankee but with an Irish wife who was the town's most strident defender of the Catholic faith. In a brick house, long standing, just now is Wright Stratton, of the old family, who had lived in and owned more different houses than any other citizen. Then a Lyman—Simeon, like all the others from a "first engager" ancestor.

The perfect type of spacious Revolutionary house-building, standing on the street line, with the barns coming up to the same line, and the barnyard between, the last survivor of this once common lay-out, is the home of William D. Alexander. Consistently, its owner is endowed with a typical Northfield ancestry, going back through the Alexanders to the first days and complicated by including the Lymans, the Swans, the Johnsons, the Dwights, the Pomeroys—an incomplete but ample list. Moreover, his wife was a Severance, which fact opens another line running back to the first days of the final settlement and enriched by no end of Indian war heroisms. The name of Dwight, associated with the earliest days of the town and its defensive fort, Dummer, had dutifully been kept current in the Lyman line and an uncle, son of Caleb Lyman, the hatter, who has recently died (1869) in his ninetieth year, carries the name of Josiah Dwight Lyman, which in turn gives possible significance to the christening of a son in a related family of the same neighborhood, Dwight Lyman Moody.

Another Alexander, Charles, lives next, he and his brother having married sisters in the Colton family. An old building opposite the foot of the hill up which runs the road to Winchester dimly preserves the traditions of the Doolittle tavern, where the stages used to tarry. A Dunklee, the Scott Dunklee who mastered the toughest of winter schools, occupies it. It is remembered that here lived in his day, William Brooks, who married Phila Alexander Moody, a sister of Edwin, and whose account book, continuing the accounts of his brother-in-law, showed that he paid the tuition of the boy, Dwight Lyman Moody, in the Bruce school back in the eighteen-fifties.

Down the hill is the old schoolhouse of District Number 2, full of north-end traditions, and beyond it a brick house, once the home of the numerous Beach family, now that of Henry Day, who ties to the town through his Lyman marriage; the cottage of Joseph Lyman and then Pauchaug meadow, a sort of town's end. Turning down the street, on the other side, are three cottages, which may have traditions but are now the homes of Lafayette Smith, buyer of calves



DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY
1837–1899

D. L. Moody as a Boy

Mrs. Betsey Holton Moody
Mother of D. L. Moody

Samuel H. Moody
Younger Brother of D. L. Moody

for market to an extent that identifies in the town, without disrespect, as Calfayette Smith, reduced to its first syllable; Willard Bancroft, last reminder of the cabinet maker of years agone, and Thomas Conway, an Irishman, somehow removed from the down-town colony.

Elisha Alexander, "Uncle Lisha" to a good share of the town and quite as extensively the creditor of his fellow townsmen, lives in the fine house well up the hill. In his own right he is deputy sheriff and sharer in all the Alexander ancestry. Moreover, he is a great-grandson of Rev. Benjamin Doolittle, the patriarch of the town's struggling days, and a descendant of the first Preserved Smith, with ties to other of the old valley families. The romance of his life is in his marriage this year (1872) at the age of sixty-five, to Adeline M. Dutton, of the honored Northfield family of merchants, who from young girlhood had been his ward and member of his household, and filled the otherwise vacant place of daughter to him and "Aunt Cynthy."

Three Moody households guard the Winchester road, Medad to the north and Lucius, his brother, to the south on the street, and the widow Betsey Holton Moody, with her sons, George F. and Samuel H. up the hill. Medad, whose wife is of the old Wright family, and Lucius, whose wife is a daughter of John Long, an emigrant from Swanzey, New Hampshire, are brick masons, following the trade of their father, Isaiah, the Hadley man who arrived on horseback with his pack of mason's tools in 1796. The latter's son, John, had gone to Chicago, where for years his cousin, Dwight Moody, had been an evangelizer, and claimed to have, in their early years there, shared with him the operation of horse-cars—Dwight as driver and John as conductor. His story ran on that when the street car was waiting on a siding, Dwight would come into the car from the front platform and make some sort of speech to the passengers, religious, political or on any other line it might suit him to talk. Dwight Moody has come to distinction as an evangelist and his life has just been published, without a mention in its pages of the street-car employment for which his cousin, John, was authority.

The man living in the next house down the street qualifies for such a town by bringing with him the name of Ziba Rugg but lacks the other fitness of five generations or so of local ancestry. In the region of the old fort, in its day a main defense, dwells another Colton—E. Wells, son of Richard of down-valley origin; and a newcomer, again with the merit of a New England style of name—Rodney Fisher. As much could be said of the occupant of a cottage close on the street—Adolphus Hale and his wife, who had the first settlement Wright ancestry.

In the big house, set back and high from the street there is complete return to the old order in the person and household of Captain Henry Alexander. Captain Alexander, now eighty-two years old, erect and active, has brought down to this period the dignity and dress of the early days of the century; Washington was in his first term as President when he was born. He is the last of the children of the honored Major Medad. All about him are the second and third generations. Among these are the grandchildren of his older half-sister, Phila, who married Isaiah Moody and whose son, Edwin, long since gone, had left the numerous family, including the now widely known evangelist, Dwight Lyman Moody.

Looking backward, Captain Henry is the grandson of both the conspicuous commanders in the Revolution, Captain Thomas Alexander and Captain Samuel Merriman, each of whom as well was in the campaigns in Canada that ended the domination of France in America. Through both Alexander and Wright ancestries the line runs back to the settlement of 1672.

Captain Alexander's most distinguished son is his namesake, who in the 40's started a banking life under Franklin Ripley in Greenfield, went from there to Hartford and reached his great success in Springfield, where he has been mayor and would have been congressman but for the opposition of his ever-independent brother-in-law, Samuel Bowles, in the columns of his Springfield *Republican*.

Companion to the Captain in his old age is his oldest daughter, Azubah, physically deformed but mentally alert and filially devoted. Another daughter married George, son of the famous minister of the town, Rev. Thomas Mason; a son, Thomas, married a daughter of Jonathan Barber; and there was a double alliance with the Minot family through his son, Edwin Moody Alexander, having married Helen Minot, and his daughter Marie Antoinette, being the wife of Rufus. Distinction of ancestry and of contemporary relationship could do no more in terms of Northfield than it has done for Captain Henry Alexander, and he looks the part.

The Long brothers lived in the next two houses, David in the little brick one and Alvin a distance beyond. Looking for distinction in these relatively newcomers, it is discovered as to David in that he was very deaf and thus qualified for his position as road surveyor; having a district in which the mud was hub-deep in the springtime, complaints to him were either totally unheard or taken as compliments for his efficiency. Alvin, cattle-raiser and trader, was one of the stone-mason builders of Boston's granite custom-house.

In the house built by Dr. Prentice, set on high ground back from the street, and to which he intended to add a more pretentious front, lives Dr. Charles W. Shepardson, the town's only dentist, originally of Warwick. In the house nearer the Belding rock is Elias Lyman, schoolmaster, of the historic Lyman stock.

Precisely as the people living along the main street "beyond the brook" displayed much the same local and colonial integrity, the survey extended over the town would reinforce the same characteristic. Towards the Farms are Fields, Lymans, Merrimans and Hilliards, all of settlement ancestry. At the Farms are Johnsons, Alexanders, Strattons and Morgans. On the mountains are families of scarcely less extended local ancestral lines and fully equal New England colonial origin—Holden, Sikes, Piper, Greenleaf, Collar.

Across the river, in the Kingdom, are Holtons and Dickinsons in profusion and, towards the Vermont line, where West Northfield and South Vernon join in a village, representatives of the families of Belding—notably in the person of Eastman Belding, a grandson of the Jonathan, conspicuous in his day, and himself a citizen of the most substantial sort—Barber and Priest. The later families in the western half of the town are of the same genuine old-time New England origin—Caldwell, from the Colrain Scotch-Irish settlement, Wildes, Knight, Sawyer, Purple.

There is hardly an approach to the centre of the town, by whatever road, without passing the homes of Holtons. Fate seemed to have placed them on guard at every portal. From the county seat, the town line is crossed at the farms of Deacon Charles and Cyrus Holton, brothers of Mrs. Betsey Holton Moody. The road from the Farms is guarded on each side at the crest of the hill below the saw-mill brook by a George and a Henry Holton. The mountain road reaches town by passing the house of Alexander Holton and, near Number 9 schoolhouse, the homes of Asa and Samuel. There are

Holtons on the Hinsdale road and Holtons on the Vernon road. Even railroad approach is under Holton guard, with William the station agent at West Northfield and Rufus at Northfield. All are descended from William Holton, whose name is on the monument to the founders of Hartford and who was on the committee to direct Northfield's second settlement in the sixteen-eighties.

The only variation in nativity, that of the Irish, has already been noted. Their neat homes are along the roads leading out of the Main street. They are distinct, claim no social relations, are prosperous, respected and the mainstay of the farm work. True to their faith, they are granted the use of the town hall for their masses, conducted by priests from Brattleboro, Greenfield and now from the nearer Turners Falls.

. . . . .

A town made up as this survey has shown Northfield to be was unified in every interest. Its people knew each other to the last item of personality. They understood each other. Their differences in civic affairs were settled on a common basis of thrift and caution. Everybody worked. There were none very rich and few abjectly poor. The moderate fortunes, the fruit of slow accumulation, shrewd bargaining and honest labor, were snugly held, very snugly. There was an active social life, running to public entertainments, dramatic and musical, in which every spark of native talent was made to glow if it did not blaze, and to balls and dances, generally in the town hall, only looked upon askance by the fraction of the people who held to the old disapproval of such devices of the devil.

Religious differences were respected, taken for granted, made no note of. There was never a voice raised nor an effort made to change one's church allegiance. No difference in faith carried beyond the church door. The utmost good feeling prevailed between even the ministers of the two churches, far removed as they were from each other in their consistent Calvinism and Unitarianism. The item of concord with no yielding of belief and no untimely assertion of it is to be particularly noted as something was about to happen which would force religious differences to the front, somewhat change the alignment between the churches and deeply affect the general aspects of the town's life.

CHAPTER XXXVII

CONFORMITY TO CHANGING FASHIONS

Political Ardor, Prohibition Reaction, Style in Dress and Religious Calm

It was a period of national readjustment, political, social and financial. The changes were the least difficult in a community that had always been fervid in political differences, was pretty much on a social level and was favored by a steady-going reliance upon its rich soil to yield, under diligent and laborious application of energy, a sufficient supply, if not profit. The war had removed the major issue of political strife. Some over-nice people were trying to get the four-year conflict called the war for the Union, the civil war, the war between the states. In Northfield it was still the war of the rebellion, the southerners were Rebs, or Secesh. There had only been exasperation over Andy Johnson's placating performances. The citizens who had been critical of or antagonistic to Lincoln and the war were indelibly and contemptuously labeled Copperheads. They were in a rather silent minority, only suspected of echoing their disunion notions quite among themselves, in harmless reminiscence.

When the country overwhelmingly turned to General Grant as the leader out of the political mire of Johnson days, this New England town showed its traditional gift of being different by giving the old Democratic warrior, Horatio Seymour, 104 votes, nearly two-thirds as many as it gave Grant and Colfax. When the year 1872 brought the astonishing acceptance by the Democratic party of Horace Greeley, so recently the great anti-slavery editor, as a candidate for president, the town's staunch old-time Democrats declined the dose. It was a tremendous campaign, reminding the older men of the Tippecanoe disturbance of 1840, and having about as little sense or reason.

One day in late summer an enormous crowd gathered for a political demonstration at Lake Pleasant, a newly developed resort not far from Northfield's southern boundary. Northfield Republicans were numerously there and one of them, Albert C. Parsons, was in the little group of war-horses on the platform. Henry Wilson, the one-time Natick cobbler, who had laid aside his leather apron to go into the anti-slavery fight, had been a war-time senator and was now candidate for vice-president, powerfully expounded the Republican party's virtues. The governor, William B. Washburn of Greenfield, presided. Most stirring on that day had been the arrival of Ben Butler, quite disregarding the interruption of Wilson's speech, marching down from the train platform under the full blare of Gilmore's band, led in person by Patrick S. Gilmore, the great bandmaster of his time. Northfield had its own rally and torch-light procession to insure the election of Grant and Wilson, and the Greeley vote was only 57.

For a burning issue, anti-slavery and preservation of the Union had given way to temperance. In its political phase it centered on the sale of liquor. Massachusetts had some years ago adopted the Maine law, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Once it relented and permitted the sale of beer and wine, only to find that in so doing it had given the whole case away; every beer-selling place was irrepressibly the station for purveying the harder stuff; and the legislature had returned to full prohibition. To enforce the prohibitory law there had been formed a state constabulary, with enforcement of this law as its sole function, a most unpopular service and one whose performance of duty was beset with difficulties. Northfield had a resident State constable in George H. Phelps. He was a grandson of an emigrant to the town from Hebron, Connecticut, a community which was pretty much all Phelps, and his mother was a Prindle, daughter of the commodore of the ferry-boat.

One great weakness of the effort to reduce the liquor evil was the free passage of the beverages over state lines. Northfield being a border town could observe the flow closely. Vermont was also a prohibitory state but there was no unison of action between the enforcing officers on the two sides of the line. A general store on the west side straddled the state line. When the Vermont officers called, the barrels had been rolled to the Massachusetts side of the store; the reverse transfer foiled the Massachusetts constable when he dropped in.

In the early 'seventies the liquor issue flared up and wrecked political structures, party and personal. The Democratic party embraced the issue eagerly, drew to itself the support of the voters who thought they were liberals when they were only thirsty, drafted a highly reputable but physically insignificant Boston lawyer, William A. Gaston, as its candidate for governor, and in 1874 carried the state, supposed to have been permanently Republican. Northfield rather violently swerved from its Republicanism and gave Gaston 149 votes to 116 for the high-minded but unfortunately prohibitory governor, Thomas Talbot of Billerica.

The temperance issue upset local as well as state politics. The towns no longer elected their separate representatives to the General Court. There had been a time when the house of representatives had over 600 members; under a districting system it was reduced to 240. Northfield was just now in a "double district," combined with Greenfield and other towns to choose two representatives. One of the Republican candidates in 1874 was Albert C. Parsons, who in wartime had served in house and senate, and who was recalled to political candidacy largely because he was outrightly a prohibitionist—and at an unfortunate moment. He was defeated by his neighbor, just across the street, Charles H. Green, a young man who had come to Northfield as the manager of the lumber interests of the Heywoods, the Gardner chair-makers. He had been in no way politically identified, other than that he was a Democrat, but had won esteem in the town as an enterprising new citizen.

Such an event as the election of a Democrat to the legislature was ample occasion for celebration and the victor entertained a good share of the town at his house of an evening, with the Bernardston band, led by Nahum S. Cutler, the shoe manufacturer, to supply the music. Mr. Green pointedly failed to invite to the party his opponent in the election and near neighbor but Mr. Parsons, not to be utterly suppressed, strolled across street and made a speech to the band.

The town had now relapsed into its old-time habit of being Democratic, stood by Gaston the next year, when the state rejected him, and in the national election of 1876 actually went for Tilden and Hendricks, although only by one vote. The town might have more generously supported the Democratic reform governor of New York for president had the people known that Tilden was a close relative of the Janes family, proud of his Janes ancestry, a great-grandson or so of Benjamin Janes, who had been a Northfield citizen of prominence.

Benjamin Janes, whose family had years before been all but exterminated in the Indian assault on Pascommuck, at the fort of Mt. Tom, had gone from Northfield to Connecticut, lived in several towns and spent his last days in Lebanon. His grand-daughter, Bathsheba Janes, had been famed as the belle of Coventry. She had married a John Tilden, one of the colony from Lebanon, Connecticut, to establish Lebanon, New York, the birthplace and life-long home of Samuel J. Tilden, and was the governor's beloved grandmother. Northfield voters were more politically than genealogically-minded in the election of 1876 but gave Tilden their endorsement.

The war period had been a prosperous one and the following years were equally so. Tobacco, now the main crop, was highly profitable unless ruined by any one of the calamities to which it was liable. A hail storm would destroy a field in fifteen minutes time, leaving the crop to be plowed under. An early frost would do equal harm. There was no assurance that the leaf would cure properly, even with the most careful regulation of the ventilation. It was a costly crop to produce, requiring much labor in keeping the soil well cultivated, removing periodically the tobacco worm, the fattest, softest, greenest of all plant pests, and suckering—meaning the removal of the top of the plant to induce fuller leaf-growth.

At harvest, in late August, the plants were cut at the foot of the stalk with care not to injure the ground leaves, loaded with equal care and tied to the poles in the "tobacco barn" upon which they were to dry. In the early winter the plants were ready for stripping, at which task men, women, boys and girls could work, with deep stains of the hands as part of the reward. Upon the skillful sorting of the leaves into "wrappers" and "fillers" depended somewhat the proceeds from the crop, which after all might be sold "at so much through." Native trading skill was taxed to the utmost in the encounters with the tobacco buyers, of whom Sam Walker, already mentioned, was fairly typical.

The other farm industries were well rewarded. Hay was in ample demand at $20 a ton, or was fed to stall cattle or dairy stock. There was large acreage of corn but the competition of the prairies had begun to make it unprofitable. Broom-corn was still grown and the broom-tyer was sticking to his task in the face of the competition of power manufacture.

Essential to the common prosperity was the low price of labor. Farm hands were plentiful at $1.50 a day and the day was of unlimited length. Carpenters received the same rate or the most skillful, such as the Stearns builders or an artisan like good old Caleb Maynard, were possibly paid $1.75. Section hands on the railroad worked steadily for $1.25 or, it might be $1.00. One youth who came home from a mill town with the story that he earned three dollars a day only confirmed the opinion previously held of him, that he was a hopeless prevaricator. The low wages were not oppressive, since the manner of living and the use of odd times at cultivation of the home garden spot made savings possible and actual in most instances.

The panic of 1873, which brought ruin to many financiers and put a halt on enterprises such as railroad building, which indeed had been overdone, was no more than news in this comfortable, nonspeculative and thrifty town. It took its place with the news of the Chicago fire of 1871, the Boston fire of 1872, the Beecher-Tilton libel suit and the shooting of Jim Fisk, the New York speculator and sport, who once peddled dry goods in the towns of the valley.

There was a general public spirit. Men combined their work for minor public improvements, repairing the church horse-sheds, slicking up the school-grounds, doing a sick man's haying or working up a widow's woodpile. One leading citizen, for years in succession, used one or the pair of his driving horses to plow the snow paths up and down and at all angles across the street with no thought of compensation. There was enterprising care of the houses, with no neglected one in the village.

Rarely was a new house built and only recently had there been shown an interest in alteration of the exterior of the old ones. This innovation was the front piazza. It had no place on the original New England house and it added nothing to architectural merit. Rather suddenly it had been discovered that there was comfort in sitting out of doors. Perhaps early generations lacked time to sit at all. As one after another piazza, veranda, porch, as taste might name it, came to be added, it was noted that it usually appeared when some inheritance had become available. It was common to ask when the building of a piazza was begun, "Well, who died here?"

Along with the piazza, to a less extent, came the bay-window, an outright innovation. Interiors had undergone the process of closing the fireplaces, which had been supplanted by stoves, Franklins with an open grate or, more generally, air-tights, cast iron, sheet iron or soapstone, and there had quite recently been installed hot-air furnaces, the earliest ones being wood-burning but the later ones for anthracite. There was not an open fireplace in use and almost none visible in the street houses, all of which had been built with them. The first kerosene lamp brought to town was still in use, and not older than fifteen years. Many households still relied for light upon tallow candles, which were a considerable article of trade at the stores.

In all things the Northfield of the eighteen-seventies was modern. It dressed well and in fashion. There were some survivors of older styles—Captain Alexander wore a high collar and stock, Colonel Pomeroy a great military cape, Dr. Hall a frock coat and a silk hat as high as Lincoln wore. Young bloods wore silk hats less towering and just now the gray felt stovepipe. All the men wore boots, cowhide for work, calfskin for dress. The only compromise was the brogan, stout shoe of ankle-height, made of cowhide or split leather with a single buckle. It did not well become the long-legged man who was indifferent to the length of his "pants." Captain Coy, tall and lank, wearing store trousers much too short and socks that draped themselves over his brogans, exposed several inches of Captain Coy between the two.

At work, the men went barefoot, but not at home or about the town. One new arrival from a down-valley town came near selling out and leaving because the people here were so high-toned that he could not walk to the post office barefooted. It was only a tradition now that people walked in bare feet to the mill at the foot of the street and there put on boots to complete the way to the meeting-house.

Feminine dress had taken on an entirely new order. Waists must be small, wasp-like, at any cost of discomfort in rigid corsets. The evil of tight lacing was the object of denunciation by doctors and moralists, totally without effect. The distortion went further and there was rivalry in the size of bustles. The Grecian bend was the ideal, totally unlike any distortion of which Greece was ever guilty. Skirts trailed in the dust. Fashionable hats were the size of a tea saucer and equally flat, perched on the head at a pronounced angle. Parasols were no longer the toy-like shades of a few years before but had become expansive and brilliant. The most violent exercise of the girl in this mode of dress was croquet, indeed the one outdoor sport in which women could share, and even here the situation was sometimes awkward. At the stores it could be learned that hosiery was uniformly white.

Older women still clung to the crinoline, the least clinging of feminine dress and there were survivals of the space-consuming hoopskirt. In the winter there appeared narrow collars of fur and diminutive muffs. Only Dame Cook still carried to church a vast muff of the good old style, considerably protecting her from view as well as from cold, to both of which she was averse. Ringlets were in favor with the old ladies and lent an active emphasis to the speech of such animated persons as Mrs. Caroline White Cowles. The young girls wore long braids but their slightly older sister boasted a single curl that hung nearly to the waist or a "waterfall" of a size that required much supplement to natural hair.

Nearly everybody attended church. The two bells rang at nine and again at quarter past ten for fifteen minutes, tolling for the last five. The afternoon service had not survived the war period. At the First Parish church, there was a choir, the younger members of which were trained by Miss Maria (the "Field" of whose name was rarely spoken) and the older of which were quite independent of her leadership. For the third and closing hymn, the congregation turned towards the choir, stationed in the gallery at the rear of the church. At the other, the Orthodox church, there was an evening service and a mid-week prayer-meeting.

In its new meeting-house, the First Parish had much the more numerous congregation. Its popularity was just now being enhanced by the energy and vigor of its new minister, Jabez T. Sunderland, a young man from the West, educated as a Baptist and finding here his first Unitarian settlement. With him came his bride, his equal in energy and intellect, entering at once into a co-leadership which was new in a New England minister's wife, even on occasion going into the pulpit in her husband's place and preaching what some of the people who were not disturbed by the innovation would say was a better sermon than his. Quite shockingly she wore grass-green kid gloves into the pulpit.

The vivifying effect of a fresh, earnest, progressive minister in an old New England parish was swiftly demonstrated. Church attendance grew. A Sunday school, of a size unknown since the initial one of Dr. Jarvis, forty years before, was ardently recruited and organized on a new educational plan. Mr. Sunderland was a liberal, broadly intelligent, vigorous in his doctrinal preaching but reverent, devout, and, according to any definition of the word yet made among these people, Christian. Frank, earnest, unafraid, he was so far from radical that his preaching stirred no animosities. The cordiality of relationship between the people of the two churches was unmarred and between the two ministers, different as were their doctrinal views, there was entire good feeling.

Such was the town to which came D. L. Moody, at the moment of his return from two years in the British Isles, during which he had accomplished the greatest achievement of his career as an evangelist.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

SIGNIFICANT RETURN OF A NATIVE

Dwight L. Moody, Now Famous, Arrives in a Town of Relatives

As Northfield people tarried at noon-time to read the morning newspapers of August 15, 1875, the item to stir their liveliest interest told of the landing in New York, the day before, of D. L. Moody, returning from England after two years there, during which he and a singing partner named Sankey had stirred the people of the British Isles in a sweeping religious revival. The reporters had captured him as he came ashore and their stories gave the picture of a sturdy, bustling businesslike man, about five feet six inches tall, broad-shouldered, with full black beard and thick, luxuriant hair. He had proved their match in questioning and had to know of politics, of business, of whatever else was news in America. The highest point of interest to the people of his native town was reached when he was asked, as he bustled around his trunks on the docks, what were his immediate plans.

"I am going right up to Northfield, Massachusetts, to see my mother," was all the answer they secured.

The arrival in the home town at once took on news interest and if they were to know more of his designs the reporters must follow him there, as they did. Two days later the return of Moody to his birthplace was described in their dispatches, without light upon his further intentions.

Mr. Moody arrived in Northfield August 16. He was met at the South Vernon station by one of his brothers, in a somewhat rickety buggy, drawn by a plodding farm horse. He was driven along the bridge road, with its stop to pay the ten-cent toll, with a word of familiar greeting to "Little Morgan" at the bridge gate, up the hill to the street, over the Mill Brook bridge, past the homesteads of cousins and uncles and up the last hill to the farmhouse, where he had been born and where was waiting his venerable mother, the widow Betsey Holton Moody.

Curiosity was keen as to this son of the town who had become world-famous. He was a stranger to the townspeople, remembered in the neighborhood by those of his age as a restless, mischievous boy who was none too fond of school and for whom there had been no predictions of distinction in life. It was now over twenty years since he had left town and dropped out of the knowledge of its people, other than his own family, only to be heard of in quite recent years as having turned to religious work in Chicago, having established a church there and, with Sankey, having led a religious awakening in Great Britain.

Now that he was famous it became of interest to know that this one of the Moody boys had left home when he was seventeen years old to seek such fortune as the world had for him away from the farm. It came out that his brother, George, the oldest of the boys, who had been the mainstay of the household, had given him five dollars as his sole capital for his venturing-forth, that he had gone to Clinton, where another brother, Luther, had found work in a store, had failed to find a similar chance there, had walked to Boston and walked about Boston in the unsuccessful search for work. With some humiliation he had resorted at last to an uncle, Samuel Socrates Holton, who kept a shoe store in Court Street and who consented to employ him on certain strict conditions, including regular attendance at church, living at a home to be selected by the uncle, evenings at home, no bad companions and next to no pay. This uncle knew the boy. He had refused, two years before, when visiting Northfield, to take him into his employ on the ground that the city was no place for such a tempestuous youth. Dwight had now yielded his pride enough to seek favor from his uncle, Samuel Socrates, upon the urgent advice of another uncle, Lemuel, who was living in Boston and who had given him temporary shelter.

Young Moody stayed in Boston but two years. His enforced attendance at the Mt. Vernon church, where his uncle had been a member before his removal to Winchester, had at first caused him distress because of the contrast with the quality of its people and rebuffs at their hands but, through the interest of his Sunday school teacher, had led to his conversion. Against his uncle's advice and because of some unhappy incidents which he had revealed no further than to refer to persons crossing his path and saying that, "I was fairly drove out of Boston," he left the city and made his way to Chicago. There his independent, impulsive nature found a more favorable, because unrestrained, field. There in one employment and another, he had started well on his way towards the goal of business success he had set for himself—the accumulation of a fortune which he had set at a hundred thousand—when his concern for the souls of the city's ragamuffins had led him into missionary work. The occupation with the street gamins in time caused him to abandon all else and devote himself to their salvation.

Between 1856, when Moody reached Chicago, and 1875, when he renewed contact with the people of his native town, there lay a period of devotion of the resources of his vigorous, vital, determined and now consecrated nature to the saving of men from lives of sin. His strenuous efforts had not only met reward in a great city following but had fitted him for the amazing achievement in the cities and towns of Great Britain.

Moody was now thirty-eight years old. He was stalwart, unselfish, democratic and, as was soon to be realized on his native soil, tremendously in earnest. The townspeople came quickly to know him. He had not come here to rest. He was incapable of idleness. He was out and among them from the first day of his arrival. Instinctively they proceeded to take his measure; and they might have been sure that with the instinct he shared with them by nativity, he would presently be taking theirs. In their analysis they saw in him the characteristics of both the tribes of Moody and Holton—Moody quickness and Holton solidity. They promptly noted the resemblance in particular to his younger brother, Samuel. It was somewhat a physical likeness, although the brother was shorter in stature and had reddish hair and beard in contrast to Dwight's coal blackness; it was more in tireless activity, quickness of action and speech and outrightness of opinion.

Samuel H. Moody was one of the twins born four weeks after their father's sudden death. In spite of a handicap of epilepsy, he was one of the town's stirring young men. It was known to a few and quickly sensed by everybody, that he was the favorite of Dwight among the brothers and their companionship was evidence of their kindred spirit and mutual understanding. The other brother remaining in the old house, which he had saved by his years of industry and thrift, George, older than Dwight by four years, was of the Holton type, steady-going, unemotional, undemonstrative, substantial, of sterling thrift and common sense.

The other resemblance of Dwight Moody discovered by those whose memory ran back to 1840, was to his father. One day when Dwight was walking with some neighbor's child clinging to each hand, his brother George, out of his boyhood recollection said, "There you have a perfect picture of our father—broad, square and loved by children." Edwin Moody, who died in early middle life, could not be remembered by his younger children, including Dwight, but townspeople recalled him as industrious, joyous, witty and impoverished only by reason of his trustfulness of others and his too ready willingness to stand for their debts. That he was poor was in no wise due to lack of industry. He followed the family trade of stone and brick masonry, even making his own brick, and his carefully kept account book showed extensive dealing with his townsmen and an excess of unpaid balances against them. Far from indolent, he had the unceasing activity, amounting to restlessness, now marked in his sons, Dwight and Samuel.

For a living example of the Moody characteristics of wit and good nature, it was only necessary to go down hill to the corner of the ancestral estate, where lived Dwight's uncle, Medad Alexander Moody, follower of the family trade, who mixed his mortar with wit and humor and squared his honestly built walls by the rule of consideration for his fellow men. There were those in the town who carried their theory of the Moody endowment back another generation and found it in the Alexanders. Edwin Moody had been the first-born of the union of the man who rode up from Hadley late in the previous century with all his belongings of mason's tools in the saddle-bags, and the daughter of Colonel Medad Alexander, quite the outstanding man of his time in the town, and so the granddaughter of Captain Thomas Alexander, the brave Revolutionary patriot leader of his company at Quebec and Ticonderoga and with Washington at Trenton.

Dwight Moody was of an almost unbroken Northfield ancestry. His own name rather singularly departed from ancestral lines but was still significant of the relationship which was widespread in the region. He was christened, as the First Parish church records would show, Dwight Ryther Moody. The "Ryther" which had been dropped (even though in the newly published town genealogies he appeared as Dwight R. Moody) was tribute to a relative, Dr. Gideon Ryther. Dr. Ryther in his youth had been a teacher in the district school of the neighborhood, and had married one of Captain Thomas Alexander's daughters, an aunt of Edwin Moody's mother. At the time of Dwight's birth he was a much respected practicing physician in Bernardston and a close friend of the Holton family, as well as of his relatives, the Moodys.

Dwight Lyman was a combination of names long continued in a family related by marriage to the Alexanders, coming down from the Dwights of Fort Dummer fame, from whom were descended the Dwights in this period associated famously with Yale College. In the neighborhood of his birth there was living Col. Josiah Dwight Lyman, a relative by marriage. It was not casually but with honor to near, even though not blood, relatives that Edwin and Betsey Moody named their fifth son Dwight Ryther and changed it to Dwight Lyman.

In all of Dwight L. Moody's ancestry there were but two persons who were not distinctly of Northfield in the pioneer sense. One of these was his grandfather, Isaiah Moody, coming from Hadley and qualifying his descendants for local ancestral distinction by promptly marrying an Alexander. The other was his grandmother, Betsey Hodges, the wife of Luther Holton, coming from the next town, Bernardston, and bringing with her the name to be held in perpetual honor as that of Dwight Moody's mother. These two intruders excepted, all others in his ancestry were of ancient Northfield name and blood. He was a Holton, from the line of William, of that Northampton group that petitioned for the settlement of 1672. He was an Alexander, in straight descent from the George who led the exploring party up the valley to establish the new plantation. He was a Wright, descended from Samuel, an original engager, a settler of 1673, killed in the attack by the Indians which ended the first settlement, father of Captain Benjamin Wright, Northfield's hero. He was a Smith, from Samuel, of the third settlement, the son of the first Preserved Smith. He was a Stratton, from Hezekiah, the third settlement pioneer who was the spirited defender, even against Captain Benjamin Wright, of the town's broad plan. He was a Shattuck, from Daniel, the builder of the outpost fort in Merry's meadow at the beginning of the final settlement, whose name had vanished but whose descent could be traced widely in Northfield families.

There could be no more distinctive Northfield ancestry. It was as though the pioneers had designed that the son, however far down the line, who should bring the highest distinction and perform the greatest human service, should be the exclusive product of the town they made. Such was the interweaving of the pioneers and their descendants that at the time of his return to the town in 1875 a large proportion of the population could call him cousin with no serious strain upon genealogy. It was true not only of those who bore in common with him the names of his ancestors but as closely through connection by marriage the members of the families of Mattoon, Field, Allen, Janes, Beach and Merriman, and only more remotely, Dickinson, Doolittle, Long and Stebbins, with no certainty that the list is complete.

Back from the Northfield ancestry, the lines led to the pioneers in the Connecticut settlements and thus to the earliest Bay Colony pioneers. The names of both Holton and Moody could be read on the monument to the founders of Hartford. Through the Holtons, he was closely related to the family of Jonathan Edwards; the brother of the wife of William Holton was the grandfather of the Northampton preacher and philosopher, the leader in "the great awakening" of the middle of the eighteenth century, the precursor of the awakening to be led by a descendant of Abigail Edwards Holton. The two religious awakeners, Edwards and Moody, had a common ancestry. Through the marriage of an Alexander ancestor there was descent from the Buck family of Wethersfield; through another Alexander, from the Gaylords of Windsor. A direct ancestor was Rev. Henry Smith, whose revolt from the religious restraint of Connecticut led to the settlement of Hadley; through Smith ancestors there was derivation from the families of Morton and Ensign; through the Strattons from the family of Fry of Concord. All of these were Puritans and distinguished by leadership in the earliest New England days. Richer endowment could hardly be the lot of any man of New England birth. In this case, it was unique in its purity from any strain of blood foreign to its kind. D. L. Moody could not escape a realization that he was nearly everybody's cousin in Northfield. It is only certain that he never tarried a moment to discover his ancestors.

CHAPTER XXXIX

EVANGELISM AND CHURCH DISSENSION

Moody as Man and Preacher, the Wonder of His Home Town

D. L. Moody was now in the town of his birth and boyhood, the town he had left twenty-one years before with no note made of his going, as other ambitious boys had gone, to make his place in the world. He came back in the full fame of having stirred to the depths the people of the British Isles in a religious revival without recent parallel. It was much the same town that he had known as a boy, with hardly a change in its people, either in number or name, a prosperous, cultivated, quiet farming town, exceptionally keeping the character of the old New England community. It would be a favoring place for the evangelist's rest after two years of unrelaxed evangelistic campaigning. And the first thing the town was to learn as to him was that he had neither need nor capacity for rest.

Before the end of the month, in the middle of which he had reached his home town, Mr. Moody was holding meetings of such size as to overtax the Orthodox church and to substitute the broad steps and the street for its pulpit and its pews. He had been again joined by Mr. Sankey and had drawn to the town, as well, P. P. Bliss, singer and author of hymns of a sort new to the churches, and Major D. W. Whittle, another master of exhortation.

In the following fortnight the meetings were organized into a campaign of intense earnestness. It was realized that Moody was as ardent in his efforts to save the souls of the countryside as of the great cities. Herein was the manifestation of the truth about him that his devotion was to the salvation of the man he could reach and not to the moving of masses of men. As converts came to be made there was further showing of the effectiveness of the appeal, while interest grew apace as to what was to be the effect upon the town.

Shrewd judgment of men was one characteristic that Moody's townsmen shared with him. It was a gift of his ancestry to him and it was active among those of like inheritance. Turned upon him, the home-town estimate came to swift appreciation of his greatness of soul and of a mental agility keeping pace with a ceaseless physical activity. He had none of the marks of the traditional preacher. Broad-shouldered, with a large head and short neck, he was heavy of frame and still heavier of flesh, with a waistline that revealed the truth that he was, to use the common phrase, a good feeder. Appraisal of his character agreed, as it could not avoid doing, that he was as keen as he was quick, with instant insight into men and masterful in command of them. Doubt as to his entire sincerity could not survive the least study. He was tremendously in earnest, practical, direct, unsparing in his judgments and forthright in pronouncing them, even though vastly kindly. The mischievousness of his boyhood, now recalled, was only modified into a love of humor. He was big, cordial, human, genuine and democratic. He had neither enmities nor enemies. He won the hearts of the people of the town, whether or not he would win their souls, in the sense that he used the phrase, and to the extent that it was evident he intended to do.

It was new for Northfield to be a centre of a nation-wide interest; new for it to find itself daily on the first page of metropolitan newspapers, often to the amazing extent of two or three columns; new to have the characteristics and religious opinions of its people displayed for the world's edification, justified, as it seemed, by a wide curiosity as to how far a revival would move a New England town in comparison with the great industrial centres of England. A corps of New York reporters were devoting themselves quite as much to picturing that effect as to the stories of the meetings, the sermons of Moody and the songs of Sankey.

Through the news columns of the *New York Tribune,* the people of the town were told that it had been called a stronghold of Unitarianism. Such it was, in the sense that the First Parish church had continued the home of the larger part of the people; but there had been such an absence of doctrinal dispute in recent years that its continuance in its tradition of liberalism was a commonplace, only to be a matter of comment by a stranger. Now, as the newspaper report revealed, Mr. Moody had "signified his intention of directing his efforts squarely against this denomination of unbelievers, as they seem to him." Mr. Moody had made no public proclamation of the sort but there was circumstantial support for this statement of his purpose in the fact that an invitation to him from the minister of the First Parish to occupy its pulpit had been refused. It was soon evident that doctrinal differences were to be sharpened, with what new alignment of the townspeople remaining to be revealed.

The First Parish church had been the home of the Moody family. Dwight had been baptized there and been a boy in its Sunday school. His mother was a member; his brother Samuel, up to this time, the parish collector; the older brother, George, a pew holder and his wife's sister, a member of his household, a teacher in its Sunday school. The withdrawal of these immediate relatives was to be expected and honored. If it should be followed by the departure of all the relatives, the congregation would be seriously depleted; but there were no indications that the Holton uncles, Deacon Charles and Cyrus, would change their allegiance, and as to the one Moody uncle, Medad, any suspicion of defection was quite emphatically put to rest. Beyond these, the fulfilment of the design of the evangelist, if he cherished one against the congregation of unbelievers, became at once a problem of interest. Thus far, even with the tightening of denominational lines, there was no antagonism, and personal relations between the people of the town and Mr. Moody were mutually cordial.

In offering his church to Mr. Moody the Unitarian minister, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, recalled that they had worked together in Chicago. In opening his pulpit to one whom he regarded as an old friend, he recognized it as a fact that notwithstanding there were pivotal differences between the theology of Mr. Moody and that of his church, yet the deeper truths, the foundation stones of religion, were identical with both of them and any sincere man trying to make humanity purer and better was a co-laborer with him and should be free to preach in his house of worship. Such was the nature of the offer as it was reported in the newspapers, followed by Mr. Moody's reason for refusal. "He could not reconcile himself to the belief that Unitarianism was anything akin to the religion of Christ which he preaches and felt that he could not allow himself to stand in a pulpit from which its doctrines were promulgated." Such was not the language Mr. Moody would use, however truly it stated his reason. More characteristic were the words reported to be his, "Those who believe in Unitarianism insult Christ, and whoever insults Christ insults me."

If the evangelist had waited for an invitation of the same cordiality from the Orthodox church, he would have found himself without a pulpit in his home town. There were those among the Orthodox people who were doubtful of revival methods. The newspaper men in their study of the town found that "of the members of this very church some of the most prominent were decidedly opposed in theory and practice to revivals and have very reluctantly given their consent to holding the daily meetings under the auspices of their society." Conservative in their faith, they were as much so in their notion of the way it was to be preached. Sharing the common loyalty to their worthy minister, they had no relish for his displacement by one unordained to the ministry.

Neither obstacle, prevalent heresy nor pious caution, was to restrain Moody from trying to reach the hearts of men in his own town. He had encountered both, in larger fields and through years of campaigning. He had been rebuffed from both heretical and churchly camps from the outset of his devotion to the saving of souls. They could not disconcert him, nor restrain him, nor give him pause. He was already preaching to such throngs of people as the town had never before seen gathered. In the first fortnight of the next month he had brought into action the full resources of his own being and the aid of his fellow workers, Sankey, Bliss, Whittle and a coterie with less familiar names. The meetings had overflowed from the church to the street, the broad steps had become his platform, and the collapsible melodeon, which was Sankey's one instrument, had replaced the church organ.

From Sunday the meetings had overflowed into the week. A campaign had developed that stirred the town. Its climax was reached in an evening meeting, Tuesday, September 14, the last when Sankey would sing and the last before the departure of Bliss for his home in Chicago.

The broad street is filled from fence to fence, on a typical Sunday afternoon, with the people who have come from all the region to share for the first time in a religious meeting, while they still sat in their wagons and carriages or crowded about and upon the church steps. From the moment of Mr. Moody's bustling arrival there is not

IRA D. SANKEY

P. P. BLISS

REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D.D.

a second of pause. He is in full control, restless, eager, abrupt, in deadly earnest. There was a short prayer by an unclerical Boston man, Henry M. Moore, short of stature, red-bearded, all nerves. He is identified to some of the townspeople as the proprietor of the Boston hat store, where he had learned the business from its former owner, Joseph Callender, now living at the foot of "the street," clerk of the First Parish. There were songs from "Winnowed Hymns," the collection which had done service in the English meetings—"I am so glad that Jesus loves me" and "I love to tell the story." So much is preliminary. Mr. Moody takes charge.

"Well, we'll begin by asking Brother Bliss to sing 'Hold the Fort.' " Already the charm of the singing of P. P. Bliss is familiar. The song is known to everybody. Into its chorus, with the final "By Thy grace, we will," every man, woman and child throws his utmost voice. Mr. Sankey sings "Let the lower lights be burning." Mr. Bliss follows with "Pull for the shore." Everybody pulls—everybody feels the pull of the aroused spirit. Mr. Moody preaches on "Grace." Grace, he defines as unmerited favor. His preaching is to the unconverted man in the throng. It drives home upon him the hopelessness of his state. It rebukes his self-content. It punctures his notion of his own worthiness. Grace is *unmerited* favor. "We must realize our utter destitution of any right to mercy and then we will be ready to go straight to God." The sermon, short, direct, personal, ends with a prayer that every soul here today shall sense its own lack of deserving and through its destitution come to the Lord.

Sankey and Bliss have gone but Moody remains and on Thursday night he preaches in the church on "Heaven," an actual Heaven, a place, the abode of the saved. This night, it is significant that the service opens with a prayer by the minister of the Orthodox church, the Rev. Theodore J. Clark. The following Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Clark's morning sermon had direct reference to the evangelists and sought to fortify them in the support of their effort. Now, at the morning service and again when Mr. Moody speaks at four o'clock, the organ is played by Miss Dutton, daughter of Deacon Samuel, good token that the reluctance of the people of the church to embrace Mr. Moody has been overcome. The obstacle of conservative unwelcome has been removed.

Moody's preaching had left no common ground for him and the people of the older, the Unitarian church. To him they were the unregenerate. To them, he was the denier of reason, the denouncer of salvation by good works. Had he not singled out, in one of his outdoor sermons, one of the pillars of the First Parish, a citizen universally respected, to tell him in this public fashion that "he would some day find that his good works were but filthy rags"?

To the minister of the church, the challenge was clear and not to be refused. On that September Sabbath, when the Orthodox congregration was given visible token of the full alliance of its minister and his people with Moody, the Unitarian minister came to the defense of liberal Christianity in a vigorous sermon from the text (Acts XXI), "After the way they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." The obstacle of rationalism remained.

Mr. Sunderland delivered his sermon to a large congregation. The town was astir as to religion. The young minister of the First Parish was popular and not in a generation had the church had such an attendance as was gathered here regularly. Today there were no absentees, for it was known that the minister was to cast aside all restraint in dealing with the doctrines enunciated by Moody. None was disappointed. Literal acceptance of the Bible, its infallibility, the efficacy of sudden conversion, the denial of the saving power of good works, these were arraigned and against them was placed the faith that revered God without defying the exercise of His gift of reason.

It was a militant sermon but it did not meet with the approval of all who fully shared its doctrinal assertions. Not yet had they given up the hope of religious peace in the town which had long rested in cheerful agreement to disagreement. They sensed the fact that Moody was not primarily engaged in establishing doctrinal views. His own were outright enough and vigorously enough stated albeit his aim was not at doctrines but at men. He was bent on saving their souls. Tested by the standard that good lives were the proof of Christianity, if he could make bad men good, if he could turn sinners into even comparative saints, there was no cause to dispute his methods nor to quarrel over his literal acceptance of the stories of the Bible and his unsparing scorn of "modern philosophers," a term he contemptuously applied alike to the theologians who were promulgating the "higher criticism" at Andover, and the scientists like Darwin who were giving the world a greater age than did the Bible. Northfield had its sinners, viewed either as unregenerate by Moody's test or as doers of evil by the common test of righteousness in conduct.

In a month's time Mr. Moody had established a new classification of the people of the town. "Are you a Christian?" was the question made familiar. It was to be answered in the affirmative by those only who had yielded to his test. The word took on new meaning. At any previous time, the division would have been by a horizontal line between the men of reputable life and the violators of the moral code. It was now vertical—on one side the converted, on the other the unregenerate. The Christians included not a few who had poorly qualified for the title by all their previous lives; the non-Christian included not a few, indeed the larger number, whose lives had been honorable, upright and pure. It was consistent that a girl of a First Parish family, confronted with the personal question at one of the revival meetings, "Are you a Christian?" had answered "No, I'm a Unitarian." The classification was commonly accepted, with full allowance for the unfamiliar use of the word.

Whatever else he gained or failed to gain in the town, Mr. Moody won the affection of its people. There was a common pride in his ardor, his unquestioned sincerity, his bigness of heart, his democracy, his goodness of will towards his neighbors, his genuine cordiality in contacts alike with those whom he won and those who were unmoved by his appeal.

Early in his stay in Northfield, Mr. Moody had called what the newspapers fittingly named a "council of war." The country was calling for him and from its cities there came a group to consult with him as to his next field of action. Brooklyn, New York, was chosen and there he went in October to conduct his first campaign in America, elaborately planned but at once so effective as to prove that even the daring which marked his every venture had underestimated the response of the people to his call.

Northfield, after a thrilling experience, settled to the ordinary course of life. Only there were new claimants to the title of Christian and new, highly respected and well behaved "Heathen," a designation the unconverted, almost jocularly, took upon themselves.

CHAPTER XL

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE MINGLE

Travel Newly Enjoyed, Temperance Newly Incited, Moody Opens New School

It was the centennial year for the nation. It was being celebrated by a world's fair at Philadelphia and by travel to attend it on the part of people who had rarely or never travelled before, leastwise not to such distance. Northfield had taken its travel vicariously—by reading. In the Social Library were tales of travel in foreign countries, generally by Englishmen, dry in detail, unexcited, but read with devouring interest and perfect content to stay at home. The reading was as little likely to incite to journeying as the stories of Kane's explorations in the Arctic regions or Livingstone's into the interior of Africa would arouse ambition to follow these exploits.

Aside from Moody and Sankey, whose recent visit to the British Isles had been with quite another than tourist interest, the people who had crossed the Atlantic were the older Irishmen, who had come as immigrants and settled as firmly on the soil as the descendants of the founders. Members of the Silas Field family had been in the East India trade and had lived in Calcutta. Benjy, familiar style for Benjamin F. Field, Jr., had recently been caught in Paris during the Prussian siege and had the thrill of escape in a balloon. But these were Boston relatives. Lieutenant Marshall Stearns, besides having had a large share in winning the war for the Union, had been twice in California and told generally unbelieved stories of his experiences. One of the most substantial members of the Mattoon family had spent a few years on the Pacific coast and was to go through life under the familiar designation of California John. Charles Xenophon Janes had sailed the seas; what seas and with what thrills would not be learned from him.

But these were adventurers, not tourists. There was no nomadic strain in the New England blood. Not ten in Northfield's population had seen New York; hardly one had reached Philadelphia; not since the war had any been in Washington; a journey to Boston was a much noted event. The prudent Belcher sisters went there once a year, on "stock day," when their holdings of Vermont and Massachusetts shares entitled them to free transportation for the annual meeting. Middle-aged citizens, elected to the legislature, saw Boston for the first time, reaching it on the free pass supplied by the patriotic railroad corporations.

Travel to Philadelphia in the summer of 1876 took on the feature of being a patriotic duty, made the easier of discharge by excursion rates offered by the railroads at alluring cheapness. The tour itself was a new experience, by railroad to New London, by boat thence through the night to New York City, transfer by bus across the city and by ferry across North River, then in the cars of undreamed elegance on the Pennsylvania road. In Philadelphia, a room was to be had in any one of countless hotels at one dollar a day—with the extreme luxury of one built for the Centennial to be admired but not patronized at the unheard-of rate of five dollars. There were travel forward and back in crowded horse-cars—and the boundless wonders of the great fair, with buildings brilliantly lighted by gas, so far apart as to be reached by the narrow-gauge steam road, and within them the marvels of the world. The travellers brought home descriptions of the fraction they had time to see, the great Corliss steam engine, operating all the wheels of the vast machinery hall, of a machine operated by keys which would write, of a device by which the human voice was carried on a wire, of a printing press fed from a great roll of paper and delivering folded newspapers ready for the mail, and of the people from the earth's four corners in their native garb. The programs for the next winter's literary meetings were assured. Chiefly, the people had been baptised in travel.

In company with the entire country, even a farming town, as Northfield continued to be, was feeling the strain of the re-adjustment after the inflation period during and following the Civil War. The dollar was an uncertain quantity but was getting towards stability. The panic of 1873, a purely money panic, had brought widespread bankruptcy but was by 1875 being rallied from, even though there was a political disturbance which widely upset the old order, giving Massachusetts a Democratic governor and, in 1876, putting the presidential succession in doubt. Northfield had its due proportion of Greenbackers, noisy advocates of paper money and resisters to the restoration of the paper dollar to a gold equivalent. In spite of them, gold which had been at a premium of nearly three to one was approaching par and Congress had committed the country to a resumption of specie payments by 1879. The immediate effect was a shrinking of commodity prices, not cheerfully accepted by country merchants or even those of larger centres. It was this fact that gave life to the development of the Grange, the Patrons of Husbandry as they chose to be called. Adopting mass buying and distribution at cost among their members, the grange store came into being and where it did not exist certain of the merchants sought to capture the trade by giving the grangers a percentage discount.

The Northfield grange was one of the earliest in the State. It carried "Number 3" on its charter. Its members took full advantage of the trade facilities of the order and presently set up their own agency for the purchase of all manner of merchandise. The upshot was the addition of another general store, needless in a town with four already in business, unless it should serve to reduce prices and to keep trade in the town which otherwise would go to the larger towns, Brattleboro, over the Vermont line, and Greenfield, the county seat.

The principal store in the town was the one that had come down in succession from the days of Shammah Pomeroy's harness shop, through the proprietorship of Bowen and Prior, when it was connected with boating on the Connecticut, then of William Pomeroy, distiller as well as merchant, later that of the Hastings Brothers and now that of Lewis Taylor Webster. It maintained all the traditions of the old country store, with its boundless variety of merchandise, its generous extension of credit, its probity and gentility of tradings, and the centre of the town's politics and gossip.

There were lesser establishments—S. Y. Walker's, now somewhat in decline as its dashing proprietor turned his trading skill in the direction of buying tobacco; Windsor L. Fay's little shop, somewhat desecrating the corner of the former home place of Timothy Swan, the composer of sacred music; across the street the one-man establishment of the scholarly and dignified leader of the town's unwavering Democrats, Charles Osgood. The new store, built in 1877 on land that had been his garden, was the venture in his advanced years of Albert C. Parsons. It entered the field with another of the inclusive stocks, which omitted almost nothing in the range of merchandise. The cost of building in this period is indicated by the fact that the store, 50 x 25 feet, two stories, completely equipped with shelving and counters, cemented cellar, roof of slate, floors of southern hard pine, was finished for occupancy at a total cost of just one thousand dollars. The skilled carpenter wage was $1.75 for a ten-hour day.

Exceptionally among towns of its size, or smaller, Northfield had but two church spires. Its traditional liberalism in religion had made its old church broad enough for the satisfaction of all shades of belief not strictly orthodox. The Second Church was equally hospitable to the adherents to evangelical religion, in disregard of those credal distinctions which separated Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists within even the smallest communities. In minor groups the town had, however, its differences of faith ardently enough held. There were devout Second Adventists, locally known as Millerites, after some leader in the trust in the return of Christ and the end of the world, more or less imminent. Spiritualists, who not only held to the faith in communication with those who had departed this life but demonstrated it by frequent manifestations to their own apparent satisfaction, had become numerous.

Nearness to Lake Pleasant, the resort in the next town which had been appropriated as a camp ground by the Spiritualists' national organization, stimulated and sustained the interest of the neighborhood. There were supplied the evidences of psychic communication in mysterious rappings, table-tipping, writing of messages on securely locked slates and an occasional materialization. All this was minutely reported by the adherents to the faith but somehow failed to occur at times when the unbelievers were present. It often had to be said that the presence of a doubter created an atmosphere disturbing or quite defeating the psychic flow. Public demonstrations were made by mediums who, after getting themselves into a trance, would "seem to see" departed friends of persons in the audience, the identification being built up by responses to the slightest clue until there was no room for doubt. Then would follow messages which to the unbelieving seemed sufficiently indefinite to fit any conceivable situation. No faith was ever more ardently held and none more scornfully rejected.

In a high and spreading tree, an oak or maple, on the Farms road, near the Gage place, there remained the platform upon which had gathered at some time in the recent past a company of the Millerites to await the end of the world. They had accepted as authentic one of the dates from time to time ingeniously arrived at as the one when the faithful few would be carried up to Heaven while the faithless multitudes would be destroyed. The little group of the elect in their robes of white had awaited their ascension, none but they knew how long, before abandoning their arbored exaltation. No such defeat, however often repeated, damaged their faith that the world was soon to end and new dates were readily accepted for the postponed event.

Each year the Millerites camped on Beers Plain and fervently exhorted and speculated. Some straggling adherents came from other states, enough to make up with the local faithful a sufficiently self-inspiring company, not too sure of being undisturbed by the town's irreverent boys. The Book of Revelations was their grand text and its allegories were subjected to the most definite interpretations. Such an exhorter as Michael Malley knew Revelations by heart, along with all the prophetic passages in the other books of the Bible. Michael was a Protestant Irishman, small of stature, brilliantly red headed and red bearded. He had married a daughter of Zebina Marsh, a slow-moving and slow-speaking old Yankee, who also knew his Scripture. She was twice Michael's size—muscular and active, but apparently her physical superiority led her to indulgence towards him rather than command. They were Millerites and Michael's ingenuity in Biblical support of a definite end to the world had free play.

Just now the approaching year of 1877 was one of unmistakable significance. The magic figure seven was worked to its full promise. It might have been Michael Malley who discovered that the name of the first book of the Old Testament and that of the first book of the New Testament each contained seven letters. It was the cryptic but conclusive evidence that this '77 was the fore-ordained year of the destruction of the world and all of its people save only the elect, of which the campers on Beers Plain were a contingent.

That Moody intended to make Northfield his home had been signified by his purchase, during his first visit, of the home place of his near relative, Elisha Alexander, known to the town as "Uncle Elisha," a title that overflowed from the numerous Alexander family into common speech. There was a story current that the transaction had unexpectedly come about in a conversation as to the trespassing of the Widow Moody's hens on the adjoining land of the Alexander homestead. It was believable that something would come out of an encounter between two such vital persons as the young evangelist and the crisp and energetic deputy sheriff and shrewd trader, the town's principal money-lender, and that the family bond would in no wise restrain it. As the story ran, Moody had asked for a price on a strip of the corn field which his mother's hens invaded; but Uncle Elisha would only sell the whole farm. Asked a price, he incautiously named thirty-five hundred dollars and Moody promptly said, "I'll take it."

Accurate or not as was the story of the trade, Mr. Moody acquired the substantial house on the road by which the Main street slopes off toward the historic Pauchaug meadow and with some twelve acres of rather sterile land, mainly carried on the town assessors' books as pasture. He now had a typical New England homestead and here he presently established his household. With it he bought a feature that was up to this time never known to enter into valuation, a priceless intangible, one of the most charming of landscapes, a sweeping view up the valley, with the Connecticut winding into the State between the wooded green hills of Vermont and New Hampshire.

After a succession of evangelistic campaigns in Brooklyn, Philadelphia and New York, Mr. Moody returned to Northfield in midsummer. He had spent a thrilling day at Princeton and in July had dedicated the Chicago Avenue Church which had replaced the building he had lost in the Chicago fire of 1871. The new church had been built with the profits of the "Sacred Songs and Solos," published in England. This book of sacred songs had been one of his daring ventures, upon which he had risked his entire money possessions, sixteen hundred dollars, and from it had flowed some thousands in royalties, none of which either he or Sankey had taken to himself. Already in America, where copyrights barred the use of this book, there had appeared "Gospel Hymns No. 1," largely the compiled songs of Sankey and others of Moody's associates.

The vacation of the evangelist, the first in many years, was characteristically spent, with preaching services every Sunday, either in the town, thronged by the people from all the region, or in smaller villages, in nearby Vermont and New Hampshire. With him again had come P. P. Bliss, composer of some of the most appealing of the revival hymns and a singer of rare charm. Together they drove over the hills to hold meetings in little country churches or on village greens. Additionally, he carried on a series of Bible readings in his own new home, inviting his neighbors to join in them, beginning a feature which had promise of becoming an important one to the town. Leaving in October for a campaign on his old field of action, Chicago, to continue for three months, he was called home by the sudden death of his favorite brother, Samuel, and again to be shocked by the loss of Mr. Bliss in a railroad disaster at Ashtabula, Ohio.

After Chicago, Moody turned to Boston, the scene of his conversion and the head centre of liberal religion. His campaigning was now reduced to a system. He would not again confront such difficulty as when he and Sankey had landed in England only to find they must fight for a foothold. Boston, like every other city he visited, was alert and organized and the tabernacle which had been made ready for him was besieged by crowds far beyond its capacity to receive on the first night of his season there. Moody was as masterful in practical preparation as he was effective in sermon and moving in prayer.

Northfield was untouched in its secular life by its new importance as the seat of revival planning. It centered about the Unitarian church, which under the enthusiastic leadership of the young minister from the West and his brilliant wife, was a community institution. The basement of its new meeting-house, dignified by the name of vestry, and its cheerful parlor were not too sacred for activities that if not pious were as distinctly not impious. The young people were organized in what was first a Christian Union and presently a Unity Club, which had been given quarters by the leading store-keeper, Postmaster Webster, for a reading-room. Drama and music were given a place in life and in the church, with training of every symptom of talent to the fullest point of expression. The town hall, bare and echoful as it was, was employed for grand ventures in both fields of art. Life was full, in the fashion of a self-reliant country town.

Then to the fortunes of the old First Church fell a disaster, the full measure of which would be sensed in the years just ahead. A divided opinion as to the need and wisdom of rejoinder to the preaching of what seemed a narrow Christianity, a literal Biblicism, along with a rejection of all that science had brought—of meeting this with vigorous assertion of the place of reason in religion, resulted in the departure of the minister who had vitalized the old church and greatly served the community. It might not have been so bad, had not the one called to his place been other than an easy-going intellectual, with more of a gift for poetry, in the classic style, than for leadership, in the Sunderland style.

Moody was home again for the summers of 1877 and 1878, with a renewal of his efforts to reach the people of the country towns as earnest as his strenuous campaigns in the cities. Moody meetings came to be an expected feature of every year. Sankey had come to make his home here and Gospel hymns were known and sung in every household, with varying harmony but unrestrained vigor. Between these seasons the two had devoted themselves to their cause in the smaller New England cities and in the early autumn had returned to the Moody church in Chicago, thence to Baltimore. There was now no section of the nation that was not seeking the stirring of its religious life by these incomparable revivalists.

Early in 1879, when it was known that Charles Alexander had sold a tract of land next his home at the north end to H. N. F. Marshall, a Boston business man who had been enlisted in Mr. Moody's affairs, it was realized that some project was on the way, to what end was left for a little to local speculation. It was the site of the old Doolittle tavern, a portion of which had been degraded to the unsentimental state of a tin-shop. Whether its future was as a site for a new residence or a summer boarding house or a school, of which there were rumors, was unknown, until work began on the foundations of a building which was admitted to be a recitation hall for a girls' school Mr. Moody had decided to provide. The corner stone was laid with ceremonies, chief of which was the speech of Henry F. Durant, the Boston capitalist and founder of Wellesley College.

Mr. Moody's interest in creating a school was characteristic in that it was on impulse. On a mountain road, east of the town, lived the Sykes family. The father was a partial cripple, getting about on crutches; the mother patient, dutiful and industrious; both of them intelligent and high-minded. There were three children, all girls, bright, sturdy, happy and dutiful. Moody, driving over the mountain roads, with his brother Sam, the last summer of Samuel's life, came upon this secluded family. The father was sitting while he worked at the wood-pile, the mother and girls plaiting straw hats for the few cents paid by the manufacturer over in Petersham, whose carts toured the country distributing the straw and gathering the braided hats.

The preacher stopped and talked with them. The girls kept at their work. From neither father nor mother was there a word of complaint. Moody's alert mind caught the pathos along with the beauty of the situation. For the girls, what future? On the way home, down the rough road, across the plain, through the town street, the plight of the Sykes family and the like deprivation of other children of the hills followed the brothers, Dwight and Sam, and out of it came the project of a school. It would be a school where girls like these whose seclusion and denial he had just sensed would get as good an education as any high school gave, at a cost within their means, even if that meant at no cost. Moody saw the outlet now for the royalties of "Gospel Hymns" and the channel from the pockets of the rich to the Christian education and training of now hampered and restricted girls.

The distance from thought to action in D. L. Moody's being was not measurable. That driving, resourceful man, Marshall, who was the effective chairman of the committee that ran his Boston campaign, was called into counsel and action. He bargained with Uncle Charles Alexander for the tavern lot. He bought the brick and directed the raising of the walls for the schoolhouse at the foot of Moody hill. He expanded D. L.'s house—the town had fallen into the way of calling its owner "D. L."—to accommodate the first group of students. Durant picked a Wellesley graduate for the principal, Harriet Tuttle, herself a Connecticut valley girl who had not to be told of the need and opportunity. And the autumn of 1879 saw the school in operation. It was the Northfield Seminary for Young Ladies, a title that exactly, even if somewhat elegantly, embodied the founder's vision of its possibilities. Moody was off for the winter in a campaign for the salvation of Saint Louis.

Meanwhile another campaign for human rescue had been running strong in the town. It was part of a nation-wide attack on inebriety. An inspired, magnetic leader, Francis Murphy, had set the

MARIA A. FIELD
Musical Leader of the Town for Fifty Years

Elijah Stratton, M.D.

Rollin C. Ward, M.D.

Norman P. Wood, M.D.

PHYSICIANS OF THREE PERIODS

country afire to pull the victims of drink out of their besotted state and pledge the rest of the people never to touch the evil stuff. Northfield would have been an exception if it had not joined. Meetings were held nightly in a crowded town hall. Speakers and singers came to the town to join in the drive—ministers of the gospel, a massive tavern-keeper from Greenfield who had abandoned his liquor trade and could tell why; best of all, rescued inebriates coming up from the audience to proclaim their emancipation. One night it was St. Germain, a railroad engineer, with a thrilling story of the wreck of a locomotive and its being reset on the irons, and he the human counterpart as a reconstructed man—with the result in swift order that St. Germain was in wide demand as a pleader for abstinence. Murphy meetings gave a winter supplement to the Moody meetings of the summer time.

There was need enough of temperance agitation. Hard drink was the countryside's besetting evil. Everywhere the country tavern had its group of drunken loafers. It was tolerated as an inescapable feature. It had its respectable patrons and its political defenders. Village stores, some of them, carried on a more covert but profitable trade out of whiskey barrels. Cider, innocent enough at the mill where the apples were ground and their juice extracted by a horse-operated press, was plentifully stored in farmhouse cellars to acquire an alcoholic potency that showed itself in the increasing crossness and abusiveness of over-indulgers as winter turned to spring. On the Erving road, on the edge of the village, a cider-brandy distillery was running steadily and its patrons walking unsteadily, if at all. Homes were made wretchedly unhappy, farms were desolated or half-tilled only to have their yield turned into drink. The sons of moderate drinking fathers found it smart to follow parental example and it was ordinary, as well as amusing, for them to get silly and even disturbing at what were intended to be respectable social affairs. And against it all there was only fitful resentment or the next to insufferable ranting of unpopular even though respected citizens.

For forty years there had been organized efforts to promote temperance. They were ineffectual in the face of the trade in liquor and the majority tolerant of it. Massachusetts had taken a tour with statutory prohibition and now the effort was being made to restrict the trade on a license system, which had yet to justify itself, as none of the consistent temperance citizens believed it would. Agitation was thrown back to the field of moral suasion. The Murphy movement was its exuberant flowering. Perhaps the children who were put on the platform to recite temperance poems or to sing inciting songs such as "Help drive from out the land King Alcohol" would grow up to practice the virtue they helped to inculcate.

Religious and temperance agitations did not turn the town from its other diversions, literary and musical. Perhaps it only stimulated them. The Unity Club maintained winter-long weekly meetings with literary papers, debates and plays. A lecture course was supported by subscription. Itinerant entertainers like the Guy family, furnishing a street parade by day and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at night, and Georgie Spaulding and her bell-ringers filled the town hall on a basis of twenty-five cents admission; reserved seats, no better than the others, thirty-five cents.

Most ambitious and quite as popular were the musical events directed by the highly cultivated pianist, organist and director, Maria Field, the town's highly prized "Miss Maria." All through the spring and summer of 1879 she had every trainable voice in town in practice on the now popular Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Pinafore." It was presented in September with a phenomenal run of four nights. It was provided with the costumes and setting of the professional stage, secured from Boston. In the cast were Miss Maria's talented Boston relatives of the Field family, Fanny, Will and Benjy, and along with them local soloists who had gone through months of rehearsal—Mrs. Clinton Ware, wife of a leading farmer, as a capital Little Buttercup, Walter Holton of the West Northfield family as Dick Deadeye, the good town doctor's grandson, Marshall Mead, as Bobstay, the captain's sisters and his cousins and his aunts entirely recruited from the town, as was also the crew of the *Pinafore*. It cost the extraordinary price of fifty cents to see "Pinafore" thus masterfully presented but the seats on the uncomfortable town hall "settees" not occupied by the townspeople were filled by the patrons from other towns recognizing Northfield as a light-operatic centre. It was all managed by the enterprising Miss Maria, who, near-sighted though she was, directed and accompanied from the piano facing the stage.

The other outlet for musical talent was the brass band. It was recruited from the age and youth of the town and trained by a bandmaster from the county seat who with infinite patience developed cornet, clarinet, bass-horn and drum players out of hitherto unsuspected musicians. The town sexton beat the bass drum; the postmaster's oldest son powerfully manipulated the E flat cornet; the middle-aged and somewhat rheumatic "Ruf" Minot played the solo alto with the merchant Parsons' young son as his second and understudy, and there were twenty-three pieces in its talented ensemble.

A bandstand was built on the triangle at the head of the Warwick road and at odd times when the band was not touring in its four-horse band-wagon it was filling summer evenings with concerts from this elevation. It was under the patronage of the town's chief capitalist, Albert Stratton, and the caps worn as a part of a gorgeous uniform bore the gold enwreathed letters S. B. B., meaning Stratton Brass Band but commonly translated as Some Bum Blowers or otherwise unappreciatively by the boys of the town denied a share in its glories.

CHAPTER XLI

CHANGING TO A NEW ORDER

Town Schools in Contrast to Moody's, with One Now for Boys

UNDER THE DISTRICT SYSTEM, the common schools of the town had made slight progress since the days when Horace Mann, hopeless as he was that the districts would ever be abolished, had thrown his soul into a battle for their improvement. Certain citizens of the town, steadily unpopular because progressive, annually undertook to get the districts done away and the schools brought into a town system. The little republics, as they were politely called, stood up in their boots against the invasion—and the cowhide boots of the day were stout armor. Nominally the town had thirteen such districts but declining population in some of them had reduced the number where schools were kept to ten. At that, in 1876, No. 7 had an average attendance of nine; No. 10 had ten; No. 11 had seven. Even in the most populous district, the Centre, the number of weeks of school was twenty-six and the outside districts had varying shorter terms. The "scholars" ranged from the infant of under five to robust boys of eighteen. There was slight chance the same teacher would continue throughout the year; a new one for each of the three terms was not extraordinary.

Somehow, the selection of teachers had just now been wrested from the "prudential committees," who ran the districts, and vested in the town's committee but not without continuing protests. The outraged feelings of the district potentates were somewhat solaced by the town's committee reminding them, in the report of 1878, that they could still furnish wood and furniture for the school and keep the house in repair.

The latter duty was not sure of performance. The schoolhouses were hardly better than disgraceful. The people were freely saying so and the committee in its report felt it necessary to rebuke criticism of them. "Whatever the condition," said the annual report, "it should never be condemned by the parents or teachers. A constant censure, in the presence of scholars, can but have a baneful influence. The Schoolhouse should be considered by our children next to, if not equal in importance with, the church. When scholars lose respect for the old schoolhouse, the teacher's labor is crippled."

The same restraint from comment was urged as to corporal punishment of the "scholars," and atrocities went unrebuked. The young woman in the centre school in a recent year who made a success of discipline had used such measures as having the offender stand close to the next-to-red-hot stove or "hold down nails" in the floor, by pressing the thumb on them until, in some instances, the blood burst from the nose of the stooping child, boy or girl as the case might be. The official request for parental silence as to such treatment was not wholly successful, but the teacher taught her term out.

The town school committee, in turn, showed its independence of state authority. In its report for 1878, a dogmatic educational treatise written by the village doctor who was chairman, it was said: "The law prescribes certain studies to be taught in our common schools and makes it obligatory upon the school committee to visit the schools during the first week of each session and say what each scholar shall study. This your committee have not done, thinking parents as good if not better judges as to the peculiar traits of their children." It was disastrous that, under state influence, children were required to pursue three or even four different studies. Again, the law's permission to children as young as five to attend school was assailed and eight set up as the earliest justifiable age. "If encouraged in learning ere long their [the younger children's] minds become crippled as the infant's limbs [probably meaning legs] would from too early use."

There were instances of teachers, generally town girls, who proved effective, but they were fortuitous blessings under serious handicaps. The centre school was the only one to have a separate primary section and it had been for years under the wise guidance of one of those prudent Belcher sisters who travelled only on "stock days," Miss Eliza. The other division was miscellaneous in age and instruction. It had a ceaseless panorama of teachers and a dull routine of studies, none of them advanced beyond grammar-school levels. It was late in the next decade that an effort was made to grade its work by the introduction of a new-fangled scheme, called a curriculum.

Beyond the common school, the one compensation for its shortcomings, was the "select" school in the Bee Hive, with its traditions of a grand tavern in Captain Hunt's day, of the later Academy and of Bruce's Institute of Learning in the 1850's. Supported by subscription, at a cost per pupil of from six to eight dollars a term, this school had at most twenty-eight pupils. Its one teacher must be equal to instruction in all branches known to the high schools of larger towns. For several years its varied requirements had been met by a young woman from Framingham, and its normal school, Sarah Jane Russell. Later it had one term under the guidance of a newly graduated Dartmouth man, John Adams Aiken, the son of the stern old Judge Aiken of Greenfield, the Nestor of the Franklin bar, who in his budding days as a barrister had his office in Northfield.

Young Aiken had his hands full with a school largely made up of girls very nearly his own age, and turned with satisfaction, after twelve weeks of a dignified but futile struggle, to the lesser perplexities of the law. Now in charge was a marvel of learning and a master in imparting it to receptive young maids, impatient and hopeless with the dullard though he was. This teacher, Martin A. Brown, was the son of a wheelwright in the busy old shop just over the Winchester line. He was a Dartmouth man, had roamed the country, taught in Georgia only to gain a contempt for Southern "shiftlessness," which he declared began to be visible the moment one crossed the New England border, a scientific naturalist who knew every stone and plant of the region and who was equally familiar with dead languages and live mathematics. There seemed to be no realm of learning he had not invaded but, far from being a pedant, he was a virile, emphatic and a bit jocular New Englander, who solaced himself in the confinement of the schoolroom by slyly slipping through the enfringement of a bristling mustache a moderate morsel of "cut plug" or "fine-cut chewing."

There was no course of study at the Bee Hive school and hardly the form of a class. Each pupil advanced as far and as fast as he could be led to travel. He stayed shorter or longer as his parents saw fit to have him, gained no diploma but could pass, if such was the plan, to any college, albeit none did. At odd times there was an equally informal school for younger children in a lower room of the massive old building, conducted by one or another of the girls who had gained their education up-stairs, Lucy Webster, the postmaster's sister, "Josie" Morgan, daughter of the toll-bridge tender, or Colonel Pomeroy's gifted daughter, Laura.

Such was the periphery and the content of education in Northfield at the period when D. L. Moody set going a new institution for girls, local in its initiative but open to the world.

The next year, a new schoolhouse was built in the centre district, at last a cheerful and decently equipped but still a "common school," although a second story gave a vague suggestion of higher grades in an uncertain future. It replaced the one built in 1800, which might well have been torn down had not the Masonic lodge a full ownership of the second story. The old building was stout enough to stand being moved to the rear of the triangle, where Harmony Lodge could meet in full retreat.

The years brought along the succession of events which vary the life of a self-conscious, if not self-important, town without seriously deflecting its life. The historic old store, centre of the town's trade, politics and gossip, and postoffice, recently Hastings', and the building stil owned by the brothers who had migrated to Wisconsin and Minnesota, now Webster's, was burned in December, 1879. A cousin of D. L. Moody had taken possession of the oldest house on the street, the one remodelled by Samuel Mattoon in 1760, claiming a date of 1715, and the new owner in a garb proving his long residence in New York, more ornate than expensive, with a massive watch-chain carrying a crystal charm rivalling the Kohinoor, a tailor, promised to modernize Northfield dress.

There had been a succession of house burglaries, of which certain always suspected citizens had been silently accused. A mining company had been formed to take gold out of rocks in the bed of a brook on the New Hampshire edge of the town with an ample issue of 400,000 shares of stock of a par value of one dollar and an actual value of much less. It was one of the enterprises of Amos Ross, the maker of horse-hoes, whose only recent achievement was the raising of a hog of unprecedented weight, the stuffed frame and skin of which had been sold to Barnum's circus. A youth who had been active in town affairs, a grandson of the Dr. Gideon Ryther, and so a relative of the Moodys, had been put through Harvard Law School by his uncle, a Holton, and actually gone to Boston to practice. The voters, after a stirring campaign for Garfield and Arthur and Hancock and English, with a Greenback diversion as well, had shown themselves still a Democratic majority in the election of 1880.

Under the patronage of the town by vote of town-meeting, there had been published the "History of Northfield with Genealogies." The town had bought three hundred and seventeen copies, paying the publisher, Joel Munsell of Albany, a native of the town, four dollars a copy and supplying them to actual residents at one dollar each. This was the product of Temple and Sheldon's explorations of ancient records, only less ancient garrets and family Bibles. It was a substantial achievement, a book packed with more or less valuable facts, making a slight claim to popular reading but a priceless compendium of the details of the successive settlements and, more sparingly, biographical of the persons who had been marked as contributors to the town's upbuilding. Its genealogies were a mine of family facts and even its faithful printing of the inscriptions on the gravestones of the old cemetery was of a permanent if not thrilling interest.

The changing use of the meadow lands was now marked by a sharp decline in the acreage of tobacco. The Connecticut valley seed leaf had for years claimed a special place in the market as a fine, silky leaf, with particular value for cigar-wrappers in contrast to the ranker growth of the plant in warmer regions. Northfield was nearly the northerly point in the valley for its production, a limit that was drawn by the length of the season and possible early frosts. Its rich bottom lands were ideal for the crop but time had proved that it was an exhausting plant and generous fertilization was necessary. In favorable seasons, a most fickle factor, and with a favoring market, also variable, it was highly profitable, good crops selling at twenty-eight or thirty cents a pound "through," meaning all the crop regardless of the grading between "wrappers" and "fillers," firsts and seconds. The price was further subject to the competition between New York buyers in sharp bargaining with the farmers. It was a contest between Jew and Yankee. A season or two of narrow margin or actual loss had reduced the acreage from three hundred or more acres to the point where only twenty-five were devoted to the weed.

The setting up of a canning shop, one of L. T. Webster's enterprises, had given impetus to the production of sweet corn and there was a new use of land in the raising of cucumbers for pickling, as many as two hundred acres being given over to this crop. Meanwhile, there had been a new development of baling of oat and rye straw. Hay remained the steady reliance, well cured "timothy, redtop and clover" commanding the profitable price of at least twenty dollars a ton. It was all for local consumption.

The stall-feeding of cattle for the Brighton market was no longer profitable, now that western states were pouring in carloads of grass-fed steers—the "stall fed ox" was passing into history. Dairying was more profitable—or nearer to profitable, there being no certainty that butter, the one negotiable product, did not cost all it brought. Every farm had its small dairy and every home place along the street had from two to a dozen cows. The buttery of every house had its rows of milk pans, from which the cream was skimmed and churned into butter of varying color and flavor. The surplus over home use was packed into round wooden boxes of two standard sizes, five and ten pounds, and exchanged at the town's stores at prices varying in reverse order to the strength of the odor of the contents.

A new resource for actual money was the marketing of apples. From the first days of the town an orchard had been the feature of every farm and homestead. There were standard varieties, the baldwin, the greening, the winter and summer russets, the "swopsy vine," a name probably corrupted from Shropshire without any accounting for "vine," as an apple suffix, the porter and the sweets. Grafting was a well-developed art and old trunks that could tell the story of towards a century were made to yield fruit of quite modern sorts. It all had been for home use until buyers appeared for the English market and carloads of the winter kinds were being shipped to Canada. The ordinary price was from $1.25 to $1.50 a barrel, not enough to induce the planting of orchards but clear gain from the old trees if labor cost was not reckoned. It was not known that labor cost was ever counted as to any farm product.

One day in 1878, Lewis T. Webster, progressive citizen as well as postmaster and a frequent selectman, walked down to the old building on the Parsons place, where the Social Library, founded by Thomas Power and his associates in 1813, was kept, and wrote his name on the records as a shareholder. He was accompanied by the sole male representative in this generation of the Belcher family, "Bill" as the town knew him, a bachelor of ample leisure, variously spent, whose name also went down as a shareholder. Library shares had come to be loosely held but the list on the records books contained the autographs of the town's most distinguished citizens from Power's day down, B. R. Curtis, George W. Hosmer, Dr. Jarvis, Justin Field, Obadiah Dickinson and others in a notable roster.

At Webster's request, a shareholders' meeting was held. It was attended by the few whose ownership could be established and the shades of men who had been great in their earthly day. The dead were in the majority but the quick carried the day for a lease to the town of the library, the books, the shelves and all the appurtenances, for the period of nine hundred years on condition that the town spend at least one hundred dollars a year for new books. The town accepted the near-millennial loan and established the library in the town hall, against the day when some plethoric son of the town would follow the fashion of memorializing his ancestors by a library building.

The town's churches changed ministers, the Unitarian in 1879, the Orthodox in 1880, for quite different reasons. The old church had been done all the damage one minister could be allowed to do, by the brief pastorate of Sunderland's successor; and now called a completely contrasting one, Rev. John L. Marsh. At the Second Church, the sainted but quiet leader, Rev. Theodore J. Clark, who little fitted into the plan of stirring campaigning which Moody had brought home, remained until 1880, when there came a rather youthful and amply active man to the charge of the church which it was now sensed was bound to be an adjunct to the Moody school, the Rev. E. R. Drake. Mr. Clark remained in town in revered retirement.

Moody, returning to Northfield after spending the entire winter of 1879-80 in Saint Louis, made evident his design to build the school for girls into a much greater institution than was indicated by the recitation building and his own house, which had quartered twenty-five girls in the first year. Land had been extensively bought adjoining the Alexander farm, now his homestead, nearly all of it rated poor land and hopeless for cultivation. The contract had been drawn for a dormitory and during the summer there appeared on the slope a substantial, not too ornate building to be known as East Hall.

The character of the school was already clearly indicated, educationally of college preparatory grade, self-supporting so far as the work of the students in its domestic care could make it so, its annual tuition and maintenance fixed at one hundred dollars, and Bible study to have a fixed place in its curriculum. The one substantial house on the purchased property, a two-story brick building on the westerly side of the road to the meadow, Pauchaug hill as the town knew it, was to be used with slight alteration for lodgings.

Another of Moody's plans developed in a call for a convocation of Christian Workers. It was the broadening out of his neighborhood

Bible study meetings in his own home, keeping pace with the extension of his school plan from the primary thought of a supplement to the common schools, in all their meagreness, for the girls of the region to a school to which students would be drawn from quite beyond local bounds. The little group of the initial year had indeed been to a degree gathered from other states than those of New England, forecasting a far from local future. The convocation was held the first ten days of September and brought a throng of people to the town for its almost continuous sessions from sunrise to night.

There was no relaxation of the meetings in the village and the steps of the Second Church were again Mr. Moody's pulpit, with the broad street filled by his congregation. Aside from Sankey, there had come to be identified with the town men whom Moody had called to his aid, notably Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., Major D. W. Whittle and Rev. Arthur T. Pierson. The "Gospel Hymns" had become familiar in every household and under the leadership of Sankey or of the new singer, George C. Stebbins, the congregation could be counted upon to enter with full force into their effective singing.

Action was always ahead of announcement, with D. L. Moody. It was usually ahead of matured conclusion and plan. That impulse did not lead him into mistakes was due to a shrewdness that kept pace, fast as the pace was, with the wish or will to do. When, early in 1881, it became known that he had bought the farms of Smead and Ezra Purple, two of the best in the region, covering the long slope from hilltop to river, it might be assumed that a boy's school was on the way. It would be known later that Moody had resisted the requests that he admit boys to the Northfield school, declaring he had troubles enough without adding responsibility for co-education, that he had no original purpose to start a like school for boys, and that its origin was the unexpected outcome of a conversation with Hiram Camp, a New Haven capitalist, who placed $25,000 and the responsibility to establish such a school simultaneously in his hands.

The Purple farms were just over the Northfield boundary in the town of Gill. They were four miles away from the Seminary. The Connecticut flowed between the two and was crossed by a slow-moving ferry or, in a roundabout way by a toll bridge, adding two miles to the distance. All the deliberation of the most cautious planner could not have better balanced the separation of boys and girls and community of interest in two schools.

The farmhouses were spacious and substantial and in short order were made ready for the first students at Mount Hermon, a name selected, with Old Testament significance, by the initial giver. The school opened May 1, 1881, with one student and with enlistment in progress of boys under sixteen from poor homes, city or country. Had Moody in mind the boys from Chicago slums and their kind in other cities? If so, he quickly dismissed them and before Mt. Hermon had been long in existence changed his plan to a school for older boys, on the same basis as the girls' school.

For three years Northfield was to see little of Moody. Going to Great Britain in the fall of 1881 he gave himself to campaigns in Scotland and Ireland, was home for the summer of 1883 and returned for an eight-month mission in London. Coming back to America in August, 1884, he gave the following three years to evangelical work in the United States and Canada. During his British tour, the general conference was omitted, being resumed in 1885.

Even with their founder absent in body, as he never was in his interest, and keeping constant his communication, the two schools grew apace. The Seminary recitation hall gave way to the ampler school building, Stone Hall, and one dormitory after another appeared on the tract now become worthy to be called a campus. Crossley Hall, the first new structure, was built in the first years of Mt. Hermon and others quickly followed. In the summer of 1886, on a call sent out to the colleges, a college student conference was held at Mt. Hermon, through the month of July. It was transferred to the Seminary buildings the next year and brought to the campus hundreds of students, representing all the principal and many of the smaller colleges.

The old Northfield was in process of adjustment to a new life, that of a school town and a religious centre. There was acquiescence without enthusiasm. Trust a New England town not to lose its poise, individually or as a community. It could accept the benefits without undue demonstration. The building of one after another of the Seminary structures gave employment to laborers. Marshall, the business agent, had bought and opened the granite quarry "on the Mountain" and the stone for Stone Hall was taken from it. There was some stimulus to local trade and a moderate market for produce. Moreover the Seminary was open to the town girls as day pupils and was being resorted to, as was shown in the membership of the first graduating class of 1884.

Mr. Moody's relations with the town were thoroughly cordial, with no limiting line on religious grounds. The people attended the meetings, whether or not they were among the converts. The town was proud of its now famous son, had a real affection for him and rejoiced, quite silently of course, in his achievements. In its corporate capacity it granted the moderate requests as to highways, moving the one in front of Moody's house farther away and building a new street along the top of the slope, parallel with Main Street, not without some characteristic dissent by confirmed objectors to whatever was progressive. They found their grounds in the fact that the school property was non-taxable and quite disregarded the other fact that the value of the property when taken had been insignificant.

When an old citizen and family doctor died, as did Dr. Marshall Spring Mead in November, 1883, a link was broken between the two extremes of the century and the change in country medical practice was to be marked. His father, as a boy in Lexington, had shared in the pursuit of the British regulars and later served on Washington's staff. Migrating to Chesterfield, New Hampshire, he had been the progenitor of a notable family, in which Marshall was next to the youngest, a younger sister having married Timothy D. Doak, the Northfield merchant. A brother, Bradley, had remained in Chesterfield, as a tavern-keeper, but his son, Edwin Doak Mead of Boston had become a widely known publicist, lecturer and peace advocate. The son of another brother, Larkin G. Mead, Jr., was the famous sculptor, maker of the great bronze statue of Lincoln for the monument in Springfield, Illinois. The daughter of another brother was the wife of William D. Howells, long the dean of American literature. A nephew, William Rutherford Mead, was of the eminent New York firm of architects, McKim, Mead & White. Close of kin were Rutherford Burchard Hayes, the president elected or declared to have been elected in 1876, the Converses and Meads of Vermont. Dr. Mead married Frances Blake, daughter of Dr. Blake, surgeon on the *Constitution* and Northfield practitioner and so a granddaughter of Captain Samuel Hunt and sister of the one-time lieutenant governor of Vermont and aunt of the artist, William Morris Hunt.

Dr. Mead was the last of the old-style country practitioners. Through a half-century he had driven in chaise or carriage over all the hills and along all the valleys of a wide region, answered every call at whatever hour, carried an overflowing cheer into countless households, and gloriously neglected to collect his bills. He had come down from the day when several doctors were needed to keep the health, leastwise to supply the pills and perform the surgery of the town. His early comrade, Dr. Elijah Stratton, a sterner sort, had died some years ago—both of them having acquired all the medical training a college gave at the institute at Dartmouth and much more from country practitioners such as they were to be. One physician, or at most two, would now do for the town and the principal one would find time to be the Democratic leader, town officer and, when parties changed control, the town's postmaster. These varied requirements were being met by a resourceful son of Vermont, Dr. Rollin Clayton Ward, who had served as a captain in the Union army and found the fortunes of a Democrat as well as a physician better this side the Vermont line.

Ever since the Civil War, the war of the rebellion as New Englanders called it, the chief political disturber in the state had been Benjamin F. Butler. A Democrat before the war, voting through forty ballots for Jefferson Davis for president in 1860, a violent Republican in Congress after it, a persistent and flamboyant seeker of the Republican nomination for governor, then a Greenbacker and now the Democratic candidate. As such he won the election in 1882 and Northfield was with him. The campaign of 1883 was lurid. George D. Robinson of Chicopee went into a personal battle with Butler, following him wherever he spoke and finally defeating him. Not with Northfield's help; all its voters were out and the majority stood by the General. The next year's national election brought the revolt against Blaine, the first use of the word "Mugwump," and the election of Cleveland. Northfield had its rallies, its great campaign flags and Democratic jubilee over both the nation's and the town's vote. It would mean, in time, Dr. Ward as postmaster. Somebody took pains to find out how D. L. Moody stood and was squarely told by him that he was for Blaine, the only time he was known to have given out a political opinion.

A third church found its place in the village in the summer of 1886. For nearly forty years there had been Roman Catholics in the town, the Irish settlers of the railroad building period and their children and grandchildren, now a group of a score or more families. The first comers had faithfully travelled a dozen miles by such means as they could command, perhaps the railroad's hand-car, to Brattleboro or Greenfield for mass but now, for several years, had been given the use of the town hall. The parish priest at Turners Falls, Rev. Patrick L. Quaille, had won a warm place in the regard of the town quite beyond his own people and when the project of a church building was known, Protestant citizens gave ready financial aid. D. L. Moody was among the contributors and a year later presented the church with an organ. The modest but worthy St. Patrick's was the visible token of the townspeople's respect for each other's faith. With a seating capacity of three hundred and fifty, it was planned with a view to a larger Catholic population.

The need of a large meeting-house for the Second Congregational church had been apparent from the day of Moody's first meetings and with the growth of the schools had become inescapable. Mr. Moody had urged it but wisely left the response to the people of the parish. Mrs. Adeline M. Dutton Alexander, widow of the "Uncle Elisha," from whom D. L. Moody bought his homestead, brought the matter to a practical point, by a Christmas gift of one thousand dollars for the purchase of a new site. One was proposed adjoining the old Brigham castle, historic as the home of John Barrett, Esq., now owned by Rev. Dr. Pentecost, but that vigorous divine arrived in town to protest stoutly. The location finally chosen was on a knoll "beyond the brook," surmounting the rock on the face of which was carved the record of the killing of Aaron Belding by the Indians in 1756. It was not until 1888 that the building contract was let to H. N. F. Marshall for $24,900.

Length of pastorates had gone out of vogue. The nearest recent approach to the old order was in the stay of Rev. T. J. Clark but in recent years in retirement and now his successor, Rev. E. R. Drake, was leaving (January 1, 1887). There had been a romance in his days here. The second principal of the Seminary, Dr. Emma Angell, served but a year before she became his bride.

Mr. Moody, who was home for the summer of 1887, displayed his civic interest by joining in the effort to get the town to refuse to grant licenses for the sale of liquor. Prevalently the town had voted for license and it was a mark of bigotry in certain citizens that they kept up an agitation against it. Mr. Moody spoke with other citizens at a mass meeting in the town hall just before the annual town-meeting. There had been a disregard of the license law, as flagrant as violations of prohibition in the rare years when the town voted it. A law and order league undertook to prosecute the keeper of the tavern who had not even shown respect for the law by paying the license fee but a numerously signed protest against this prosecution pleaded that though liquor was illegally sold it was "not to a reprehensable (*sic*) extent." The town now voted to refuse license and the tavern went under the sheriff's hammer.

The college student conference, which had swiftly come to a prominent place in Moody's summer activities and called hundreds of young men from all over the country, was distinguished in the session of 1887 by the presence of Prof. Henry Drummond. Prof. Drummond had been one of Mr. Moody's chief aides in his British campaigns and a strong personal attachment was evidence of the hold the evangelist had upon men of the highest learning. One evening in the new Stone Hall, whose auditorium had already proved too small for the summer gatherings, Prof. Drummond gave for the first time in America an exposition of the 13th chapter of Corinthians, in which he translated "charity" to "love" and with scholarly grace established it as "The Greatest Thing in the World," a phrase that was adopted for its widespread publication.

Whether induced by the prominence the town was gaining and the wish to make a correspondingly good appearance or in concert with a development of village improvement in country towns generally, the period was one of increasing civic pride. The grass in Main Street was being frequently cut; the meandering foot-paths were being widened and straightened into gravel walks; most effective, the fences, which had been continuous along the street and highly various in design, were being removed. The street to the railroad station, where the elms planted in the 1850's by Francis J. Parker, a Boston lawyer, now arched the roadway, was given graded walks and a name, Parker. It seemed to take a Boston lawyer to plant trees. Under local pressure, the railroad had replaced its old depot, a model of discomfort, with a modern station in 1886. The darkness of the shaded street, hitherto relieved only when the moonlight sifted through the branches, was being dispelled in spots by irregularly placed lampposts and deepened in the spaces between. The common practice of carrying lanterns could not be wholly abandoned.

Selecting a sightly location, which no one had discovered was of particular value, Mr. Moody brought about in 1887 the building of a hotel, which was opened early in the next year under the management of a professional landlord, William Hill. The manager had one new thing to learn and learned it dramatically when Moody found a well-stocked cigar stand set up in the lobby. The new hotel was modern and capacious and came at once to have an important relation to the schools and particularly to the conventions that now kept up in unbroken procession through the summer.

The progressive spirit which had caused the building of the new centre schoolhouse was lifting the town schools out of their old rut. With the change of the highway in front of the Moody homestead, the old one-story white schoolhouse, where Dwight had been a mischievous "scholar" and where long before that the later distinguished Samuel C. Allen had made his first contact with the town as a schoolmaster, was removed and on land bought by Mr. Moody, a quite different house for "District No. 2" was built. Across the river a scion of the old Dickinson family, who had been a successful shoe manufacturer in Fitchburg, Edward M. Dickinson, joined with the town in the building of a new schoolhouse and public hall, taking the place of the primitive "No. 7." It was dedicated in 1891, with formalities, in which citizens of the town, including Mr. Moody, had a share.

School books were now supplied by the town, the State having come to a different conclusion from the town's school committee, which in other years had declared the home-owned school book was a cherished object of respect as well as of economy. The school year had been lengthened to thirty-three weeks in general and no fewer than twenty-eight in the mountain schools, so-called. Transportation was provided from distant parts. Young men had been chosen to the school committee and their reports, less wildly and mistakenly philosophical, were pleas for progress and a measurable record of forward steps. Particularly they urged a higher grade in the centre school, open to all the town, which they cautiously avoided calling a high school. The higher grade was established in 1891 and at last Latin was taught in a public school. The next year the committee dared to call it the high school. There had begun a discussion as to joining with other towns in the employment of a school superintendent, a new state law having given towns such option.

CHAPTER XLII

NATIONAL ISSUES AND LOCAL, BOTH HEATED

Ancient State Boundary Dispute Revived, Street Railway Averted, Motor Cars Unfavored

Much was going on in the world that had no direct or apparent relation to the quiet New England town, with ample problems of its own, but none of it escaped attention and judgment. The one assured crop was opinions. Not only unfailing, it was high grade. It should have found a market in world centres but somehow never went beyond home consumption. Political issues had moved away, had taken on industrial aspects, had come to do with the great West, with Indians unrelated to the extinct Squakheags, Pocumtucks and Mohawks, revolved around Wall street but still were convincingly passed upon in Main Street, and if involving foreign policies were not beyond the scope of a town that a century ago demanded of Washington the ratification of the Jay treaty and a little later told the inhabitants of Boston they were wrong as to the embargo and wrote thanks to God into its town records for its independence of opinion.

Having voted for Cleveland in 1884, with no other local consequence than having a Democrat for postmaster, the town's majority opinion stood by him through an administration which accomplished little. A Republican Congress blocked his efforts to reduce taxes in the face of an enormous and increasing surplus in the national treasury, to reform the civil service after, as was caustically observed, Democrats had been given a major share of the offices, to curb the excesses of Civil War pensions, to resist the demands that silver be enthroned and to pull down the protective tariff, the issue that Cleveland brought to the fore in his message of 1887 to Congress. The tariff entered into ordinary conversation and thrilled every political rally.

The liquor issue was rampant. Northfield had been steadily liberal, the preferred way of saying that it had been constantly on the license side. It was fatal to a political candidate to be suspected of prohibition leanings. Massachusetts, having given high-license a trial, was to face the issue squarely in a vote in 1888 on an amendment to the State constitution to prohibit the manufacture and sale. The United States Supreme Court in 1887 had confirmed the validity of the Kansas prohibitory law on the ground that the right to sell alcoholic beverages was not one of the rights of citizenship secured by the Constitution. Northfield voted against the proposed amendment to the State constitution and stayed Democratic at the election of 1888, also throwing its vote against its resident Republican candidate for the legislature in favor of a retired bartender, a veteran of the Civil War, in another town. After successively giving a majority to the brilliant young Democrat, William E. Russell, for governor, even before the State as a whole elected him, the town turned against Cleveland in the election of 1892 and thus came to resemble its neighbors in their unvarying allegiance to what they consistently regarded as the "grand old party." Even this year another of its young men, a descendant of the historic Cap'n Wright, came within three votes of election to the legislature as a Democrat.

Two-thirds of the townships of New England had a smaller population in 1890 than they had in 1880. In twenty years the acreage of improved land on New England farms had fallen from thirteen and a half millions to a little over eight millions. The abandoned farm had become an object of public concern, without making it otherwise, and farm values had shrunk correspondingly. Above all other causes was the opening of the West, where great fields could be cultivated and harvests handled by machinery. Discouraged by the decline of farm prospects, attracted by the wages in industry, and lured by the glamor of city life, the boys had been leaving the old home for years past but now the procession to the cities was continuous. It had almost become a mark of stupidity in a young man to remain on the farm. Other employment than school teaching, which had been the one occupation for them outside the home, was now opening for the girls as well, presaging further inroads on the home circle and the village population.

Country towns were put to further disadvantage by the luxuries with which city homes were being equipped. Electricity was being employed in transportation, lighting and communication. The first arc lights were introduced in 1880 and the incandescent filament, the invention of Thomas Edison, had quickly followed into common urban use. The telephone, which started as a business in 1880, had become a commonplace. Just now an overhead trolley, running on electric wires, was being developed for street cars; it had its first trial in Richmond, Virginia, in 1888, was quickly installed in Boston and promised to come into extensive use for suburban travel.

The farm or even the village home was without the modern devices. They were lighted by the kerosene lamp, with still a lingering preference in some of them for candles, heated by stoves or at best by hot-air furnaces. The plumber had not invaded them to install bathtub and flush closet. Transportation was by horse and wagon or steam train, whose locomotives had but recently come to burn coal instead of wood.

Not excepted from the draft upon its youth which largely depopulated like towns, Northfield had maintained its census showing at each decennial period. It had no natural advantages over towns that had steadily and rapidly declined. It had developed no industrial employment and had no resources upon which to base it. The one feature that distinguished it was that it had been chosen by its returned son, Dwight Moody, as the site of the schools which had come to be his dearest project. Their building and the development of their lands furnished employment for local artisans and laborers. To an extent they were attracting new people to the town. As a school town it could expect no great expansion, no bustle and stir, no commercial growth; but it was spared the decline the neighboring and the like communities had been and were still undergoing.

The distinction of being a Democratic town, while all about were steadfast Republicans, gradually faded in the late years of the century. Bryan, with his cross-of-gold stroke in 1896, was so far from New England notions of sound money that the Republican vote for McKinley reached a point (222) hitherto unknown and only 45 of the traditional Democrats stood by their guns, while 15 of them sought refuge in the Gold-Democratic escape from responsibility. By 1900, the new issues raised by the Spanish War brought the Democrats into line to the number of 92 but the town was now getting Republican by habit, expressed in 190 votes.

The ancient spirit of independence had shown itself in 1899 by the complimentary vote given a son of the town, the state senator who had affronted the Republican powers by refusing to vote for Henry Cabot Lodge in the legislature of that year and was running independently. Again in 1900 it gave Charles H. Green, a constant Democrat, 218 votes to 34 for the Republican candidate, surprising itself somewhat and its favorite more. The surprise was deepened for him when he learned that he was the senior member-elect, having served a term in 1875, and would have the distinction of calling the house of representatives to order when it assembled in January, to this modest citizen an appalling prospect. In 1904, the town was for Roosevelt, 205 to 66, when it should have been unanimous for this one president who had ever paid it a visit.

The political preferences of a town which in excited national elections recorded not more than 300 votes are insignificant in national or even in state choices but they were amply important in home estimate. There were rallies, campaign flag-raisings, personal encounters, never more than verbal—all the stigmata of political disturbance, not less marked than if the fate of the nation hung upon Northfield's decisions. The declining Democratic vote was not the result of conversions; it reflected the death rate of stalwart Democrats who had never faltered, never doubted, and to the last election before their demise had gone, however lamely, to the polls in consistent devotion to the memory of Jackson. The coming of the Australian ballot in the early '90's had given them a shelter they did not need; they had hitherto flaunted their open ballots, headed with portraits of national candidates, and it was a stupid performance to have to make pencil marks in the privacy of a booth.

Tidal waves of politics brought no ripples in the constancy of party voting. Even in 1910, when the Taft administration received warning of disapproval in a loss of Congress and widespread election of Democratic governors, the town that had become Republican stayed so without varying. Dix, son of the Civil War hero, was elected governor of New York, Harmon in Ohio, Baldwin in Connecticut, all Democrats, and in New Jersey another, a professor, unknown to politics, named Woodrow Wilson. Now Massachusetts picked for governor a manufacturer, Eugene A. Foss, a former Republican who had affronted Senator Lodge and been practically read out. In all this overturn, Northfield did not waver; only the Democratic old guard, now reduced to 59, voted for Foss. The town's capacity for having its own mind politically was newly demonstrated.

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Through her two centuries of existence, Northfield had never been sure of her northern boundary. She had shared in the insecurity of all the towns bordering on New Hampshire and more seriously than any other because of a larger loss of territory in the running in 1741 of what had become historically known as the Hazen line and because in subsequent efforts to rectify that line, never fully ratified, she would again lose most heavily. The old issue had been threateningly revived in the last years of the previous century, and the report of a commission created by an act of the Massachusetts legislature of 1885, which had taken its time, was awaited with some concern.

The only assured fact about the boundary between the two states was its easterly beginning, the mouth of the Merrimack River. From there its course inland created a disputed triangular tract with its base on the Connecticut. Thus Northfield stood to lose most heavily as the corner of the base was moved southerly. As far back as 1693 efforts were made to fix the boundary without success. Just after the final settlement of Northfield, the controversy was renewed but it had slight interest to the new town because the supposed line reached the Connecticut many miles to the north. It was the assured line of the first Massachusetts charter from Charles I. New Hampshire was striving to enlarge her boundaries, hoping that with increase of territory and population the province would be equal in rank with Massachusetts and be able to support a governor, the governor of Massachusetts being at that time also the governor of the lesser province.

The issue was carried to the King, on petition of New Hampshire's agents in 1737, and a commission was made up from the counsellors of New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Nova Scotia. When they met at Hampton, August 1st of that year, New Hampshire made claim to a line due west from the mouth of the Merrimack until it reaches His Majesty's other government (New York). It would have reached the Connecticut at a point about two miles above the junction of the Ashuelot. Massachusetts claimed a line parallel with the Merrimack to the point of the parting of that river, as far north as a tree known for more than seventy years by the name of Endicott's, standing three miles north of the parting of the Merrimack and thence due west to the South Sea. It would have reached the Connecticut at a point above Walpole.

The commission reached no conclusion, only repeating the grounds of the counter claims. The agents of the two provinces in England then presented the case to the King. New Hampshire had more of a sentimental than a factual case. She asserted that the vast and opulent, overgrown province of Massachusetts was ready to swallow up the little, loyal province of New Hampshire and to destroy the King's own property and possessions in its rapacity. Her aspersions on Massachusetts and her adroit allusion to the symptoms of independence in the region of Boston had their effect. The point of departure of the line from the Merrimack was moved down to another tree somewhere described as a crotched apple-tree but actually a pitch-pine, henceforth to be known as the Boundary pine, standing three miles due north of a place called Patucket Falls (Pentucket, now Lowell), thence straight west till it meets with his Majesty's other governments—presumably New York.

New Hampshire, by this decree, gained more than she had ventured to claim, losing somewhat on the side towards Maine, but adding 3,500 square miles to her territory. Massachusetts lost 6,000 square miles and 30 towns. Northfield's realm had up to this time included so much beyond the new state line, on both sides of the Connecticut, that she lost a full third of territory. She would have suffered even worse loss except for a surveyor's error.

Massachusetts refused to share in the expense of any survey but it was duly made, the western section being engineered by Richard Hazen, whose name became forever fixed upon it through its subsequent troubles. In surveying the line, Hazen made an allowance of ten degrees for variation of the needle, an error which came to have real significance for Northfield as it carried the town's northern boundary three miles up the river from the due-west point. It, however, left an issue for a century and a half of controversy. Within this period the towns on both sides persisted in a habit of moving the state stones to suit their local notions. Far to the east, an unpopular land-owner, Delaware by name, was set over by the town of Salisbury into New Hampshire and South Hampton responded by setting him back into Massachusetts, with the result that Delaware for many years, until his house was burned, was a man without a country, his own sovereign. There were rival surveys in 1825 and 1827, the results of which were not ratified.

In mid-summer of 1891 there appeared in Northfield a group of surveyors under the direction of Professor E. C. Quimby of Dartmouth College. There was immediate apprehension that the Hazen error was to be corrected and the New Hampshire line moved down Northfield's Main Street, carrying out of town and state the entire campus of the Seminary, the birthplace and the home of D. L. Moody. But the rival states had come to better feeling and the Massachusetts contention, that a state line which had been recognized for 150 years had acquired a certain respect and there could be no benefit in changing it, was allowed. What had been mutually consented to as a reconnaissance was finally accepted as conclusive.

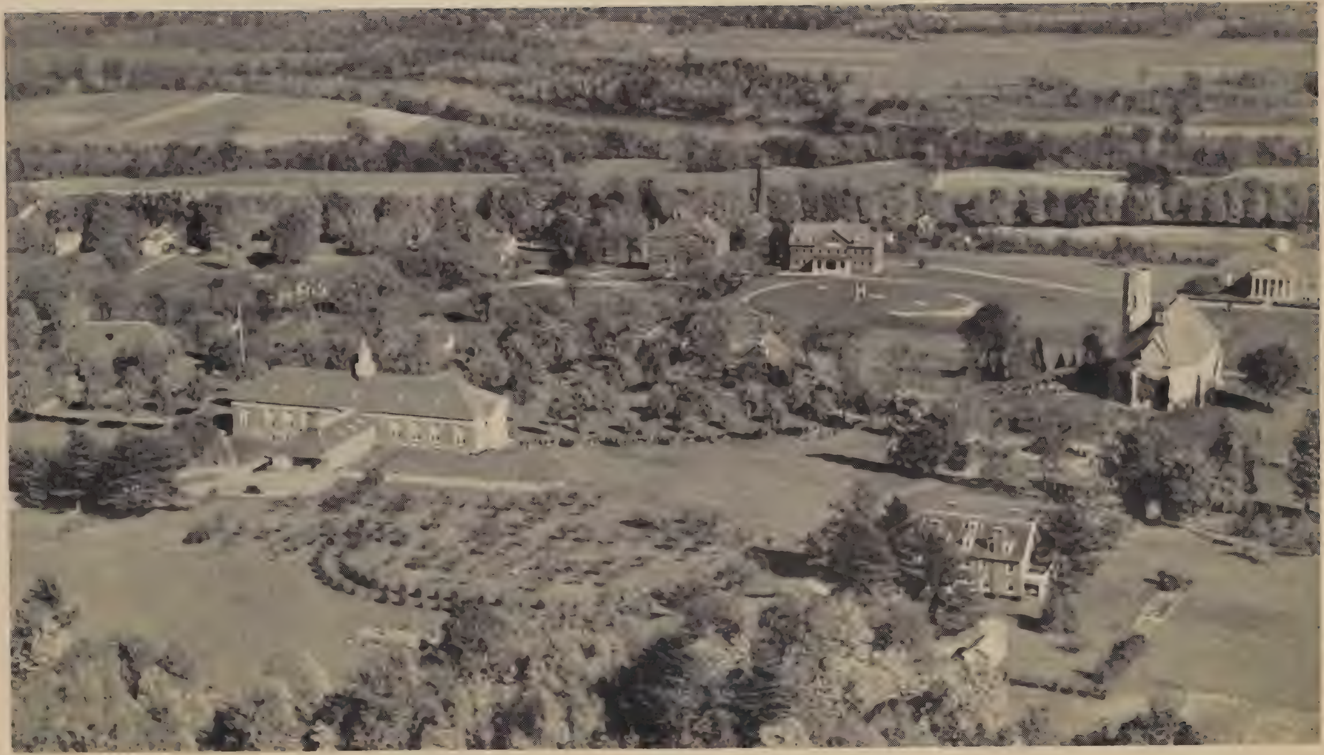
Vermont having joined in the project, the three states met and established as the tri-state corner the one that Hazen had blunderingly indicated. It was marked by a copper bolt at the apex of a granite block fastened on a stone pier sunk below the west bank of the river. This submerged marker's location was to be indicated by a large monument set at some distance from the river's bank on the line between Vermont and Massachusetts, 582 feet from the actual corner. The remains of a monument placed by the surveyor Varnum in 1827 were found in the excavation for the new and permanent one.

The Commission for Massachusetts, made its report to the legislature of 1900, officially recording the agreement of the three states and a bogey of 150 years was laid to rest.

The town's loss of the top third of its territory by the Hazen survey of 1740 was a forgotten blow by the time the line between the states was settled in 1900. It could not have been deeply resented when it occurred; the town was having all it could do to defend the populated portion and the region taken away was next to uninhabited. There came to be a fortified hamlet on the easterly side, with Captain Hinsdell's fort as its main defense and across the river was Dummer, which was a Northfield fort even though doubtfully within its original border. After the division there came into being the town of Hinsdale, covering all the lost territory on both sides of the Connecticut, incorporated in 1753. In time, the region west of the river developed into the town of Vernon, the corner town of Vermont,

NORTHFIELD SEMINARY CAMPUS

(Airplane View)



MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL CAMPUS
(Airplane View)

when that state came into existence as the first to be added to the original thirteen.

Losing the Hinsdale territory, Northfield lost its only chance of industrial development. The Ashuelot river was the only stream within the original grant that had power beyond the requirements of a saw or grist mill of the primitive type. Upon it, there came to be built up woolen mills and paper mills of considerable extent and Hinsdale had industrial importance. As an incident, the older town lost the distinction of being the site of "Over the river, they beckon to me," the sombre verse of a factory girl with imagination sufficient to be inspired to its supernal plaint by the Ashuelot River viewed from a factory window. The poem by Priest, the factory girl, had wide acceptance, won its way into the school "readers" and remains secure in the collections of the rhythmic products of the century. Again, there was lost the chance to be the birthplace of Charles A. Dana, one of the great American journalists in the heydey of newspaper personalities, the maker of the *New York Sun*. It was not known, however, that Dana ever bothered to remember that he was born in Hinsdale.

On the Vermont side the town of Vernon became just another farming community with its own interests slightly related to the mother town. It had its beginnings with the Hunt family first breaking its ground and producing such a genius as the artist, William Morris Hunt, son of the lieutenant governor of Vermont. The village which straddled the state line, South Vernon—West Northfield, had a group of vigorous native families, the Beldings, the Barbers, the Richardsons, producing the pre-eminent surgeon, Maurice Richardson, related to all three of them, and the Priests. It gained a mild prominence as a railroad junction, the old Vermont and Massachusetts coming here to join the New London Northern while the Cheshire came down the Ashuelot valley to its terminus. In general the establishment of the state line made a geographical as well as a political division of the original township, and reduced social relationship to near the vanishing point.

Over the edge of the century, Northfield acquired an interest in trolley-car possibilities. Such an interest was not permitted to await the development of an indigenous ambition. It was insistently pressed upon every Massachusetts town that gave a prospect of profit to the promoters or happened to furnish a territorial link between towns that did. The last decade of the 1800's was marked by an epidemic of electric-road building. Street cars had been known to American cities for seventy years (the first in 1832) but they were kept within urban bounds by the slowness of horses. Up to 1890 it was one of the thrills of a visit to Boston to ride out to Harvard College seated on the side of a car drawn by a pair of plodding horses to the music of jangling bells and, if it were winter, with the car floor strewn with straw for foot warmth.

The first departure from horse-cars was cars drawn by underground moving cables, first used in San Francisco in 1873, by Chicago in 1878, by Philadelphia in 1884 and by New York not until 1892, soon to be superseded by underground trolleys, drawing power from an electric rail. The overhead trolley opened the way to extension into the country and by 1900 Massachusetts was in fair way to being gridironed with trolley roads. The delusion developed that any electric road would be a bonanza as well as a civilizer.

Greenfield was a prospective radiating point of trolley-road development. Northfield was one objective outpoint or perhaps a waypoint for advance up the valley. To realize it a Bernardston and Northfield company was organized in September, 1901. A rival plan, to connect with the Greenfield road at Millers Falls, appeared the next month. From that point through several years the discussion ran on, with fluctuating fervor and intense personal differences. In 1904 a definite plan appeared for a line from Millers Falls through the town to Hinsdale, with a spur track up Moody Hill. In March, 1905, the promotors promised tracks would be laid and cars running by August first. After a lull, unbroken by any clanging of cars, the issue reached the town-meeting and after fervent debate, franchise was refused by a vote of 96 to 78.

Incidental proposals were a new bridge opposite Mt. Hermon and an elevated structure across Great Meadow, backed by New York capital. A Northfield and Greenfield street railway company was incorporated in 1907, the town not voting it a franchise. Brattleboro reappeared and held out inducements in connection with the building of a power dam in the river at Vernon. Then the issue faded away and the peace of the town was assured.

The appearance on the horizon of the motor car reduced trolley road ardor, fortunately before rails had been laid soon to become useless. Even this invasion was doubtfully regarded. Sometime in the 'eighties a local mechanical genius, George Long, had devised a horseless carriage with a steam motor, driving an ordinary buggy, and operated it on Main Street. It so fully satisfied its inventor that he made no attempt to develop it further. Who in town first owned an automobile was not recorded; certainly not a candidate for selectman. Possibly it was Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., who in 1908 was disturbing people by driving a noisy car, very similar in form to an ordinary carriage.

In 1905, acting under a permissive state law, the town closed most of its roads to automobiles and put a speed limit upon all of them to twelve miles an hour and, in Main Street, nine miles. Under a right to appeal such restriction, the state highway commission gave a hearing in the town hall, its members actually arriving in one of the objectionable vehicles, listened to fervid denunciations of the devilish machines and after it had reached Boston annulled the exclusion from the highways.

The speed limit remained and in 1906 it was observed that cars were whirling through Main Street at a speed nearer twenty than nine miles an hour. Constables Kidder and Doane were put on the warpath. In 1907 there were twelve cars owned in town and in 1908 the number had increased to fourteen, including the Pentecost noise-maker. Sunday use of them was out of favor and a news item that two prominent citizens had gone in an automobile to Mt. Monadnock was obscured by naming the time as "the first day of the week." It was worthy of news note that Congressman Gillett went through town in a motor car. The winter of 1908 furnished the diverting spectacle of an "auto" driving through the snow. Sleighing and sleigh-riding, the latter a social event, were undiminished and in 1909 racing in sleighs was objectionably common on Main Street, it even occurring on Sundays. The motor car still knew its place in winter; it was in the barn.

CHAPTER XLIII

MODERNIZATION

Last Prospects of Industrial Features Fade. Gifts Well Directed

CONSISTENTLY WITH THE TIMES, even if unconsciously so, the town was making progress during the period of the last years of the nineteenth and the first decade of the twentieth century, at least in material things. There had been no new sources of wealth; indeed audits of personal and family resources would probably have discouraged new outlays. It was an enlivened public spirit. At no time in the two centuries of the town's existence had there been witnessed such a development of inventions that added to the comfort and facility of living. Never had there been such a casting-off of old things and the taking-on of new. A town which had been variably enterprising could not help becoming unitedly so, in step with the rest of the world. Moreover, there had been an opening up of certain tightly held home purses, to the town's benefit.

The tremendous industrial growth of the nation and the building up of great fortunes from the development of natural resources could, of course, have no open manifestation in a town which was traditionally agricultural and still so. How far the new feature, the schools Moody had placed here, had to do with the advance in local pride, reflected in public and private spending for new things, would have been ardently debated if the question had been raised. It was at least certain that Moody had opened a channel between some of the big fortunes and his enterprises and it poured out in the town of his birth. The town had become world-known, a stimulating change, although some of its people would not have admitted it even in an unguarded moment. Finally there were thousands of people coming into the town and even though they went out again there might conceivably be a commonly but silently shared wish to have them think well of it. Whatever the causation, the town visibly improved.

Material contributions to the town's benefit came from three sources, all of them of strictly local origin. In 1896, Elijah M. Dickinson, a Fitchburg manufacturer, announced his gift to the town of a library building. He was born on the West side, spent his boyhood there, and his sister, Miss Electa, a woman of rather massive dignity and marked brightness and refinement, now lived in the consistently solid brick house on the road through the Kingdom. They were among the children of Job Dickinson, an able and solid citizen. This name for the region, by the way, had long since lost its Satanic prefix and carried no opprobrium.

Mr. Dickinson had already given his natal neighborhood and the town a serviceable combined schoolhouse and community hall. He was a descendant of the Nathaniel Dickinson, the site of whose death at the hands of savages on Pauchaug hill, was marked by a monument. The fortified home of his ancestors had stood on the town's Main Street. This site had now been bought and here he offered to build a library as a memorial. The gift was said to have been somewhat promoted and certainly was guided by Charles Henry Green, the man who had come years ago from Gardner to manage lumbering projects of his relatives, the Heywoods, makers of chairs, and who had now long been a leader in town affairs.

The Dickinson gift was accepted by the town in 1897, voting also $2,000 for furnishings, and the library was dedicated June 7, 1898. D. L. Moody was one of the speakers and Gaius Glenn Atkins, first known here as an instructor at Mount Hermon, the principal one. The keys were passed by Mr. Dickinson to the town's library committee, the leading physician of the town, Dr. Norman P. Wood, being its chairman. The memorial was architecturally fine and, unlike some of the ornate gifts to native towns, perfectly fitted the scene. That it was built of granite from the Northfield Mountain quarry perhaps helped make it consistent.

Then came the gifts of Adeline M. Dutton Alexander. It was she who had given the historical markers and kept herself silent and all but unseen on the day of their dedication in 1897. She had given largely to the building of the new Congregational church. Now, in 1903, the town received as an immediate bequest, the house which had been her recent home, a roomy, solid brick house of eighteenth century date, originally one of the Main Street's Mattoon homes, and with it $5,000. More than this, a sum was left to trustees for a memorial hall, with a breadth of discretion in its application which made it possible for the town to have a voice and a share in whatever was done. In 1909 the town accepted a plan to build a combined memorial hall and high school.

The town bought the Field lot, as the site of the fine house in which Mrs. Alexander was born had come to be known, had town-meeting controversies as to whether the new building should be in the front centre or at one side, finally fixing on the centre at a distance of 80 feet from the street, and accepted the plans of Augustus Holton, an architect of Northfield birth, whose every building, including this one, reflected the rigorous convention, not to save severity, of New England birth.

Finally came the Belcher gifts. We have met the Belcher girls before, in this story. They were Mary Ann and Eliza, maiden daughters of Colonel Jonathan, the town's hatter in the days, nigh a century ago, when there were real hats. Mary Ann was the town's *modiste* in a period when it was "dressmaker." Eliza taught for years the younger section of the centre school, called the primary in a school outfit which did not presume to give any label to what was not primary. They lived in the old house and in the old way. Their only extravagance, and an amazing one, was the building of a piazza and bay window. They gave to the church, the First Parish one across the street, and they dutifully met every church obligation. They only denied themselves.

The Belcher "girls" were intelligent, refined, respected and liked. They just did not spend, and not-spending had become a habit and an art. They highly respected their forebears, indulging the tradition that they were descended from Belcher, the colonial governor, a belief no one would disturb. And now in 1908, when both the sisters had gone, the town found itself beneficiary in specified ways, a fund for the needy, a fund for the cemetery and a fund for the church, along with a sum to build a Belcher memorial, a monument on the triangle where the old turnpike deltas into Main Street.

The site of the Belcher memorial monument was itself historic. Near it, in the centre of the main roadway, had stood the old town meeting-house and the earliest schoolhouse. The triangle had been formed by the approaches to the turnpike opened in the first years of the last century and upon it had stood for years the town's liberty pole. In the same former period a square, white-painted shaft had been the guide post with distances to Warwick, Worcester and Boston, the last one being 83 miles, a distance which had somehow been elongated in recent years. Here also had been the bandstand, an ornate structure, removed in 1892.

The new sole occupant, the Belcher monument, was a handsome shaft of polished granite, rising from a base carrying a drinking fount for horses and a lower one for dogs, a glorified modernization of the watering-trough, which had also sometime stood here, and in the new form destined to be somewhat memorial to the disappearing horse. The memorial was dedicated in 1909, with an address by Rev. Daniel Munro Wilson, the minister of the church to which the last of the Belchers had been devoted.

Somewhat indifferently, the town had accepted the telephone. This instrument of communication, exhibited as a queer contraption at the Centennial exposition of 1876, had come into widespread use in the 1880's. Northfield was fairly prompt in accepting the device, the first "phone" being set up in Webster's store, September 25, 1883. The Town granted to the New England Telephone Company, in 1890, the right to erect poles in Main Street. Few instruments were installed up to 1890, when a local telephone company was formed. Its efforts to install service in the households were even now slightly successful. The rates were $1.50 per month for private use and $2.00 for business but these were clear additions to cautiously guarded outlay, and only 30 customers were secured.

Then came the invasion of state road, an outright infringement on the most important item of home government and the most controversial. It took the form of state aid to the improvement of a section of Main Street in 1901 and 1902. When the President of the United States paid the town a visit in the latter year, the barouche in which he was driven at high speed rattled over the loose stones of a macadam road in process. The town clung to its kerosene lamps until 1910. The initial variation was in the gas-lighting of the Seminary buildings from its own plant. The Greenfield Electric Light Company in 1909 was granted the right to erect poles in the town and on a summer night of 1910 Main Street was illuminated as never before.

There was a short dream that electricity might further transform the town when in 1909 and '10 a great dam was being built in the Connecticut between Vernon and Hinsdale, within what were originally the boundaries of Northfield. It was a part of the enterprise of appropriating water powers by a company which had started in Greenfield, had put the Deerfield in elaborate harness and had now enlisted Boston capital. The Vernon dam was costing three million dollars, would set back the Connecticut for over twenty miles and was to develop 2,500 horse-power.

Henry I. Harriman, the head official of the project, visited Northfield during the construction period and at a meeting of a newly created board of trade held out possibilities of a supply of energy to the town to the extent of 2,000 horse-power. It was the policy of the promotors, he announced, to build up the nearby use of the utility. The dream did not materialize. It was soon evident that the Connecticut had been harnessed to the service of already existing industrial centres fifty and a hundred miles away.

The town's immunity to industry, in the mill sense, had become complete. Even the minor enterprises which had in other years shown some promise were now memories only. Once Mill Brook had turned wheels, other than the millstones of the grist mills, even these having ceased to grind. After the pail factory on the Warwick Road had fallen into decay, there had been a cotton-batting factory near its site, surviving only a few years. Near its entrance to the Connecticut, after the fulling mill some old people could remember, there had been wood-working use of the power. In 1879, William Phelps had been described as "our enterprising spoke-manufacturer" but he was now working in the bigger timber of the state of Washington. And spokes were going out of fashion. Then there had been on the same lower stream the wood-working shop of George Long, none too prosperous, and later that of William D. Morgan, prudently limited to fitting and finishing lumber for local uses.

These modest industries were now gone, along with the historic grist mill of the Websters on the other bank. The mill pond had ceased to be. The cannery, principally packing sweet corn and at one time employing 45 people for its season, had come and gone. The enduring enterprise was the Cooperative Creamery, incorporated in 1885 and all these years furnishing a profitable outlet of the farms on a butter-fat basis.

Changes in the physical appearance of the town were not confined to the extensive building in the section which had by now come to be known as East Northfield, part as it still was of the one village. In 1903, a region on the hillside easterly from the Seminary, given the name of Rustic Ridge, was developed by the building of 20 houses. The Northfield, the hotel established by D. L. Moody and now under the efficient management of his nephew, Ambert George Moody, had been much enlarged. Downtown, the old tavern, dating back to the important days of the stage coach, when it was Houghton's, had burned. Its fortunes had varied, with a period of high repute under the landlordship of Frank Stimpson, ending in 1894, when he bought the Priest Mason house, adding a story and conducting it until 1899. Gone also was the livery stable, which had burned and would not be replaced when horse-hire had given way to the advance of the motor car.

In 1898, the historic general store had been sold by Charles H. Webster and he built this year the first approach to a "block," on the corner of Main and Parker streets, later extending it down the latter. This youngest of the Webster family had succeeded to the tradition of business leadership and added to it admission to the bar, the first resident lawyer since the distinguished days of General Nevers, B. R. Curtis, David Aiken, William G. Woodward and General Charles Devens, ending before the Civil War.

A like block had later been built on the opposite corner and in 1903 one of its tenants was a printing concern, headed by Rev. W. W. Coe, with daring enough to launch a weekly newspaper. Among the residences, the loss of the Silas Field house by fire in 1903 had removed the finest of the century-old ornaments. The Brigham castle, earlier the home of John Barrett, who built it, and his law students, and later the residence for years of the Rev. George F. Pentecost, was torn down in 1915. It had given way to a plan by Miss A. M. Spring for the establishment of a missionary colony to be known as the Spring Memorial Gardens, under the Seminary's ownership. As a castle, it had been quite outshone by the grand house built by Francis B. Schell, finished in 1903, a conspicuous but costly misfit in a New England town's architecture.

Now, in 1910, the old "Orthodox" church had burned. Built in 1829, it had been the scene of D. L. Moody's earlier preaching, quite as often from the front steps as inside its inadequate walls. Latterly it had been the home of the Sons of Veterans, the town having refused to buy it for the public library. Several of the old houses along the street had been bought and made modern by men attracted to the town by its religious interests. The town hall had been extensively changed and enlarged in 1904, at a cost of $6,000, and now had a modern stage and competent town offices.

Emergence from the old sort of public schools went through difficult stages in the eighteen nineties. The state had undertaken to promote the formation of school supervision districts and offered substantial help to groups of towns which would unite for the employment of skilled superintendents. Northfield ardently discussed the plan, held off for awhile, voted to join, undertook to rescind its vote and finally settled into the new order in 1895, before the state finally made it compulsory. A higher grade was established in the Centre School in 1891, not up to the level of a high school, and there was for a while an arrangement with the Moody schools to supplement it.

Tuition was paid in high schools of other towns, under state compulsion. Special instruction in music in all the schools was provided in the new supervision district. In 1899 a summer kindergarten was set up but was not continued the next year. A new schoolhouse was built at East Northfield at a cost of $4,000 in 1903. The outside district schools, which had once numbered a dozen, were gradually superseded by transportation, leaving only those at the Farms and on the West side. In 1907, a school physician was employed. All these steps led up to the joining with the A. M. D. Alexander trustees in the establishment of the high school, which was opened in 1911.

That the line of demarcation between the churches was losing some of its sharpness was signalized by the more liberal utterances at the Moody conferences, as when Dr. G. Campbell Morgan in 1907, while upholding the divinity of Christ, commended much of the Unitarian view of Christ's humanity. More significant was the preaching in the Unitarian church by Rev. Paul Dwight Moody on the last Sunday of 1908, marking the 66th anniversary of the joining of the church by Betsey Holton Moody, the mother of his father, the evangelist. It was a gracious act upon the part of the son to accept the invitation his father had scorned a third of a century before.

Merging of Massachusetts towns into the larger community, represented by the State, which had advanced by gradual, and often stoutly resisted steps, became more pronounced in the first decade of the century. It affected, in varying degrees, every one of the traditional local concerns. The public schools reflected the advance in standards and the expansion of instruction set up by the Commonwealth. The form of town control remained. The school committee held its ground in administration, but it had signed away its direction of the teacher when the towns consented to combine in groups for the employment of a superintendent. This project was much debated while optional but becoming mandatory in the late 1890's.

Along with superintendency came features altogether novel to the schoolroom, the sign of the developing notion that there was more to do for and with the child than to supply academic rudiments and involving his general well-being and culture. His physical condition, none of the school's business in old days, came to definite recognition in the requirement of health examinations and the employment of a school physician, a step taken by Northfield in 1907. Teaching to sing, which had varied widely, through the range of the schoolma'am's interest and capacity, had now a trained district supervisor. This feature was almost a flare-back to the days, more than a century before, when the town employed a singing master, the end then sought being a general capacity to sing psalms.

Complete now, after agony of long dispute, was the abandonment of the small one-room, one-teacher school, the *bête noire* of Horace Mann. Along had come a central school for higher grading and the transformation of the few remaining outside schools to primary and intermediate instruction. Northfield made out in 1905 to accomplish the higher grade, taking on the name of high school, graduating its first class of two in 1908, ceremoniously, in the town hall, with an address by no less distinguished an orator than Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D. Now it was getting its real high school under the aid of the Alexander bequest.

These advances were not inexpensive. Previously to 1890, the town's school expenditure was ordinarily about $2,500; it was nearly three times that; and there was every expectation and willingness that it should presently run much higher. The state had even invaded the local right to have as poor teachers as a town wanted and pay them as little as it chose—actually fixing a minimum wage as a condition for getting any allowance from the state's school fund.

State control was encroaching upon the richest field of town statesmanship and "March meetin'" oratory, the highways. In 1902, Main Street had ceased to be a problem of dust clouds in summer and mud hub-deep in the springtime, the Commonwealth joining with the town in substituting macadam for native soil. A highway commission was enlarging its authority, even over-ruling the town as to the use of the roads by automobiles and how fast they should be permitted to go. The motor car was bringing havoc to the town's road independence.

Police authority, hitherto strictly local and in Northfield vested in constables annually elected, was beginning to be exercised by the state. The administration of justice, not so long ago vested in the justice of the peace, had been completely transferred to the county seat. Colonel Charles Pomeroy's south front room was no longer the scene of civil actions and the lesser criminal trials. There would never be another such *cause célèbre* as one man's trial for assault on a neighbor. The accused was a bit low-witted and blamed his mental shortage to a head-on fall in the barn in childhood. His defense, "Not guilty, Mr. Pumery, not guilty, sir. Only struck him once with m' fist and twice with the hoe. Not guilty, sir."

Trial justice authority ceased in 1896, when a district court was established for the county at Greenfield.

The town was no longer charged with the problem and the burden of provision for its insane and feeble-minded, it having been fully assumed by the state in 1903. The publication in the town's annual report of the list of persons given poor-relief, a protection of the town treasury through disagreeable publicity, was discontinued in 1910.

In all these ways, the town was being made conscious that it was increasingly a part of a larger community and less and less an independent integer. Town expenditure was annually increasing and already at a sum that would have made the citizens of a past generation gasp. Not alone, nor chiefly, was the town spending more because of the state's requirements. It was keeping the pace of the times.

In a census of organizations in 1905, an unofficial count by an otherwise unoccupied newspaper reporter, there were discovered 47 such voluntary associations. It was token of an organizing habit that had taken a firm hold upon all but strict individualists and found its exercise in every discoverable reason for uniting, however slight. There were the secret bodies, most ancient of which was Harmony Lodge, of Masons, which had already celebrated its centennial, and the Eastern Star; the Red Men; the Grange, which had been revived in 1892; then the patriotic orders, the Henry H. Johnson Post of the G.A.R., is women's auxiliary and the Sons of Veterans; then the societies connected with the churches, such as the Brotherhood of the Second Congregational and the Unity Club of the Unitarian; and perhaps most significant of the new order of things, the Woman's Club, presently to become The Fortnightly. There had been boy organizations, fore-runners of the Boy Scouts, of which there was not a troop trained enough to go into contests with like ones in the larger towns.

Baseball came out of its "scrub" stage into club form with the new century and the "Tigers" appeared in 1902. It would be a source of pride in years to come to have been enrolled in its earliest roster—Fred Atwood, pitcher; Charles Webster, catcher; Charles Stearns, short stop; Ben Callender, first base; Charles Preston, second base; Will Webster, third base; Will Curtis, left field; Will Wright, right field; Will R. Moody, centre field; Frank Green, left field; Albert Preston, centre field. By 1905 there was new talent, including the other Moody boy, Paul Dwight, and Arthur Philips, who rose to the distinction of being manager in the 1907 and '08 seasons, succeeding John Callahan. All this was many years after Connie Murphy had sprung from this native soil of his to the distinction of being a "regular" player, that is to say a professional, on the unbelievable salary of $1,200 a year, so stellar an elevation as henceforth to be lost to local vision. Now talent was more evenly distributed but would stay amateur.

A new racial strain was finding its way into a population that had hitherto been Yankee in great preponderance, Irish in the third generation and as much a part of the town, with the slightest tinge of French Canadian through precipitation from the flow of woodchoppers. The Polander, Lithuanian, Austrian, or possibly Russian, like the first settlers, came up-valley. He was known in the lower towns as a farm laborer, but not for long. Soon he was a tenant of the land, hiring it for a season at a price beyond what the yield had been in recent years on many indifferently tilled acres. Next he was owner, building a modern house with all the features of comfort and style the old houses had, and often more than they had gained. There was a peril, as some of the native people sensed it, that the valley would become Polish. In one of the towns the farmers banded together to resist the invasion, joining in a compact that none of them would sell his farm to a "furriner." It was a good, all Yankee and piously Orthodox town, justly proud of its traditions, and it would stay so! The Polander, with money in hand, willing and able to pay the price, had an ally in the mortgage to the savings bank, often for all the property would stand, and against the enticement of a cash offer and the pressure of the debt, no compact could survive; so the town "street" was fast becoming an American Poland, to no apparent loss of its characteristic neatness and good order. It would take a quarter century to tell whether Northfield, already conscious of the new thrifty presence, would be likewise transformed.

Another transforming hand was quietly grasping the valley, not so conspicuously but with impairment of some of its beauty spots. It was the extension of the water powers, already turning the French King rapids into sluggishness and submerging its noble mid-stream boulder nearly to its head. This was the result of the dam at Turner's Falls being heightened. Presently the Vernon dam would transform the river farther up to a lake and cover Merry's meadow, the tract that preserved the name of the second settlement Irishman. Forestalling disputes over flowage rights, the river front on both shores was being bought by the power company, sometimes an entire homestead, such as the George Holton farm, near the toll bridge, now a memory, or only so much as was needed, with the certainty that in the coming years there would be unbroken ownership along the river throughout its Northfield range.

CHAPTER XLIV

NOW A SCHOOL TOWN

Physical Change with No Loss of Traditional Life

By the close of the nineteenth, the world's wonder century, Northfield had come to have a double character. It was now a school town, with the two schools of Moody's founding and fostering well-developed institutions, a religious centre radiating his gospel to the world's far corners, but yet the old New England town, quiet, orderly, self-reliant, moderately prosperous, cautiously progressive and consciously beautiful. It had been not so much transformed by the enterprise of its now world-famous son as amplified. Moody had chosen wisely when he made his native town the centre of his far-reaching activities. The town with its natural beauty, fine traditions and clean social life, unmarred by industrial invasion, gave perfect setting to expanding schools and alluring hospitality to religious sojourners.

The town, for its part, had not become an adjunct to the schools. The home opinion was that Mr. Moody was vastly fortunate in finding and appropriating such advantages as the town afforded. However the account balanced, it would have to show on one side that the town was independently existent and self-conscious. The last quarter of the century, which encompassed the Moody development, had also been the period of the town's best community growth, not in numbers, which changed almost none, but in home-developed activities under home leadership.

The Street, that term still meaning the village, had distinctly improved in appearance. A village improvement association, first formed in 1876 and reorganized and reenlivened in 1896, had effectively imposed upon the more careless the standards of the more esthetic. At the outset it brought about the narrowing of the roadway and the straightening of its borders. The trees had been trimmed and new ones planted. The grass was no longer allowed full and irregular growth. There had been attempts to get the long street lighted but, with only individual provision for them, only eighteen street lamps could be counted as late as 1897. Best of all, the fences began disappearing in the 'seventies and now few of the varying and often neglected pickets and gates were left for the no-longer-needed-protection of front yards; the street had become a park. Paint had come into more frequent use, fortunately "white lead and oil" with no added pigment except the universal green for the universal blinds.

There had been minor changes. The Liberty Pole, which had stood in the street on the little triangle at the head of the turnpike since the days of the Revolution, renewed from time to time, had gone. So had the square signboard on the same plot with its array of distances, to Warwick 6 m., to Boston 83 m. In its place had stood for a while an ornate bandstand, built in the '70's for the concerts of the brass band and removed in 1892, marking the end of that resounding form of public entertainment.

Few new buildings had appeared in the old part of the town, and these so followed the settled fashion as to be unobtrusive. Down the street, the leading modern carpenter, Will Moore, had built a house next the imposing pillared Captain Lane place. The Parsons store had been built on its owner's home lot in 1878. Farther down, the rambling cannery, which had only scant years of steaming activity in the '80's, had come and gone. On the ancient Mattoon place, next the oldest house on the street ("remodelled" by Dr. Samuel Mattoon in 1760), Moody, the tailor, had committed a building atrocity and flamboyantly labelled it "Mount Hermon Bazaar."

The S. Y. Walker store and tobacco warehouse, burned in the winter of 1886, had been replaced by St. Patrick's, the Catholic church. Quite the most striking transformation had been the modernizing of the Swan house, once the abode of the composer of "China" and other lasting hymn-tunes. Bought in the '80's from Wright Stratton, who had first and last owned one at a time more houses than any other citizen, by Charles A. Lindsey, proprietor of hotels in the South, and remodelled by him in 1885 it had become the outstanding modern residence, the only one in town with plate glass windows—actually so. Across the street, the house built by Priest Mason, as the last minister of the town church was known in the days when he and Timothy Swan were uncomfortable neighbors, had been changed into an inn by Frank Stimpson, the last of the locally famous landlords of the rambling old tavern just down the street, which he left in 1894.

Offset against the improvements and the general thriftiness of appearance, was the Bee Hive, which had come down from its famous past of Hunt tavern of the century before and Academy of the 1830's to a sad state of neglect and shifting tenement occupation. This partial wreck and a small but pillared building up the street, which in its day had been the law office of Charles A. Devens, later famous as major-general and jurist, were described in 1885 as the town's two eyesores; the small one had gone now but the big one remained, getting steadily eye-sorer.

Public buildings had changed. The town hall had been extensively altered to serve modern uses, losing in the process its distinctive calico-colored windows and gaining a modern stage. The railroad station—not so, the depot, with a short "e,"—which for over half a century had been the town's port of entry and departure, had in 1887 given way to one of modern architecture and convenience. The old "depot" had served in the early part of the time and for part of its space as the depot-master's residence. Its platform was built to the level of freight-car doorsills and passengers had to make flying leaps to land on car platforms; they would not adjust to conventional climbing of car-steps. The Vermont and Massachusetts had long since ceased to operate, this part of its line becoming the New London Northern and lately, by shift of leases, the Central Vermont.

Well up the street, there had appeared the Dickinson Memorial Library, standing near the site of the frontier Dickinson fort. It was the gift of E. M. Dickinson in memory of his ancestors and was opened in 1891, receiving to its shelves the residue of the Social Library begun in 1815 by Thomas Power and his associates and the accretions of the town library from its town-hall quarters. Beyond this had come a transformation due to the purchase of a large tract of land by Francis B. Schell, New York capitalist, for his estate in the centre of which he had built a château in 1894. The estate converted a long Main Street front into a rear, enclosed by an ugly high red fence, and swallowed up the fine ancestral house of the Webster family, which disappeared, and another house long held by the Moses Field family and later the home of Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, an evangelist associate of Moody. Dr. Pierson was a forceful preacher with such a command of the scriptures that he was once characterized, not unkindly, as a Bible gymnast. The Pierson house had been moved across the street by the newest physician in town, Dr. Norman P. Wood. In the same enterprise of the New Yorker the familiar mill pond had vanished and Mill brook crossed the street unvexed.

Some of the accession of new residents which was transforming the school end of the town had overflowed into the old street. The Brigham castle had been since 1880 the property of Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost and intermittently his home, moderately changed by the addition of piazzas. It had chiefly been occupied by Captain C. C. Duncan, a vigorous and venerable man, whose vigor would explode at mention of the fact that he had commanded the ship that carried Mark Twain overseas and was given permanence in literature in the first pages of "Innocents Abroad." The disturbing incident was the report of a banquet on shipboard when Captain Duncan was recorded as making the most acceptable speech by ordering up another basket of champagne. The Captain's real ardor as to beverage was as a lifelong total abstainer and stout temperance advocate.

Sankey, who does not have to be identified to the world as Ira D., had bought in 1885, the house almost under the eaves of the First Parish (Unitarian) church and it was thenceforth his home. It had association with his companion in world fame, as for a time in boyhood Dwight Moody had been there in the household of Rev. Oliver C. Everett, the Unitarian minister, who was the friend and helper of the widowed Betsey Moody. These liberal-religious associations in no wise hampered Mr. Sankey's production here of many of his gospel hymns and here he entertained at times the blind producer of others in the familiar collection, Fanny Crosby. The prior owner was Dr. Rollin Clayton Ward, the town's most active practitioner, as well as Democratic leader and its postmaster in Cleveland days. He acquired one of the old houses in the same neighborhood, removed it and built anew. Mr. Sankey had also bought in 1884 the house, farther down the street, long occupied by "Dame" Cook, intending it to be the home of his brother but the brother did not come and the place was resold.

The fine old house standing at the corner of the north Warwick road, now School Street, had been bought by friends of Major D. W. Whittle and it became his home. This house, in late years known as the Phelps place, was originally the home of Dr. Blake, who built it early in the century. It was from this house that May Whittle, the Major's beautiful and musically talented daughter, had gone on an August day of 1894 to be married in the new Congregational church to William Revell Moody. A choice little cottage near the site of the Alexander fort was bought by the Seminary in 1886 and promptly occupied by Professor A. J. Philips, the musical director of the Moody schools.

Mill Brook was the dividing line between the old and the new Northfield. High on its rocky bank had arisen the new Orthodox church, a product of Moody's restless enterprise, dedicated in 1888 and the joint place of worship of the two Moody schools. Somewhat back, in what had anciently been the farm of Ora Holton, stood the Hotel Northfield, opened in 1888. A new short street leading past the church to the hotel had been the scene of both Moody and Sankey working with shovels and tipcart in its construction.

The Schell estate embraced a long stretch of the brook and here stood his imposing castle, said to have cost $300,000. In 1887, there had been opened a new street, parallel but not rival to Main Street, running along a crest of the plain and ending squarely in front of the Moody "birthplace." Houses now occupied its new areas, the first having been built by D. B. Towner, a musical genius long associated with the Moody work. There had been much building at the upper part of the town, along with the Seminary's development and including residences for people drawn here through related interests and it was now spreading to the hillsides of the region long known as Strobridge.

The town had been taken by surprise in 1889 by the announcement of a new post office to be known as East Northfield. It had come about without local knowledge. It was resented, of course. It seemed to indicate a purpose to divide the town. "East Northfield" was a brand new name. Why "East"? The region to be served by the additional post office was no farther east than the older part of the village and its post office. Resentment died rapidly away as it was sensed that the convenience of the numerous population, permanent and seasonal, at this end of the town was the sole consideration, post offices being primarily for accommodation and not for the compensation of postmasters.

Illogical as the name of East Northfield geographically, it balanced the other subtitle, West Northfield, directly across the river, and would it have made the down-town people happier if "Northfield" had been left out of the designation? Once there had been a proposal to form a new town with the name "Evangel" but Moody was quite too sensible to endorse so supernal a title and there were substantial old residents in that section who would protest being lifted off the earth in such fashion. The intervening years had shown there was nothing divisive in the establishment of a post office either in purpose or effect. One of D. L. Moody's many generous traits was his loyalty to the town of his birth and all its finer as well as practical interests.

Along the upper Main Street there had appeared new houses and transformations of old ones. An old resident, Simeon Lyman, had built one near to and in modern contrast to the Alexander house, fine specimen of the Revolutionary period. A spreading store building was built in the '80's by a Crowell, emigrating from Bernardston, and in 1897 sold to a partnership in which Samuel E. Walker, nephew of D. L. Moody, was junior. The historic Doolittle tavern, in its last days reduced to the ignominy of a tin shop, met its doom in 1878, when Charles Alexander had sold its site to become, the next year, that of the first Seminary building, the original recitation hall. Across the street, a fine new house had been built on the corner of the road up Moody hill, on the site of the home for years of Isaiah Moody, the evangelist's uncle. Down the road to Pauchaug, which had been swerved away from D. L. Moody's front door, all was transformed by the removal of houses to open the Seminary campus and the burning in mid-winter of 1886 of Bonar hall, the brick house to which Joseph Beach had brought his Southern wife in the 1850's, one of the Seminary's first dormitories.

Social and literary life in the town had continuously centered around the First Parish church. Its "Ladies' Sewing Society" was the dispenser of the town's finer charities and of tea for the gentlemen on its meeting days. Patchwork quilts were its steady product, built for warmth and permanence. Its presidency was the highest honor afforded woman. It mixed literature with its stitches, sparingly indulged in gossip, wielded a powerful influence in parish affairs without having a vote. The Sewing Society staged great events with seasonal regularity, the annual church fair, the sugar, strawberry and harvest festivals. Any one of these was quite likely to have a presentation in recognition of distinguished service, such as the sexton's, the organist's and the choir leader's. This feature reached its highest impressiveness when the gift was a Rogers Group and the recipient the parish clerk, Joseph B. Callender, who sang a talented tenor in the choir for years and displayed a genuine gift in gracious acknowledgment of the generous tribute.

The young people organized in 1872, under the leadership of the active young minister, J. T. Sunderland, who had brought western sprightliness with him to the old church, as the Young People's Christian Union, before their title to the name of Christian had come into question. It changed in name to the Helpful Club in 1880 and to the Unity Club later. Its meetings were devoted to music, readings, ardent debates on prohibition, whether women should receive equal pay with men, whether the pen was mightier than the sword and other wide issues. It also developed the drama, staged in the church vestry or the town hall, with dancing to follow in the latter place, being tabu in the church. That its meetings were important was proved by such items in the county newspaper, for example, as that, in 1891, the small great-grandson of the famous Priest Mason, Richard Mason Smith, recited charmingly "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, with Variations." Denominational distinctions vanished as the years passed and at the closing session of the club in 1896 the speaker was the Rev. Gaius Glenn Atkins, formerly of the Mount Hermon faculty and now minister of the Congregational Church in Greenfield.

Three maiden sisters lived a long life of quiet orderliness in the old town's most dignified house. It was the exactly square, hip-roofed, high-studded mansion the prosperous merchant, Timothy Dutton, had built for himself early in the century. At first it had equally square one-story wings set close to its street line, exact duplicates in form of the house they extended; but these had been removed years ago, perhaps to make the exterior of the abode of the sisters consist the better with the precision of their perfectly ordered days. Two broad halls, opening to the air at each end, intersected at the centre of the house, dividing its first floor into four exactly square rooms. There should have been four sisters to balance the architecture but the surplus room would as well stand for the bachelor brother, hardly senior to the three sisters, technically the owner of the house in these later years although vaguely associated in the town's thought with New

York City, from which he came for consistently dignified visits to them.

There was a caretaker of the estate, suitably simple-mannered Charlie, who would never jar the nerves of his trio of mistresses by so much as the least variation from their perfected routine. He could compensate for the subservience of his station by cultivating flowers at his own "Floral Cottage," a mile away, down the street, and for forty years placing flowers at the pulpit of the First Parish Church and as dutifully serving in the humbler station of gatekeeper of the Grange. On Memorial Day, the town could smile at the reminder that Charlie had been in the Union Army, his one decoration being an extremely moderate pension.

The three sisters were of the Field family which had from the earliest days of the third settlement contributed leadership in its affairs. There were numerous relatives—Uncle Tim, stone deaf, living with his maiden sister, Aunt Abby, in the ancestral home of Adjutant Field, and Uncle Walter among them. But the relatives who counted in their lives were Bostonian, as indeed the sisters had been in their now remote girlhood. Silas, the father, Northfield-born and in the many years of his later life again of the town, had spent his young manhood in Boston, married there, and there given his children the full benefit of Beacon Hill culture. The girls transplanted it to Northfield, to the town's great gain. Miss Elizabeth painted, Miss Augusta wrote, Miss Maria played. It was Miss Maria's talent and the generous, enterprising and public spirited use of her gift that leads this household out of its privacy into history.

How old the three sisters were no one was to know, as long as they lived. When records were searched, family Bibles explored, persistent questions asked, by the genealogists of the 1870's, the printed page could only carry the order of their births without the record of the year. To the town they were the Field girls, sometimes but not disrespectfully the old maid Fields, and they might have been triplets for all they would tell. Actually Miss Maria was the youngest, never more truly a comparative word. It was known of her that she outrightly played a different hymn-tune on the church organ in defiance of Minister Tenney's explicit direction from the pulpit, and that was years before the Civil War. She resigned as organist in 1894.

Miss Maria, like her sisters, dressed uniformly in black. Her locks were raven, somehow resisting the intrusion of so much as a single white hair. She was trim in figure and strong of feature. She was excessively near-sighted but somehow could discover the slightest departure from good deportment in any youngster in the group she was training. She could not sing a musical note but she knew the exact singing value of every person in town. She was masterful at the piano and at the organ. There was no need of an orchestra for an evening-long concert or for accompaniment of a full Gilbert and Sullivan opera. She could accompany and direct with entire competence.

Miss Maria was a patient trainer, as she had need to be with the varied native material she was developing, but an exacting one. When her choir went guttural over "The Spangled Heavens A Shining Frame," she brought them out by parting the second word, and the congregation next Sunday would contemplate "spang-led heavens." No vocal talent in the rising generation of the town failed of her discovery and she kept the owner of it in contribution till advancing age produced a creak or crack. She cast two sixteen-year old girls for the alternate carrying of the title role of "Patience," while in the numerous chorus of recumbent maidens the rising curtain would reveal the familiar features of women old enough for grandmothers. But they sang and they acted in a fashion to win the praise of the critical people who came from distant and more favored towns to hear them; it could have been told that there had been months of unsparing training.

Miss Maria was giving concerts in the 1850's. She staged "Pinafore" for an ambitious run of four nights in the autumn of 1879. She produced "Patience" with the same season in 1882 and loaded her company on a special train for a one-night stand to a s.r.o. house in Brattleboro, Vermont. Other like excursions were being planned when the death of an elderly woman in the town put a large part of the chorus in mourning for a revered relative. As late as 1891, she gave the town an amazing old folks concert with forty in the chorus and her locally produced stars in a range of specialties. Miss Maria died March 8, 1897, fifty-two years after she had come to this home of the Fields, already an accomplished player of the piano. To tell the story of her life here is to make record of the musical life of the village and of a generous devotion of talent and public spirit.

. . . . .

Getting across the Connecticut had been a problem from the earliest days of the town. One of its first outlays was for a scow, the prime use for which was to bring over the crops of Bennett's Meadow. Unique among the river towns in that its territory was laid out on both sides the stream, the unity of its people depended upon some means of negotiating the passage over a river that was difficult of navigation because of its currents and highly temperamental in its varying height. The wire ferry was the first achievement and for a century it had formed a link in the highway of the county seat.

The ferry was a social institution. Its ferryman was the repository of all the news, was in everybody's confidence, an authority on events recent and remote, local and national, inescapably a philosopher. The craft was a flat boat, capable of carrying as many as four carriages when skillfully interlapped. A stout wire, anchored on each shore, passed through two posts on the upstream side of the boat and a small pulley wheel in each kept down their friction. The ferryman carried a mallet-shaped wooden implement with a deep slot to slip over the wire. He was the motor. Gripping the wire at the front post he walked the length of the boat, thus propelling it by just as long a distance as he walked. His mastery of the process was such that his conversation with his fares was unbroken.

At midstream or when the river was high, the wire was slipped out of the aft post, the boat swung lengthwise of the stream and the ferryman operated across the bow of the craft, getting only short holds. At the landing, which was no more than the section of the steep road to which the river's height and the weight of the cargo brought the boat's end, the projecting apron was let down the few inches necessary, the ferryman braced his feet, still standing on the boat, held tight to the wire and the wagons bumped off to the roadway and up the sharp hill. At some point in passage, the toll had been paid, ten cents for each vehicle and two cents for each foot passenger.

There were three ferries within the town's limits at this period. Earlier and before the railroad bridge was built, there had been another, Tiffany's, for northerly travel. The important one was Bennett's Meadow, Stebbins' as it had come to be known from the untold years of its operation by George Robert, descendant of the Vernon Stebbins, near whose house Reuben Wright had recorded that he "this day recued a wound" from the Indians. No public service was ever more faithfully and courteously discharged than that of Robert Stebbins. He lived in a neat white cottage on the westerly bank and was at the boat's end as soon as the approaching carriage could reach it. From the other shore, the "street" side, he was called by a bell hung in a modest weather-beaten bell house, or quite as likely by the shouts of on-coming passengers as they rode down the hill from the town and kept up their calls for the long half-mile across Great Meadow. The lung power of Northfield youth was largely developed in the exercise of "Hello-o-o the Boat," a joyous feature of the trip to Greenfield, Gill, Bernardston or the lower end of the Kingdom.

Foot passengers were rowed across in a flat-bottom boat, the only sort safe for the river's uncertain navigation. Even it had its perils. One day after Stebbins had died, as he did on the piazza of a street house in a sudden heart attack, and the ferry franchise had been sold, an unskilled man ran the row-boat on the wire, hidden by high water, and his two fares were thrown into the river. The rower swam to the shore but the passengers, clinging to the overturned boat, were carried down stream, their hands clasped across the bottom of the boat. Another boat was rowed out and the rescue made more than a mile below the ferry. One of the victims was the older of the two daughters of D. L. Moody's uncle, Cyrus Holton. The Holton girls were cultivated young women, who had the exceptional experience of being sent away to a convent for finishing touches to their education. There was no more fastidious person in town than Ella, one of the two overturned passengers. The other was Kirk Nims, a tall, sadly cross-eyed young man, conspicuous in Orthodox church affairs. The two were unacquainted and it was one of the town gossips' morsels that Miss Holton most resented the attempts of Nims to converse with her as they floated down the river. There was more reason for sympathy than for such fiction, for she never fully recovered from the accident. Kirk recovered and tried recovery of damages from the owner of the ferry, alleged but not proved to be Mr. Moody himself.

For periods in each year the ferry could not operate. In winter there was passing on the ice, the course having to be carefully marked out to avoid thin spots and often being curved well down the river. Spring floods carried out the ice and kept the meadow roads long under water; in the summer the great log drives, with first rights to the river, made difficult at least the operation of the boat. Then the travel would take to the railroad toll bridge, adding miles to the

Greenfield distance—and to the travel to Mt. Hermon, the school Mr. Moody had established just over the town line in Gill.

The need of a bridge was obvious but when the legislature of 1897 was asked to order one built a vigorous contest started. There were defenders of the ferry; it was picturesque, almost romantic; it answered very well. The Farms people opposed its location and objected to taxation for a bridge they would not use. The county commissioners opposed, foreseeing a tax burden to the county. The town's representative in the legislature, who came from Orange, voiced the opposition and was joined by others from the county, save the one from Greenfield, who happened to be a son of Northfield, and he championed it as a needed improvement, the cost of which should not wholly fall on Northfield even though the bridge was entirely within its territory.

The bill passed, directing the county commissioner to build the bridge at a cost not to exceed $40,000, to be apportioned upon the county and the benefited towns. Then came great controversy over location, with a two-day hearing in the town hall. D. L. Moody had kept out of the discussion before the legislature acted. It was claimed that he was opposed to the project, just loved the old ferry, did not care to have communication between the two schools made easier. Much after the event it was realized that he had shown his native shrewdness by not championing the cause and so giving the opposition grounds to claim that it was for him the bridge was asked. At the hearing on location, he came out stoutly for Bennett's Meadow and in pointing out the value of this site to the schools made the prophetic statement, "These institutions are only in their infancy."

The bridge was built in 1898. It was 613 feet, the main span 360 feet long, 45 feet above the average height of the stream, the roadway 20 feet wide and the design the quite new form for this region, a reversed cantilever. It cost $39,482. The apportionment of the cost brought on another struggle before a special commission appointed by the court. Northfield was to pay 70 per cent and it was something that a bridge all its own had $12,000 of its cost paid by county and other towns although there was not unanimous content among Northfield's tax-payers over the apportionment. The bronze tablet placed upon it made lasting the credit to the county commissioners for building it without recording that they stoutly opposed it.

Another bridge problem followed close upon the building of the one between the two meadows. The right to take tolls at the combined railroad and highway bridge on the Brattleboro road would expire January 1, 1899, a reminder that it had served a half-century. New legislation authorized the town and the Central Vermont railroad to join in building a new one and the town in February, 1901, voted favorably, ordering that a committee be chosen to act as a joint committee with the railroad. Postponement was asked and the legislature authorized the town to build independently, farther up river, but limited its outlay to $12,000. This was no solution, the river not being spannable for such a sum.

Solution came from another quarter. Francis B. Schell of New York, who now occupied his Northfield castle, came forward with an offer to give the town a bridge as a memorial to his father. The town accepted gratefully and a bridge quite similar to the new one at the old ferry was completed in 1903. Its main span was 384 feet, 24 feet longer than the other; its roadway 18 feet, two feet narrower.

When the old toll bridge was fully replaced, as it was in 1904, by the modern steel structure of the railroad, resting on the same granite piers and abutments, there had vanished a landmark less picturesque than the ferry but with a half-century of more trustworthy service. It belonged to the disappearing type, the covered wooden bridge. Its original Howe trusses from pier to pier, carrying on their shoulders the timbers to support the railroad and with the highway suspended from them by great iron rods, would have broken down years ago if not reinforced by great arches of heavy planks bolted together to at least five feet of thickness and reducing by so much as their width the already narrow roadway.

Sparingly lighted as was the toll bridge by its few small windows, dimness by day became Stygian blackness at night, relieved by widely placed kerosene lamps only until nine o'clock. At that hour "Little Morgan" faithfully lowered each lantern and blew out its light. He seemed always to have been the toll-taker. He was quite cross-eyed, consistently with watching the two roads coming to the bridge at widely different angles. The high wooden gates stood open but no vehicle escaped his demand as he popped out of his cobbler-shop with extended hand. After the lamps were out, passage was free from cost but not from peril of collision or from the fright of horses as a train thundered overhead. Little Morgan did not live to see the end of toll-taking and of the old covered bridge he had faithfully guarded.

CHAPTER XLV

MOODY'S FINAL YEARS

The Schools Realized His Great Ambition—The Leader Falls

Forty-two of Dwight L. Moody's sixty-two years on earth, terminated as they were to be in December, 1899, were closely related to Northfield. There were the seventeen of his boyhood, an absence almost total for twenty, and the quarter-century, lacking the fraction of a year between his return from the first evangelistic tour of the British Isles in the summer of 1875 and his death in December 1899. It was a vital relationship. Only the campaigns which carried him in this period to every quarter of the United States and twice across the Atlantic kept him away from his native town. Here he preached to the countryside, coming in such throngs as had never before gathered within its borders, and here he sought the souls of men with the same determination them to save as had come to make him, as Lyman Abbott had years ago said, the world's greatest modern evangelist.

Rank and fame were the least of Moody's concerns. He sought no heights from which to deliver his gospel. He met men on their level, was one of them, personal in appeal and seeking a personal response, multiply it by thousands as you may with no loss of its individuality. He was that sort of a townsman as well. It was as if he had never left the town, had no interest outside it, and knew every man, and presently every child, within it. He would have rejoiced to win them all spiritually; he did win them all personally.

Once Moody had established himself as of the town by purchase of "Uncle Elisha" Alexander's house in 1875 and making it his home, he had no other. He added to the house a long ell and here in the first year of the Seminary the girl students were quartered. The house, which was of the severely plain but substantial farmhouse type, was otherwise changed by such modern features as bay windows and piazza and in the yard was built a play cottage for the daughter

Emma's childhood joy. Mr. Moody's study occupied the enlarged "sitting-room." The relocation of the highway along the front gave the house a broad lawn and a degree of seclusion.

Mr. Moody was home from his campaigns in each early summer and at every other opportunity, generally including the observance of "Founder's Day" at the Seminary, his birthday, February 5. His concern in the schools and in the town was apparently as active when away as when here. In 1880, he called Christian workers to a summer conference, the beginning of the convocations which came with every August. To them he summoned religious leaders to a crowded program in which he vigorously shared. In 1885, came Prof. Henry Drummond for the first of his many visits. It was in this year that Moody told the townspeople they were not making the effort they should to get their neighbors to church and at the services of one day raised money from the congregation to buy two wagons to be used for transportation from distant parts of the town.

In 1886 Mr. Moody set out the need of a new church, and presently secured the funds for it. In 1887, he spoke with other townsmen at the town hall in behalf of no-license and in the same year had among his conference speakers, Francis Murphy, the high apostle of temperance. In 1891, he shared in the dedication of the hall given by E. M. Dickinson, the Fitchburg capitalist, to his boyhood neighborhood on the west side of the town. In these and less public ways he was constantly demonstrating his full share in the town's affairs and interests.

At the conference of 1891, much the largest in attendance of any yet held, Moody preached a stirring sermon in which he challenged the claim that the world was growing better and, what was of more local concern, called for the building of an auditorium, Stone Hall being now quite too small for the conference sessions. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen paid him a visit in the summer of this year, a possible outcome of which was that he sailed for Scotland in October and was away during the following year.

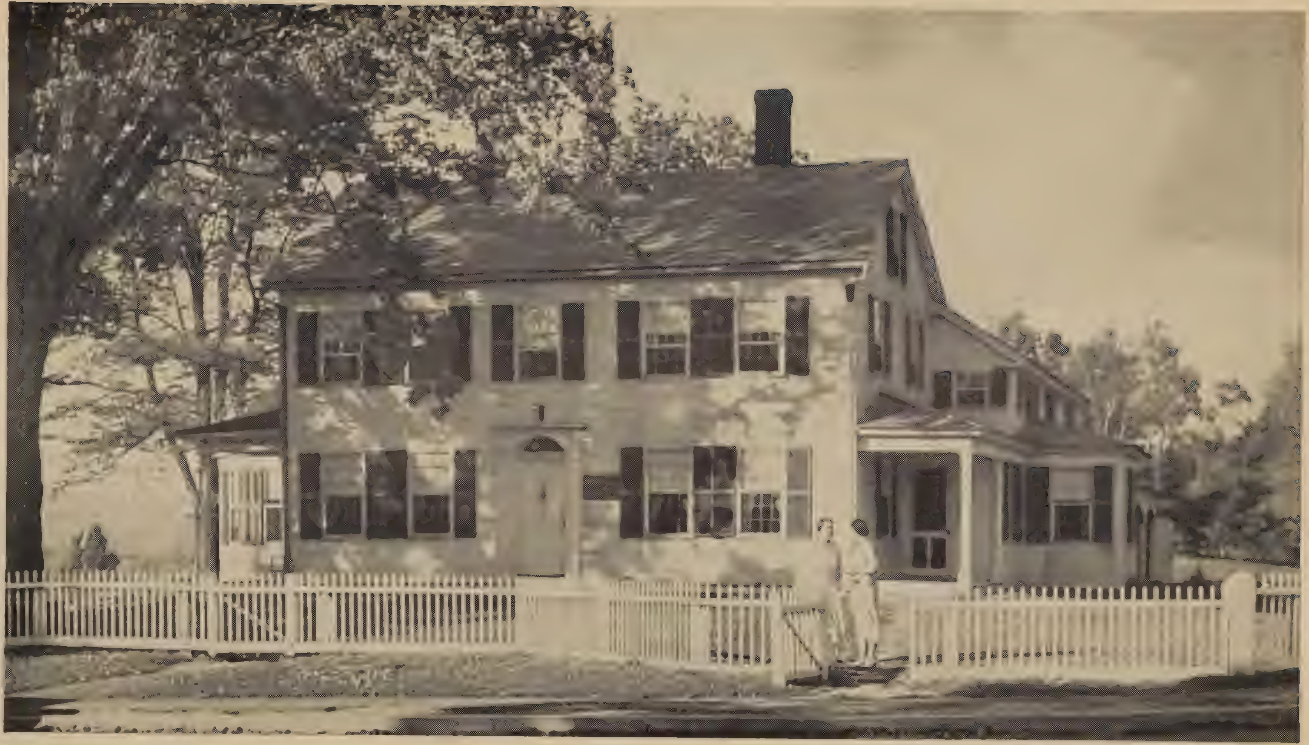
The Columbian world's fair at Chicago in 1893 offered Moody such an opportunity as he was swift to improve, with his main meetings held in the great tent of the Forepaugh circus. For six months he spoke at least twice daily, relaxing only by a brief stay in Northfield for the annual conference and raising at its meetings $9,000 to sustain the Chicago work and $35,000 towards the needed auditorium. Unwearied, he went in early November for campaigns in Providence and in Washington.

Financial depression worked no reduction in the attendance at the conference of 1894, the largest indeed thus far, possibly an outcome of Moody's fervid call. In it he said, "In these times of unrest and distress, while the multitudes are seeking relief and rest and finding none and the social philosophers of this world are at their wits' end, we should make all the more manifest that there is a God who is the Refuge and Strength of His people, a present Help in time of trouble, who will not fail though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the sea." The new auditorium was used for the meetings but dedication was not to take place until a deficit of $20,000 in the building fund was met, as $12,500 was from collections during the sessions of the conference.

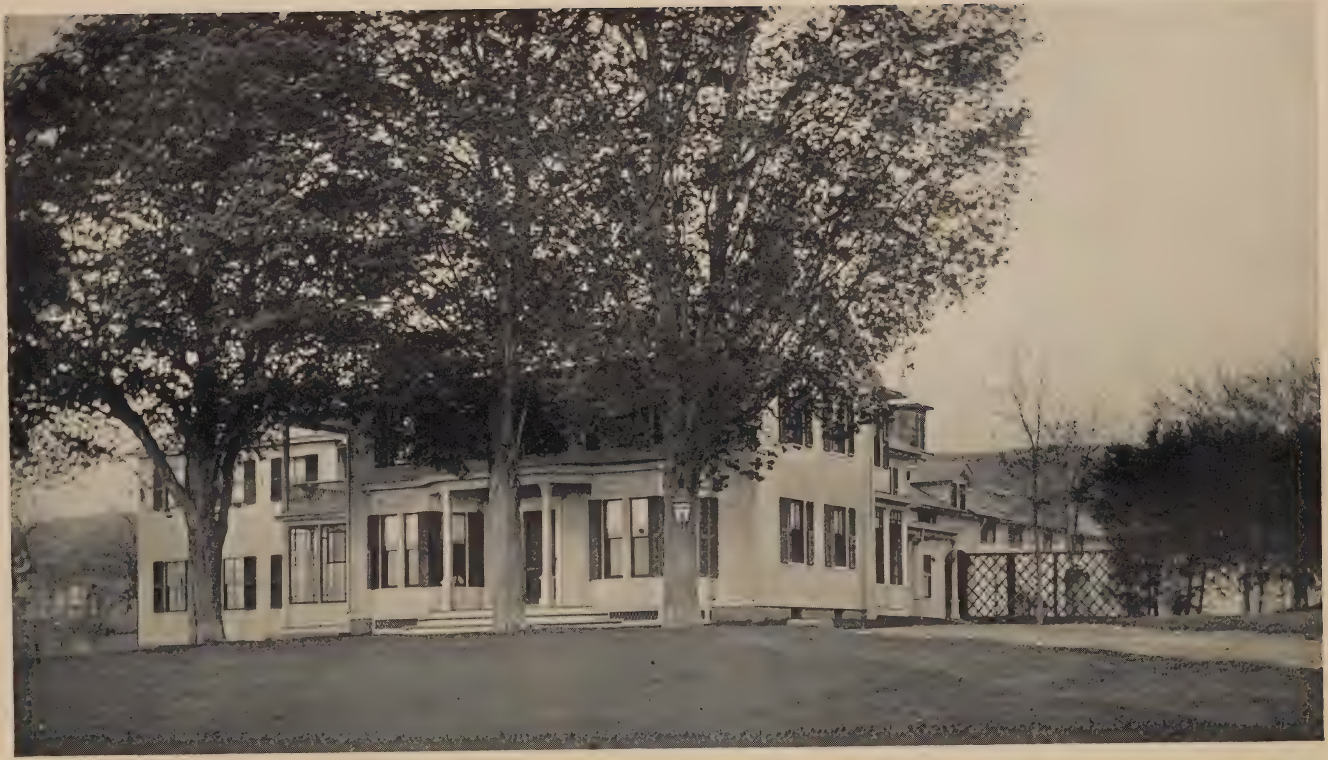
Two marriages occurred in the household in 1894, the daughter Emma becoming the bride, May 16, of Arthur Percy Fitt, who had been a secretary to her father during his British tour, and the older son, William Revell, being married, August 29, to May, daughter of Major D. W. Whittle, to be at home at Mt. Hermon after December 1. The revered grandmother, Betsey Holton Moody, now nearly 90, was able to give both these couples her blessing. She died a few months later (January 26, 1896) and her son's funeral tribute to her was long to be remembered as one of rare tenderness.

In the winter of 1896-7, Moody and Sankey were holding meetings in Boston, attended by great crowds in a tabernacle built for their use, but Mr. Moody came home for Founder's Day, February 5, was given a sleigh-ride by Mt. Hermon students and $25,000 raised by them towards a new chapel at their school. It was at the conference of the following summer that he uttered words that were to be permanent as showing his distrust of purely ethical movements: "I am tired and sick of moral essays. It would take a ton of them to convert a child five years old."

Moody was now 60 years old, heavier in weight—said now to be 280 pounds—the always neatly trimmed beard turned to gray, as agile in motion, as unceasing in activity as when 40, as ready for new venture. In 1898 the country had gone to war again, this time with a foreign foe, and Moody promptly joined with other men with



BIRTHPLACE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY



HOMESTEAD OF DWIGHT L. MOODY
From 1875 to 1899

memories of the war between the states for the revival of the Christian Commission of that earlier era. He had served in it for four years then and he would again go into the camps, now as the head of the evangelistic department. Sankey was a Civil War veteran. Major Whittle's title had been won in the Union army. General Oliver O. Howard, familiar one-armed figure on Northfield platforms, had high place in his nation's history. Moody was in intimate company in the renewal of war service. The opportunity for it was brief. The year, 1898, bringing the sixteenth of the general conferences also brought the greatest crowd, and on its greatest day, Moody spoke for two hours to an enthralled audience.

Throughout these years Moody was giving to the schools he had established a direction which could have been no more effective, no nearer complete, if he had no other interest and occupation. He determined their policies, planned their development, selected their principals, enlisted his friends in their support and devoted his masterful skill in raising money to the financing of their expanding needs. The Seminary, from its beginning with his own house as its dormitory from November, 1879, through its initial year, had followed his original design, the well-rounded education of girls who would otherwise have been denied it. He established the year's tuition at $100, relying upon gifts to the school to provide the other like sum which he estimated would meet the cost, and this provision remained unchanged during his lifetime.

Moody's purpose in founding the school was clearly educational but with the essential that it should be distinctly Christian. The Seminary was not a religious institution in any sectarian sense. Moody had turned educator. Bible study was indeed required but there was no compulsion to the literal acceptance which he ardently displayed in his preaching. From the outset, girls from Unitarian families in the town were among the students and in the early, as in the later, graduating classes; they were under no compulsion to change their faith. Presently Catholic girls entered and were graduated.

Mount Hermon, as the school for boys was named by its first benefactor, Hiram Camp, had a different design. Moody had a vision of a farm school for small boys of the type he knew in Chicago, the street gamins. They were to be in cottages, each with its house mother. The first principal was a woman. The scheme soon proved impracticable. City urchins were not successfully transplanted to so different a soil. House mothers of the matronly sort, capable of domestication of such material, were not to be found. The founder recast his plan. The original maximum age of sixteen became the minimum. The principal would be a man, the perfected type of the New England schoolmaster. Mount Hermon came to full resemblance to the Seminary and in the subsequent years had served for boys an identical purpose.

The principals of the two schools were full partners with Moody, carrying out his design, supplying the educational direction, guided at every important step by his unceasing counsel. They were chosen for their places with the keen sense of human and spiritual values, which was a major characteristic of the founder. The Seminary's first principal, Harriet Tuttle, was selected by Mr. Moody from a list supplied by his counsellor and friend, Henry F. Durant, the founder of Wellesley college. Miss Tuttle had been graduated from Wellesley in its first class. She gave three years of high service and was succeeded by Emma Angell, M.D., whose school career was closed at the end of her first year here by her marriage to Rev. E. R. Drake, the minister of the village church to which she led the students each Sunday. Then came another Wellesley graduate, Evelyn S. Hall. Beginning her direction of the Seminary at the opening of its fifth year (1884) Miss Hall had given to its development a devoted and masterful service.

At Mt. Hermon, in 1895, the principalship passed to Henry F. Cutler, who had been connected with the school as an instructor. Under Mr. Cutler's direction the school had made in these recent years a rapid advance and won recognition not only as an instrument of schooling for hundreds of boys who would not otherwise have obtained it but as a college preparatory school of high rank.

With his two schools thus directed Mr. Moody's last years on earth were blessed with the realization of his vision and he could say, "They are the best pieces of work I have ever done."

The largest auditorium in the United States, the convention hall built by Kansas City, primarily for national political conventions, was filled on the evening of November 12, 1889, for the first daily meeting in a week's campaign by D. L. Moody. The crowd numbered nearly 15,000. With all the vigor that had come to be known as characteristic of the evangelist, he held the throng in his hand. Only those who knew him well detected that he was overcoming by his utmost will power some unwonted difficulty. He went to his hotel wearied as never before.

For four nights he faced like crowds, speaking to them with moving power but with evident difficulty. And now, he could no longer lie down at night. It was only by sitting erect that he could breathe. Thursday night, the 17th, 15,000 people were told that Mr. Moody was ill and were dismissed. Only to the physician was it evident his heart had failed and through him was repeated Moody's admission, "I have had trouble with my heart for a good many years, but I never felt as weak as I do now. There is nothing alarming about my condition, I believe."

The morning papers of the entire country on November 18 announced Moody's collapse and that he was then being carried to his home at Northfield in a special car through Chicago, the city of his many triumphs and dearest associations. At Buffalo, there awaited him Mrs. Moody and Will, his older son, only to have his car pass through unidentified. At no other time would Moody have travelled by rail on the Sabbath but he was not now in control. He reached Greenfield on Sunday afternoon to be met by the other son, Paul Dwight, and driven to Northfield behind a pair of horses. He was rested, enjoyed the ride, was glad to be in his home. Mrs. Moody and Will reached home in the evening. The Kansas City physician who had come with him stated that Mr. Moody seemed much improved, that there was no valvular disease of the heart and that he "looked to see him gradually recover." He was now turned over to the care of Dr. Norman P. Wood, the family physician.

Clearly, Dwight Moody had come to the end of his activity. Under the ceaseless drive of as powerful a dynamo as ever kept a human being in action, he had taken no warning of the heart's signals until that organ had utterly failed him. Even now he yielded no ground he could possibly hold and for three weeks there was hope he would be in some measure restored. Dr. Wood's first bulletin reported a general improvement, a normal pulse, that the trouble was a weakening of the walls of the heart caused by overwork and akin to fatty degeneration of the heart, adding, "I confidently expect steady though not rapid improvement."

Then came a fourth week marked by serious reversal, a day when the end was seen to be near, periods of coma, moments of clarity, sudden awakening to exclaim, "What's the matter? What's going on here?" and calm intervals of contemplation of the end of life and charge to his children to keep up his work. In one, "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth but to leave you work to do, and you are going to continue the work of the schools and of the Bible Institute." At noon, December 22, his earthly life went out in the faith of his final words, "I see earth receding. Heaven is opening. God is calling me."

The day after Christmas, 1899, was bright and warm. The only indication of winter was the patches of snow on the Vermont hills, as they stood out on the landscape from the doorway of the home for a quarter-century of Dwight Moody. Through that doorway this morning passed his neighbors and such of his associates as could come to share in a simple service. No sign of mourning was displayed, there was no crape on the door, the blinds were all open. The reporters sent here by city newspapers made note of the absence of funeral formalities, of the people coming as if to a reception, of their sitting about the house and chatting. Rev. Dr. Schofield, pastor of the Second Church, and Rev. R. A. Torrey, superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute, shared in a brief service.

The casket was brought from an upper room, placed on a cloth-covered frame outside the house and carried to the church, a mile away, on the shoulders of thirty-two Mt. Hermon boys, followed by Sankey and the trustees of the schools. At two o'clock, the church was filled for services shared in by George C. Stebbins, D. B. Towner, F. H. Jacobs, close associates of Moody in his work, Dr. Schofield, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson and Rev. George C. Needham and marked most of all by the tribute paid to his father by William R. Moody. From the church the casket was carried by the Mt. Hermon students to Round Top, the knoll on the Seminary grounds, a spot consecrated by Moody in services he had often conducted there and where he had once said he wished to stand to witness the second coming of The Lord.

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There could be no successor to D. L. Moody. He had formed a million partnerships. Each was dual, he for one, the soul he had touched for the other, sharers in the enterprise of a personal, individual salvation. The promoting partner was gone and no human being, though there were another endowed as he was and purposed as he was, could succeed to such relationship. Could there, indeed, be one to take his vital, compelling place in the organized enterprises, the schools, the convocations, the Chicago Institute? In these Moody had shown and used another of the faculties in his forceful endowment, that of enlistment and organization.

Moody had attracted and inspired men and women, given them definite tasks and placed in them unqualified trust. With the skill and the art of a general, he had chosen with a seemingly intuitional sense of value, actually the play of penetration into personal character, a distinct Yankee endowment. The gift, which numerously among his kind would and did make a horse-trader or a sharp driver of bargains, was sublimated in him to human relations. He chose unerringly and having chosen, trusted implicitly. He guided and counselled but he did not interfere.

In return, Moody was paid a devotion by the chosen which showed itself in the fullest performance of duty by every recipient of his confidence. The inspiration of his leadership remained the central source of power in every project. How, now that he was gone, would this force be supplied? By whom? Widespread as was the instant forming of such questionings, it was most intensive in the town which had been the base of his activities and where his practical enterprises were physically displayed.

Certainly among his kin, there was none that closely resembled him. There had been one, his younger brother, Samuel, one of the twins, the last born of Edwin and Betsey, but he had gone years ago. He had died suddenly as he walked across the very field, then barren, which was to become the central site of the school he first suggested as the two drove together over the mountain road on a day now memorable as the birthday of a new idea.

The myth has somehow been created that Sam Moody was an invalid and so the object of his brother's sympathy. No word could more ill befit him. Subject he indeed was to a form of epilepsy but not to the point of curbing the activity in which the two were most alike. This youngest of the tribe was a restless, impatient being. He spoke his mind in "town meetin'." He was the town's tax collector, and the taxes were paid or there was a reason why not. He gathered the pew-rentals for the First Parish with like thoroughness. He was the local news-gatherer and what happened was written to the county paper in a strong square hand. He was a proprietor of the Social Library and a reader of its solid books, an intelligent, popular and trusted citizen.

When Dwight came home from England in 1875, Sam promptly changed his church allegiance, solely out of his keenness for his brother and his cause. Physically they were not unlike, square-built, full-bearded, with the difference in hue between black and red, but most of a kind in their restlessness, along with a lively wit and outrightness. There was no second Sam, as surely there was no second Dwight.

Moody, in almost his last words, had bequeathed the schools, as a sacred charge, to his children. Of these there were three. Emma, now the wife of Arthur Percy Fitt, most closely resembled her father in personality. William Revell justified the family name acquired from his gracious mother and had been closely associated with his father and with the schools. He was graduated in the first class from Mt. Hermon, that of '87, and after his marriage lived there in a house built for him and given the name of Dwight house, in memory of his one son, Dwight Lyman Moody, 2nd, who had died in young boyhood. Paul Dwight, now recently out of college, was headed for the Congregational ministry. Both the boys were Yale graduates. Respect was bound to be paid the founder's wish in the selection of one of the sons to assume the heavy responsibility of carrying forward the development of the schools, and the Seminary trustees promptly chose William Revell. Paul Dwight presently became a member of the board of each school, as he was to continue to be until his resignation in 1910.

In the twenty years of the Seminary's existence and the eighteen of Mt. Hermon's, the schools had come to a landed estate of 1,200 acres, with 30 buildings, and a valuation of a million and a quarter. The Chicago buildings and their equipment represented $250,000. The annual requirement for the maintenance and operation of the institutions Moody had built up was not less than $125,000. The schools had by no means reached the limit of their possibilities, nor of their need. Moody had said in 1898 that "these institutions are in their infancy." It would be no fulfilment of his purpose to maintain the schools at their present size. Moreover the summer meetings were a permanent institution and alike had their possibilities of expansion.

Such were the dimensions of the task now undertaken by this young man, in his early thirties, with all the uncertainty as to the effect of the removal of the founder's dynamic leadership and his world-wide prestige. In his favor were the established capacity and the devoted interest of the principals of the two schools, Evelyn S. Hall, who had been at the head of the Seminary since 1883, and Henry F. Cutler, Mt. Hermon's principal since 1890. With him also were the two boards made up of his father's stoutest friends. Greatest of the assets was the support his father had won, as shown in the response to his appeals, and now to be quickened by a memorial purpose. Even so, realization upon all these factors depended upon the mastery, the diligence and the ability of the man upon whom responsibility fully rested. Would he succeed?

The first summer gave an indication of affirmative answer. The religious gatherings brought a larger number of people than that of any previous year. Still larger was the 1901 attendance. In 1903, more than 5,000 people came. Succeeding years maintained or exceeded the response. The schools likewise gained ground. In 1902, by gift of Mrs. Frederick Billings, a new hall was added, a memorial to Henry M. Moore, a Boston business man who had been a powerful supporter of Moody from the outset of his Northfield work. In 1908, a home science building was dedicated, the gift of Mary and Elizabeth Billings. In 1909, Sage chapel, the finest ornament to the Seminary campus, was opened, a memorial to her husband from Mrs. Russell Sage. These were the physical signs of the continued support which in the ten years justified, as did less conspicuously the meeting of the growing expense of the schools, the confidence placed in the son of the founder.

CHAPTER XLVI

HONORING THE PAST

Historical Interest Enlivened—Moody Schools a United Institution

Realization by New England towns that they had history arrived in the latter half of the nineteenth century. A certain indulgence had been granted aged citizens, in recounting as much as lay within their personal memories but, on the whole, it was regarded as a symptom of dotage or queerness if they expected patient listening. In all the lecture courses of succeeding years in Northfield, hardly an historical topic was listed. Even when a distinguished Bostonian, with local relationship, presented "Old England in New England," linking Puritan events across the seas, it was pronounced dull. Life had too many current difficulties and interests to afford a margin for search for those of the past. Outside family Bibles and town records, and none too surely within them, there was no writing down of the events that would carry to the next generation the material for annals.

The historical awakening came after the Civil War had settled vexed issues and released the minds of men from absorbing disputes over them. It came locally when a few men and women organized a historical society in Deerfield and more closely when its second field-day was the celebration, in 1872, of Northfield's two-hundredth anniversary, closely followed by Temple and Sheldon's "History of Northfield with Genealogies." Interest smouldered for the next quarter-century and blazed up when, in 1897, the Pocumtuck Society came again, this time in alliance with the Village Improvement Society, joining in dedication of stones marking the historic spots in the town.

Meanwhile the town had adopted the vogue of "old home days." This institution was of New Hampshire origin and had been adopted all over New England. The Massachusetts legislature gave it recognition by authorizing towns to include it among legal tax items. The home-gatherings had become annual and served both to express and stimulate community interests, including one that flowed back from personal recollections, abundantly indulged as they were, to the past even beyond the memory of that revered character, the oldest inhabitant. He indeed might have the poorest memory and the least interest. The historical field-meeting of September 8, 1897, was only the more formal and purposeful home-day. It had special reason, the dedication of markers of historic sites, the cost of which was borne by Mrs. A. M. D. Alexander, one of her many public-spirited gifts.

There was fitness in Mrs. Alexander being the giver of historical monuments. If it could be respectfully said of a human being, and a most animated one, she was herself one. She was a descendant of the early settlers and her husband had the highest distinction Northfield ancestry bestowed, descent from the first settlement. She was a Dutton, and so of the family which had first place in business importance in previous generations. She was a niece of Deacon Samuel Dutton, pillar of the Orthodox church, and she was as truly pious and church-faithful as he and her cousin Mary, the organist. In all ways she was a Dutton, tall, spare, erect, with red hair, bespectacled, cultured and animated. There was an approach to romance in her marriage to Uncle Elisha, the outstanding Alexander of his period, somewhat of the John Bull in his physique, including the side-chops, deputy sheriff, shrewd trader, money-lender and money-maker. She was his ward, long a member of his household and his devoted second wife. Hence the fortune, which she guarded but turned to account in generous public ways, including just now the historical markers.

The town's history was elaborately recounted in the day of monument dedication. The leader was the town's most active physician, also a prime factor in its public affairs, Dr. Norman P. Wood, a transplanted Vermonter, fully localized. The exercises, always the word for such events, were held in the yard of the fine Dutton place, also Addie M. Dutton Alexander's birthplace. Dr. C. I. Schofield, minister of the North Church, gave the welcome. George Sheldon, patriarch of valley history, responded. The prayer was by Rev. George W. Solley, minister of Deerfield's old church, who belonged to the event by reason of being a descendant of Major Treat, the commander of the company which rescued the besieged first settlers in September of 1675. Dr. Wood told the story of the gift of the markers. Rev. George F. Piper, minister of the First Parish church, made the long speech, a condensation of Temple and Sheldon's "History with Genealogies." As if that were not enough, after luncheon under the trees, speaking went on, with Edwin Doak Mead, Boston editor and lecturer, cousin of the Northfield Meads, eloquent in tribute to the Connecticut valley and its traditions; the Vermont judge of the U. S. District Court; a representative of the Parsons family just now also a representative in the General Court; a son, Joseph, of the famed Priest Mason, last of the town-hired ministers; plus a letter from a scion of the Holton tribe, Dr. Henry D., of Brattleboro, Vermont; and a particularly graceful tribute by Edith Callender, in verse to the Old Oak, the town's vernal first place of worship,

". . . a temple . . . whose arches fair
As the slow years expand,
Were wrought and lifted in the still blue air
By God's Almighty hand."

One of the markers served to show the site of the first settlement, the stockade built in 1673, within which the people lived days of torturing peril in 1675, the first fort and Council Rock, which long stood in the Main street; another, on the slope towards Mill Brook, where the second fort was built in 1686; a granite shaft on Beers Plain, rather cryptically saying that there the Indians "surprised" Capt. Beers, September 4, 1675; a boulder, where the Old Oak sheltered the first religious service, 1673; a granite slab on Merriman hill, where Capt. Beers was killed and buried.

All the monuments commemorated events of the seventeenth century and all were expected to do so permanently. Not so with the Beers grave stone. A modern owner objected to its presence on his lawn. It was reerected within the highway, only to be overturned. Then the legislature was asked to throw the shelter of law around historical monuments within road bounds but legalistic solons objected to adding a new easement to land taken for highways and the law enacted was moderated to a doubtfully useful measure. The monument found its final place at the edge of the road, not the precise burial spot of the captain, who was one of the discoverers of the site of Northfield (1669) and was cut down when leading a company to the rescue of its inhabitants six years later.

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The President of the United States paid Northfield a visit on September 2, 1902. The town had never before entertained so distinguished a guest, certainly not since the brief call of Governor Andros in 1685, he being at that time the nearest approach to a president. It was possible that General Chester A. Arthur had some time paid a call to his step-mother, who spent her last days here with her brother, John L. Mattoon, but if he did it was before he was president and the visit was not publicly observed. The widow of a man who many believed was really elected president in 1876, Samuel J. Tilden, quietly attended the old-home-day in 1900. It was not mentioned that her distinguished husband was a descendant of Benjamin Janes of the Northfield family.

The slim roster of historically important people had been somewhat enriched by the names of men drawn here by D. L. Moody, such as General Oliver O. Howard and W. C. P. Breckinridge and the Earl of Aberdeen. None of these visitations rivalled the distinction of President Roosevelt's coming. He had been foisted against his wish into the vice-presidency in 1900 and succeeded to the presidency in 1901 by the tragic death of McKinley.

When it was announced that the President would tour New England in the late summer of 1902, Ambert Moody, manager of the Hotel Northfield, sent him an invitation to include this town and, not expecting it to be accepted, dismissed it from his mind, only to be surprised and all but dismayed by an acceptance on short notice. A town-meeting was called for August 26 to make arrangements and it followed the fixed precedent for patriotic demonstration by voting, as it annually did for the Fourth of July, to employ seven extra special policemen for the day. Thus made safe, the people of the town proceeded to make it gay by displaying every star spangled banner to be found within its borders. Moreover, a triumphal arch had been built across the roadway of Main Street.

The President stepped from his car, attached to a train from the north, to the platform of the Mount Hermon station, the afternoon of September second, to be greeted by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Governor W. Murray Crane, Congressman Frederick H. Gillett and the selectmen of Northfield, headed by Henry Cyrus Holton. The President was accompanied by Secretary George B. Cortelyou.

A landau, from Nims' stable in Greenfield drawn by four white horses awaited him, with a rotund German, Jake Bechtold, on the box, wearing a topper as high as that of any president since Lincoln. Driven the mile to Mount Hermon School, the President was given a lusty greeting by the students, shot a spirited speech at them and was on the road to Northfield, asking that the horses show a consistent speed.

In Great Meadow, the usual road was abandoned and Main Street, whose surface was in process of repair, was reached by way of the old cemetery. The stones of a macadam road rattled so loudly that any cheers would have been lost if they had been uttered. The only conversation reported was Roosevelt's question of Selectman Holton how many children he had, to which the answer was, "None." There was dinner at the Northfield, then a reception in an ante-room of the Auditorium on the Seminary grounds with Congressman Gillett doing the honors, and in turn, a half-hour's speech by the President, who was introduced by William Revell Moody. The address was an incitement to youth to be alive and was punctuated by the high falsetto note which was the Roosevelt sign of earnestness. Emphatic words in it were robustness, integrity, virility, activity.

Early the next morning, after a peaceful night at the Hotel Northfield, the President was given a resounding farewell by an organized throng of school-children. At Millers Falls he made a snappy short speech to a crowd on the station platform and took the train for the Berkshires by way of the tunnel. On the morning drive, Selectman Holton made out to renew conversation as to offspring in order to tell Roosevelt that he now had a son. There would be no question the newcomer would be named Theodore Roosevelt.

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In the twenty-seven years, from 1883 to 1910, the Northfield Seminary for Young Ladies, as Moody had christened the school he founded in 1879, owed a large measure of its quality to the woman who was all this time its principal, Evelyn Sarah Hall. Her selection for the post was another token of the relationship between Wellesley College and the Northfield School, and of the personal one between Henry F. Durant and Dwight L. Moody, their respective founders.

These two virile men had in common a deep religious interest, a purpose to spread religion, and presently a devotion to the education of women, a cause which was hardly out of its pioneer stage. Durant gave up the law practice which had given him wealth, in 1863, devoted himself to evangelical promotion and in 1875, the year Moody came back from his great British campaign, opened the new college at Wellesley. Moody turned from business with identical purpose and, as the two early came into contact, he may be thought to have gathered the impulse for girl education, with a religious coloration, from this association.

Durant came to Northfield to dedicate the corner-stone of Moody's schoolhouse, in 1879. He presented Moody the list from which the first principal, Harriet Tuttle, was selected. And when after her three years of valuable constructive service and one year of Dr. Emma Angell's principalship, ending in matrimony, a new head of the Seminary was to be found, Moody turned again to Wellesley. Its president, Alice Freeman, named Evelyn Hall, who had just left in disgust a Chicago "ladies seminary," where she had spent three increasingly unhappy years as a teacher. She was of Wellesley's first class, that of 1879.

Miss Hall was of a quality Rhode Island family, with a full blessing of distinguished ancestry, all the way along from Henry Hall's purchase from the Indians in 1664, of two square miles on the border of Connecticut and Rhode Island, to which he gave the enduring name, Westerly Manor. Into the line had streamed the blood of the Cranstons, two of whom were governors, "The Nobel Scottish Lord Cranston," as the Newport monument immortalizes him, and his son, and of the Brentons and Mumfords, plus that of the famed Fighting Parson Eels of Stonington. She was fully entitled to the dignity, the grace and the devout character which came to be fortunately devoted to the guidance of the Northfield School and its girls. She was beautiful in person, gracious, resourceful and quietly but effectively commanding. She had the unqualified trust of Moody, with an independence to stand her own ground against even his opinion and to have his respect for doing so.

When Miss Hall came to the Seminary in 1883, then 28 years old, she brought with her two Silverthorne sisters, who for the years to follow were her chief lieutenants. These were the years of the school's great expansion and of its academic advance, to which Miss Hall's personality and ability made unmeasured contribution—sixteen of them within Moody's lifetime. In the last years of her service, she endured two serious surgical operations under the hand of Dr.

Maurice Richardson, who did the rare thing of publicly paying his patient a high tribute. She returned to the Seminary in September, 1910, showing evidence of incurable disease, and after a few weeks had to yield, going to Lakewood, where she died April 14, 1911. After funeral services at the home of her sister, Mrs. Cathcart, in Westerly, the body was brought to Northfield for burial on the Seminary grounds. A large boulder, with bronze tablet, marks the grave on a commanding knoll, near Sage Chapel.

While Miss Hall's life belonged to the Seminary, to which she gave it unreservedly, and as an influential memory among its students, it was shared by the town, with whose people she had cordial relationships, not limited to those of the church, and contributed to the community of interest between school and town, which is often irritatingly lacking in school towns.

The passing of Evelyn Hall was closely coincident with, if it did not indeed precipitate, a change in the form of the school organization. She was in 1910 one of the few remaining of those who had been intimately associated with the founder, either in the institutions or in evangelical work. The schools had greatly expanded in the ten years after Moody's death, in buildings, in endowment and in attendance. The separated interest, as between the two schools, of the people who were contributors to the maintenance and continuance of his work, had lost its distinction as the original membership of the two boards had yielded to successors with less of the pioneering concern. The time was ripe for consolidation.

Emma Revell Moody, fondly and justly spoken of as one of "the two founders," had survived her husband less than four years. Married to Moody in her teens, when he was at the beginning of his religious career, she had been of the utmost value to him and immeasurably a contributor to his success. With a most gracious personality she combined a practical ability which served to balance his impetuous spirit.

George F. Moody, the oldest brother, who had given shrewd and sound direction to the physical development of the Seminary property, died in November, 1905. He had the Holton characteristics, sound, sturdy, moderate and not given to, as he was unfitted for, public appearance. Another brother, Edwin, who had been variously employed about the school without other distinction, died January 11, 1907. The Moody interests had passed to the next generation.

In it, the responsibility rested full upon William Revell, the evangelist's older son. Paul Dwight, who was in college when his father died, was now following a career of much promise quite apart from the schools and the town. There had been no such sharing of responsibility between the sons as their father had contemplated and the severance from the work by the younger became complete when in 1910 he resigned from the governing boards of both schools.

The nephew, Ambert, son of George, who had the Moody characteristic of energy, had early expended it in Mount Hermon service and now for years in the management of the Hotel Northfield. Another, son of D. L. Moody's sister, Cornelia, Samuel Walker, had positions of varied responsibility, all short of a share in direction of affairs. Account has to be taken of the spirited and valuable service of Arthur Percy Fitt, whom Moody had brought over from Ireland, where he was the evangelist's secretary, no trifling task, and who represented, along with his own, the devoted interest of Emma, the founder's one daughter, whom he married shortly before her father's death. W. R. Moody's headship in the family, as in all the Moody activities, was incontestable. He had the effective co-operation of his wife, the talented and deeply religious daughter of one of the strong allies of the elder Moody, Major D. W. Whittle.

Major Whittle, who to the end was active in religious work, long a close associate of Moody, had died at his daughter's home in 1901. A. Judson Philips, musical director for the schools for twenty years, had given up his work in 1905, to be missed in the town hardly less than by the schools. Henry M. Moore, Boston hat merchant, from the outset a vigorous and highly animated supporter, had died in 1905. Dr. George F. Pentecost, who followed Moody to Northfield in the '70's, sold the big house built by John Barrett in the century before and moved away in 1909. James McGranahan, one of the earliest of the Gospel Hymn group, here as early as 1883, had died in Kingston, Ohio, in July, 1903. And Sankey, the singer whose name was to be forever linked with Moody's, had died in August, 1908.

Ira D. Sankey had been a familiar Northfield figure, not alone as the singer who shared fully in Moody's revival efforts here but as a townsman, owning and for many years living in the house next the First Parish, Unitarian, church. He was here for the summer meetings of 1899 and attended the funeral of his long-time companion in December of that year. His stalwart figure and vigorous health were so well known that it was inconceivable that five years later he had wasted to 90 pounds and under an affliction that brought him to total blindness. In his last months he had dictated the story of Gospel Hymns, prefaced by his life story, a volume to be published after his death.

Sankey was three years younger than Moody and 68 at the time of his death. He was born in Pennsylvania, was a soldier in the Union army, met Moody at a Y.M.C.A. convention in Indianapolis in June, 1871, and was immediately enlisted in a partnership that was to be lifelong and to gain the hearing of millions of people. "Gospel Hymns," the collection of his own and other compositions, was destined to run through 84 editions and reach a sale of over sixty million copies. The royalties, amounting to thousands of dollars through each of many years, were a source of support to the evangelistic enterprises. Of two of the Northfield School buildings, Moody said, "Sankey sang them up." W. R. Moody described him as "a pioneer in a certain type of Christian hymnology." It was not only a certain type but one that gained a favor none other had, moved more souls, became the familiar possession of the millions, entered into common speech as well as song, and deeply affected all subsequent hymnal composition.

Of the gospel hymn writing and singing group, P. P. Bliss, whose "Wonderful Words of Life" was one of the last of his works and was published by Fleming Revell in a Sunday School periodical, had died in the railroad disaster at Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1875. Northfield had heard him often and knew well the black-bearded singer, the sweetest of them all. James McGranahan's voice had been silenced in 1903. George Coles Stebbins, who wrote "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping" in 1880 and whose enduring "Some Day" was first sung at a Moody meeting in Newport in 1894, had fallen in with Moody, Sankey and Bliss at Chicago in the early '70's, came to Northfield in 1876 and although but little the junior of these (born in 1846) was the survivor of them in 1910 and still active in song and in composition.

It was largely with new personnel on the boards of the two schools, that the radical change came in 1911 in the consolidation of their interests and control under a single board, the trustees of the Northfield Schools. Quite as marked a departure was the selection of a man, Charles E. Dickerson, to be the principal of the Northfield Seminary for Young Ladies.

CHAPTER XLVII

CHANGING WAYS, STABLE IDEALS

Houses Modernized, a Gift Bridge, Shifting Pastorates

Adjustment to modern fashions and adoption of new facilities marked these years of a new century, both privately and publicly. The modernization of homes was none too consistent with the plain and honest lines of the early New England architecture. Somehow the town escaped the atrocious over-adornment of the Centennial period but more than one of the severely simple old houses suffered the addition of a gingerbread piazza or bay-window.

Interiors gained bathrooms and lost fireplaces. Heating turned to air-tight stoves, highly ornamented cast-iron or soapstone, with an occasional Franklin. Coal was now in growing favor both for the parlor and the furnaces, in the few houses that had acquired them, but the kitchen stove was still fed with wood and the wood-box had not ceased to be the insatiable consumer of boy-time.

Kerosene lamps were the sole source of light and had taken on ornate forms of domes over the dining-table and in the parlor while an awkward but luminous "student lamp" was an occasional luxury. The broad boards of the floors were being covered with narrow hard pine and oak and the bricked-up fireplaces were further obscured by ornamental mantels. Corner what-nots were on their way to the attic, to keep company with the Rogers Group, hitherto the parlor's prized ornament, and the tin-hat bathtub, now retired from Saturday-night service in rotation to members of the household. The melodeon had yielded to the piano, for which there were highly ornamental covers and "throws."

Changes in dress and in speech marked the period. Women's attire in the 'nineties had reached picturesque extremes, with expansive skirts, balloon sleeves and hats of hitherto unapproached size and undreamed decoration, little short of floating flower gardens. The nearest approach to abandon was the shirtwaist but even it was decorous and completely enclosing, even to stiff high necks. The bicycle, now at its peak of use, had wrought some changes, the startling one being bloomers, which baggy as they were, excited attention and aroused criticism on grounds of modesty. The early automobile, with its whirling speed of twenty miles an hour, challenged the big hat but with no concession beyond the use of yards of veiling to reef the broad brims and float in filmy banners on the startled atmosphere. Then came a time of hobble-skirts, so tightly binding as to give feminine gait a ducklike waddle. The century was a quarter gone when woman emerged from her trappings, with limitations in dress material that drove textile mills to bankruptcy and exposure of form that would have given deadly shock to even the generation before.

Under the impact of freer association with the world, words and phrases were going out of common speech and nasal pronunciation losing its prevalence. The letter "r" had entered the field. Children no longer said "ca'd" for card, unreproved. His'n, her'n and your'n were getting rare. Widen was supplanting widden, rud had expanded to road. Even profanity was breaking loose from puritanic concealments, with "b'gosh" and "I swanny" turning to stronger forms. There were some survivals of phrases no longer explicable, as when the oldest men still paid nine shillings for a day's work, in memory at least, and "odd as snow at election" echoed the forgotten time when governors were elected in May. These were changes in fashion, not in men or women. What would seem crudities at a later day had been consistent with high character, intelligence and even with culture in a time now gone.

Municipally, the advance to hard surfaced roads kept pace with the gradual arrival of the automobile, resisted as it was by resentment that found expression in town action to close all but main roads and put impossible restrictions on speed. As the use of the roads by automobiles grew, there was a swing to reliance on the state and co-operation with it in an expenditure the town could not hope to provide.

Main street had become part of a state road and by 1921 the town voted to contract with the state division of highways for the repair of roads and bridges other than state roads, appropriating $5,325 for its share. This amount grew to $10,800 in 1924, on the basis of $150 per mile for 75 miles of highway. Then and there came to an end the chief source of town-meeting oratory through two centuries. Even the elms that shaded Main Street and the care of the broad spaces passed from town to state. The two bridges across the Connecticut were still the town's affairs, the Bennett's Meadow one built in 1899 and the Schell memorial one in 1903.

The Schell bridge had solved the problem of replacement of the old toll-bridge, for which the franchise had expired in 1899. Francis Robert Schell, New York capitalist, drawn to the town by an interest in its religious work, had acquired 125 acres of land in the heart of the town where he had built his "castle," completed in 1903. He had given his architects directions to reproduce a French château, had stayed away from it until it was completed and then occupied it for a few seasons before his death. Having no heirs, his mansion became a burden upon his estate, fell into neglect, was of all possible properties the least salable, and finally fell into the hands of the Northfield Hotel Company, which bought it for the land value and could use it as an adjunct to its inn. Even as such, it remained more ornamental than practicable, with its great rooms, its vast mirrors, its costly crystal chandeliers, its ramps and stairways objects of curiosity rather than utility. Mr. Schell had done the town a greater favor in presenting the bridge.

September 17, 1901, Mr. Schell's proposal was accepted at a special town-meeting. In it he said, "Desiring to leave an enduring memorial to my honored father, Robert Schell, in Northfield and also desiring that a bridge be built across the Connecticut River . . . I covenant and agree to pay to said town the cost of said bridge not to exceed thirty-two thousand dollars." He stipulated that two such tablets as he should direct be placed upon the bridge and, finally, "I make this offer in order that the town of Northfield and the Northfield Seminary may be permanently benefited; and I desire no formal or informal opening of the bridge to take place when the bridge is done; simply begin to use it." Mr. Schell was as modest as he was generous. The use began in 1903.

Other items of community equipment came with moderation. The telephone gained ground slowly. The New England Company set up a local exchange, in a house on Parker Street, "the depot road," in 1904 but in 1910 was refused further locations for its poles until it came to terms with the Northfield Farms Telephone Company.

These were the last spasms of local telephone companies against inevitable monopoly. Electric light had reached the town in 1910. In that year the town voted a sum not to exceed $200 annually for street lighting, the opening of the way for electrical equipment in the homes, which in the course of the next ten years came to general replacement of the time-honored oil lamps. Water supply had made some gain in the organization of the Northfield Water Company the first year of the century and the replacement of pump-log lines, each with a few families to supply, by iron pipes and a larger range. In 1915, it was taken over by the town and the reservoir, a modest one but fed by the purest spring, was somewhat enlarged. The first movement for fire protection came in 1904 with an appropriation of $450 for hose and cart had advanced gradually by the purchase of chemical apparatus and the organization of volunteer fire-fighters.

Central feature of social equipment as the town hall had always been, it fell short of new-century needs and in 1904, the town spent $6,000 to raise it higher, allowing for a basement which could be more widely useful and cheerful than as a stable for the town hearse, and extending it to the rear to provide for a modern stage and ampler town offices at the front. The old building lost its variegated windows but none of its austerity. It served a bigger community use until 1924, when it was burned to the ground. In its place came a brick town hall, having certain merits of convenience but none of architecture. The opportunity was again missed to provide a public building that would be of colonial quality and consistent with good standards for a strictly New England town. The old building was no loss, architecturally speaking, and the new one no gain.

Fire did another dis-service, when the old North church, which became a fraternity house, was burned, January 14, 1910. The old church was of no ornamental merit but its loss meant the intrusion of the least beautiful of modern conveniences, a garage, with its pumps and grease and dirt, the feature a well-planned town keeps in obscurity. The church had almost forgotten association with Moody and Sankey. From its steps Moody had preached innumerable times to a street congregation and from the platform Sankey had sung gospel hymns to the self-accompaniment of his melodeon. It was built in 1829, when Orthodoxy departed from the First Parish fold, was remodelled in 1858 and fell from dignity and use when the new

Second Congregational Church was built on the rock "beyond the brook." It was bought cheaply enough by the Sons of Veterans in 1898 and occupied by that fraternity, along with the Johnson post of the Grand Army, the Women's Relief Corps and the Red Men until fire destroyed it. Then the Red Men built a hall on Parker Street, where the garage might better have gone than to blemish the Main Street. The Red Men, after a few years, sold their new hall to Harmony Lodge of Masons, which remodelled it.

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The town had now become steadily Republican, with an occasional variation, never over the Democratic line. It was Progressive in 1912, perhaps out of recollection of Roosevelt's visit of eight years before, and one of its townsmen, Charles H. Webster, was elected to the legislature on the Progressive ticket, even though his own town failed to support him. It stayed Bull Moose in 1913, gave Charles S. Bird a lead for governor and this time strongly supported the representative, who now was given the Republican nomination. Interest in the story subsides at this point, with a dull certainty of the town's Republicanism, by 1924 being ten to one.

The town was against woman suffrage on a test in 1895, against biennial elections the next year, against all the constitutional amendments submitted by the convention of 1918, and in varied referenda in 1924 showed itself discriminating, at least. It was by this time favorable to striking the word "male" out of the constitution, 325 to 83; for enabling women to hold any office, 334 to 98; for prohibition, 349 to 163; against a two-cent "gas tax," 206 to 248; deadly towards daylight saving, 114 to 425; against the child-labor amendment to the federal constitution, 117 to 420. No case could be made out for a town's social-mindedness on such a test but it was moving with the tide except as to the gas tax and daylight saving—on the latter going with the ineffectual farm opposition.

The town-meeting, as a prime instrument of government, was zealously guarded against innovations the legislature made permissive. Three-year terms for selectmen, a departure from direct popular control, met with rejection in 1911. The change was voted in 1921 but rescinded two years later, perhaps as an outcome of a bad state of affairs in its town accounts, due to alleged fault of the treasurer and certainly showing a laxity in administration. It was just as well to hold the selectmen annually accountable.

An appropriation committee to examine proposals to spend money was created in 1911 and remained a permanent feature. The town-meeting was moved forward to February in 1914 and "March meetin' " took its place on the shelf along with the now forgotten May elections.

Through the enterprise and skill of Rev. W. W. Coe it had been demonstrated that a newspaper could exist in the town. After five years it passed to the hands of a graduate of Harvard, F. Ambler Welch (A.B. 1911), a native of Quincy, who went into city journalism and then, to use his own language, "tiring of a metropolitan career a split second before they tired of me, set sail." He disembarked at Northfield and for four years gave a lively conduct to the weekly paper, which later went through varying fortunes. Welch went permanently to the *Boston Globe*.

Relative numerical strength of the two old churches gradually shifted to the one D. L. Moody had revived and caused to build a larger meeting-house. Largely the change was due to the passing of the old families and the accession to the town of people drawn here by the Moody schools. The First Parish (Unitarian) after the leaving of Rev. John Lewis Marsh, in 1884, a man of fine quality, had two pastorates the only virtue of which was that they were brief, followed by compensation in the settlements of Rev. Samuel R. Free, 1889-'92, Rev. George F. Piper, 1893 to 1903, and Rev. Daniel Monro Wilson, 1904 to '09. Both Mr. Piper and Mr. Wilson identified themselves thoroughly with the town and were spiritual leaders. A younger Wilson, Rev. Arthur E., succeeded his namesake and remained until 1912. Rev. Herbert L. Buzzell served another two-year pastorate from 1913 to 1915.

Rev. George L. Thompson, in the six years from 1916 to 1922, revived the old-time union of ministerial and civic leadership, one item in which was the formation of a town historical society. Rev. R. E. Griffith was the minister from 1923 to 1930. A deviation from formal settlement was the engagement, in 1930, of Rev. Charles C. Conner, a Universalist minister who had become a resident in retirement, for supply "so long as it remained mutually satisfactory." An outcome was the association with the church of his wife, also an ordained minister in the Universalist denomination, Rev. Mary A.

Conner. On March 7, 1932, Mrs. Conner became the pastor, bringing great energy and fine spirit to the work of the church.

The North Church, which in Mr. Moody's day had the attendance of the two schools, had been replaced as to them by the chapel services at each. Its congregation was accordingly depleted but remained the larger of the two. After Rev. Dr. C. I. Schofield, who was here in Moody's last years and remained into the new century, came Rev. N. Fay Smith in 1906.

The Catholic church gained in numbers with the increase of Polish population and had the ministration of the priests in Turners Falls and later in Millers Falls.

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From the earliest days of the settlement the town made its contribution of manhood to every war in which the country shared, save one. The exception was the Spanish War of 1898, for which the enlisted troops were the then existing organized militia, and Northfield had long since ceased to maintain a military company. The spearhead of the colony's advance into the wilderness, its every man, was a warrior in defence of its homes. For a full century it bore its share in the conflict for the resistance to French invasion. Its men went afar—to Louisburg, far up the coast, to the Champlain country and to Quebec. In the Revolution, they marched to the defence of Boston, to Ticonderoga, to Quebec, to the Hudson valley, Saratoga, White Plains and West Point, and to New Jersey, Morristown and Trenton. For the "war of the rebellion," as the war of 1861 to '65 was called in its day and by the Yankees, it volunteered nearly ten per cent of its total population for service far down the Mississippi and on many of the major battlefields.

Now, in 1917, came a war which would call its men across the seas and would put upon all the people a duty of contribution, particularly in food conservation. The response was immediate. Farming was speeded up and war gardens were popular. Many of the town's young men volunteered for the national service in one or another of its branches, army, navy and marine corps. Some were already in the regular army, others were in the National Guard, having seen service on the Mexican border, while still others were in University units. Then came the national draft.

When the time came for registration, the men subject to the draft repaired to the town hall. The next step took them to Amherst for examination by the district draft board, two members of which were from the town—Ambert G. Moody and Dr. Norman P. Wood. The departure of the men for actual service was without public demonstration, consistently with the depth of soberness over the possible sacrifice involved. Two young women enlisted as army nurses and one of them, Laura O. McGrath, gave her life as a result of her strenuous service.

Recognition by the town of service in the World War took the form of a bronze tablet placed at the entrance to the new town hall. It bears the 83 names of "citizens of Northfield who served in the World War." In the roll are names as old as the town itself, such as Janes in the person of two descendants of the preacher under the "old oak" in 1673, Benjamin and Dwight; and Wright, in that of the nurse, Mary D. Hardly less significant of background are those of Callender, Holton, Long, Smith, Stratton and Moody. Outnumbering these are those of the newer elements in the town's population—Broderick, Casey, Coughlin and Dale, familiar as representing the Irish families here for nearly a century; and the later ones such as Cappelluzzo, Demyanoff, Kopriva, Marino, Plakidas and Tanski. Their comradeship might be the text for a treatise on the merging of old and new on the level of a common patriotic service. The tablet was unveiled with due ceremony on Armistice day, 1929.

A Post of the American Legion was organized within a year after the armistice, its charter bearing the date of August 22, 1919. Its number is 179, the original name, Northfield Post, being changed the next year to Haven E. Spencer Post, in memory of one of its comrades, who on September 15, 1920, was killed by the crashing of an army plane he was flying about the town. Spencer was born in Virginia in 1891, came with his family to Northfield in 1903, graduated from Mt. Hermon, entered Yale College in 1915 and enlisted in the aviation service in 1917. He had been flying instructor at several fields and been promoted to the rank of second lieutenant. The fatal accident was due to striking a tree while trying to land the plane.

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The monumental work of William Revell Moody for the Northfield Schools and the religious conventions throughout the years since his father passed this heavy responsibility to his children, came to a close by his choice in 1928. It was not an entirely happy termination. The consolidation of the schools in 1912 and other developments at the time had caused the complete severance of the other son, Paul Dwight, from the organization. William R. Moody's mastery had been, through the later years, as complete as it was effective. In 1926, the board of trustees of the schools had been increased to 30 and Mr. Moody was continued in chairmanship, and as president. Under pressure of ill health he went abroad in that year and while away received a request for his resignation as president with assurance that he "should have the honorable and influential position of chairman of the board."

The trustees, whose responsibility was for the entire work in Northfield, had meanwhile chosen Elliott Speer as president. A young man of rare gifts and great energy, the choice promised to be a fortunate one and there was evident intention to bring about so important a change without loss of either Mr. Moody's interest or his support. It proved otherwise. In June, 1928, Mr. Moody published a letter he was sending to the trustees, tendering his resignation as chairman and elaborately setting forth his resentment of the trustees' course towards him as well as his dissent from the policies of the board and the new president.

Whatever the merits of the issues raised, however fully the trustees were justified in bringing a young man of great attractiveness to the presidency and however considerate they sought to be towards W. R. Moody, the turn in events was the end of a service of devotion to a cause and a task such as few men render in any relation.

CHAPTER XLVIII

TWO AND A HALF CENTURIES

Serious and Spectacular Observance of a Colorful Past

The quarter-millennial of the town's existence, coming in 1923, was made the occasion of a celebration quite worthy of the past of a Puritan outpost and richly significant of the pride in it in the hearts of the present. The town had voted a liberal appropriation, too liberal to be legal, as it was discovered with the result that it was reduced to nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. There was no limit of law on the outlay of enterprise by the town's people, and none in its outpouring.

The town put the matter without restriction in the hands of a committee of eight, the membership of which was discreetly balanced between descendants of the early settlers and persons of adopted loyalty. Its chairman was Dr. Norman P. Wood, whose interest in the town was acquired but ardent. Ambert G. Moody, descendant through the tribes of Alexander and Holton from the beginners, Thomas Russell Callender, with Field and Mattoon ancestry, and Frank H. Montague, also of Field descent, were its other male members, while their wives were committee companions.

An elaboration of committees and group leaders enlisted well towards a hundred persons. They were not all of the Northfield of 1923 but of the Northfield of two centuries before, when its domain included the towns of Vernon, in Vermont, of Hinsdale and a portion of Winchester, in New Hampshire. Nor were they all of the Northfield tradition; no Bolinski, Urgielewicz, Cembalisty or Szestowieki was in the first settlement, nor second, nor third. For that matter, Quinlan and Dale and Broderick stood for another accession, albeit this was nearly a century in the past. But they were here in a common and undistinguishable interest in the town and all its history, fully adopted in the community and now sharing equally in the imposing celebration.

There were three full days, from Friday morning, June 22 to the late Sunday afternoon following. Around the monument marking the site of the first settlement with its tragic end in 1675, a morning group listened to a fitting address by Rev. Francis W. Pattison, minister of the Second church. In the afternoon, a band concert and the historical pageant, of which more later. In the evening, the opening of a historical exhibit at Dickinson Library and friendship gatherings at the open houses, Minot, Mattoon (Foreman) and Moody (the birthplace).

Saturday, there were elaborate sports in the morning, anniversary exercises on the high school grounds in the afternoon, a band concert and the pageant again in the evening. Sunday, in the open field of the high school, there was a religious service, and, in the afternoon, the main historical exercises. Upon this program framework, the hours were filled with features that never departed from the historical pattern.

Supremely engaging in all that the three days contained was the historical pageant. It was written and presented under the direction of Miss Leila M. Church of Rockville, Connecticut, in whose fine sense of propriety there was worked out a succession of episodes, with consummate artistry. The broad space at the front of the Northfield, with the ground sloping towards it for its gallery, was an ideal theatre for the spectacle. Particularly in the evening performance, with a flood of electric light lending both brilliancy and shadow, the scenes had a charm that pageantry only meets at its best. More than 750 persons were in the cast, all of them personally linked in some fashion to the shifting scenes.

First across the field came the discoverers, the Bay Colony's official explorers, Gookin, Henchman, Prentice, Beers, to the accompaniment of a stirring recital. Then followed the Indians, some hundred of them, warriors and squaws. The second episode opened with a dance of the stars, preceding the arrival of the settlers of 1673, followed by the first religious services with Elder Janes preaching under the Memorial oak. The Indians in War council, the attack of September 1675, the battle of Beers Plain, the rescue by Major Treat, a succession of thrilling scenes, completed the episode.

With a freedom from full narrative permissible in pageantry, the period between 1675 and 1714, with its ineffectual second settlement, was bridged and the thread taken up at the later year with the meeting in Northampton to consider the third occupation of Squakheag, now for the first time named the North Field. The final founders shared in a discussion and signed the resolutions and agreement to settle on the land. The next scene pictured the arrival of the news that the General Court had granted incorporation to the town (1723). Coming to the Revolutionary period, the fourth episode enacted the assembly of the townsmen to protest the Stamp Act, the response to the Lexington alarm, the quick mustering of the minute-men and their departure to the scene of war. The life of this period was reproduced, the most charming feature of which was the dancing of the minuet.

Away from historical sequence, the succeeding episodes reflected the town's life in the nineteenth century, the broom-making, with a march of "the ladies of 1830" with their brooms, a spectacular dance of "the corn husk dolls," with more than a hundred girls performing, a war wedding of the Sixties, a procession of vehicles, from pillion and ox-cart, stage-coach, two-wheeled chair, one-horse chaise, the phaeton and carry-all down to the vehicle driven by its own power, an early attempt at which was a local steam-driven wagon. Thence the pageant turned symbolic of the struggle between wealth and poverty, the advance of hope and endeavor, and the development of learning, each impersonated, and leading up to the academy and the modern school. Then came the World War period, calling out the Legion, and the climax in the tenth episode, typifying history and calling the entire company of 750 to the grand finale.

Such was the spectacle witnessed at each performance by several times the population of the town at any time in its 250 years. Smaller but not inconsiderable numbers followed the serious features of the celebration. Historical exercises ran through the succeeding days. Those of Saturday afternoon were held under the elms on the campus of the high school, modern designation of the yard of the Dutton mansion, more recently the Silas Field place and more anciently the actual home lot of the founder of the town's most notable family, leader of the 1672 exploring group from Northampton, George Alexander. Dr. Wood presided. Hon. Benjamin Loring Young, speaker of the House of Representatives, eloquently spoke for the Commonwealth. The mayor of the maternal town, Northampton, brought her greetings.

Sunday morning, under the same shade, a religious service was conducted by Ambert G. Moody and the sermon was given by Rev. Horace F. Holton, D.D., grandson of Deacon Charles L. Holton who was brother of the mother of D. L. Moody. It was historical in its tribute to the ministers from Elder Janes of the first days to Priest Mason, the last of the town's ministers, with tribute to the speaker's evangelist-cousin, Moody. In the afternoon Thomas Russell Callender presided, a historical address was given by Herbert Collins Parsons, a "native son," and like speeches in shorter measure by Daniel Munro Wilson, former minister of the First Parish, and Richard Mason Smith, M.D., great-grandson of the Reverend Thomas Mason.

The proceedings of the abundant three days are handsomely preserved in a volume, "250 Years of Northfield," published by the town, a record of a celebration deserving permanence for its dignity and beauty.

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In the late afternoon of August 20, 1925, the town received another visit by a President. It was as much less spectacular as a Coolidge was less showy than a Roosevelt. Unlike the stirring episode of 1902, there were no "arrangements." The President and Mrs. Coolidge were on their way down from Plymouth, the Vermont town of his birth, and had detoured to the valley. There was a procession of fifteen or more cars, the only occupants to be recognized being the distinguished couple and an escort of secret service men. It moved slowly down the long street, Mr. Coolidge bowing and smiling in response to the spontaneous cheers of the townspeople, who barely knew in advance of the visit. There were no stops, no speeches, no audible responses from the visitors. It was the town's first sight of the President, who had, with the help of its all but unanimous vote, been elected the year before, after his three years of service to fill out the Harding term. If Calvin had tarried he would have found himself among his kind, with like Puritan lineage, speaking the same language and with traces of the nasal tendency.

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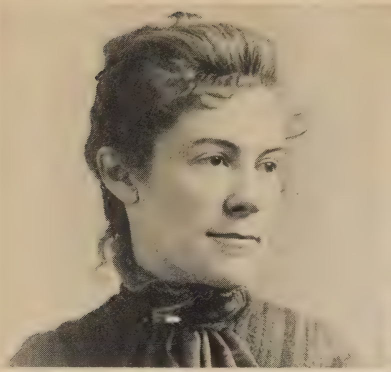
From the beginning of a fire department, when the town voted in 1901 to buy a hose-cart and a volunteer company had been formed, there gradually developed a service that would replace the bucket lines that had rarely stopped a blaze, once it started, in all the years before. In 1924, there was an outlay of $6,000 for a truck, to carry chemical apparatus and hose, and an enlistment of a company on the basis of a dollar an hour for actual service. This was but one of the new items of town expenditure which kept pace with modern demands. The new town hall was now serving purposes far outside the range of official affairs, with dramatic equipment and such items as a moving picture booth, added to the old building in 1917 and more adequately provided in the new one, were constantly appearing in town-meeting votes.

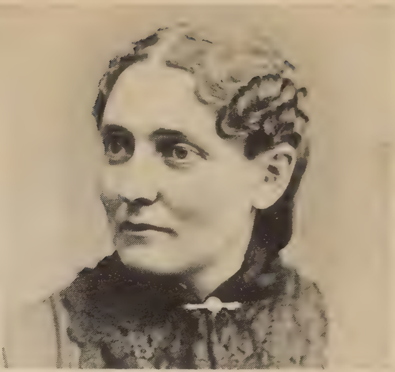
Public school outlays were growing beyond all the old notions. The acquirement of a superintendent in the 1890's before it had become compulsory, and the building of a high school, with the aid of the Alexander Fund were supplemented by the addition of new features, such as $300, in 1920, for the education of adult Polish people in the English language and $800 for the employment of a community nurse, an item increased to $2,000 in 1923. There was, however, positive resistance to the establishment of an agricultural department in the high school, refusal in 1916 to cooperate with the state in the employment of an agricultural instructor, along with a refusal of an offer of $100 from the Village Improvement Association and $50 from the board of trade for that purpose. The idea seemed to be that the last thing Northfield boys and girls needed to be officially taught was how to farm.

Male principalship of a girls' school, the departure of the Seminary from the succession of three women in the position, proved satisfactory enough to last eighteen years. It would never have been dreamed by the founder, who had chosen the three—Tuttle, Angell, Hall—for this place and been justified, as he uniformly was, in his personal choices. Professor Dickerson had put science on its feet at Mt. Hermon. He had been there twenty-one years, when he was made the Seminary head in 1911, and it was the worth of his work that led Emeline Fletcher to give the boys' school the highly modern Silliman laboratory.

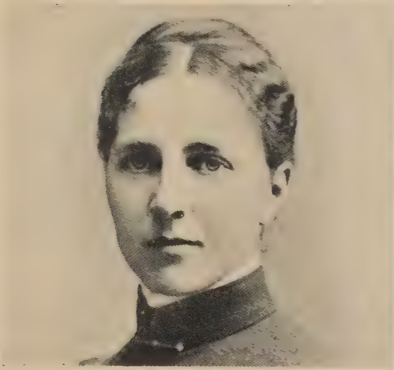
The Seminary grew, prospered, modernized under Dickerson's administration. He was a gifted teacher and an inspirer of good educational methods. He cared less for administrative tasks but he



Harriet A. Tuttle



Dr. Emma Angell



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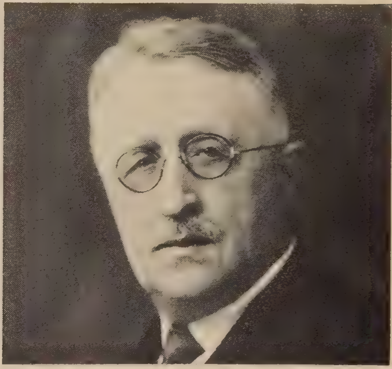
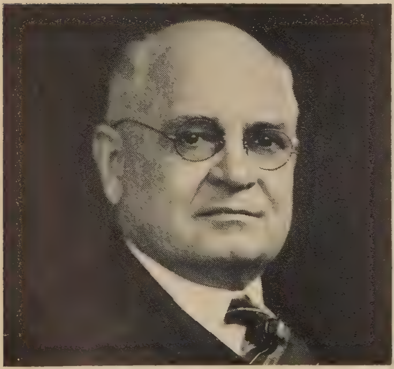
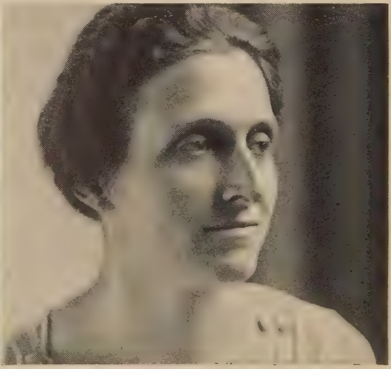


Charles E. Dickerson

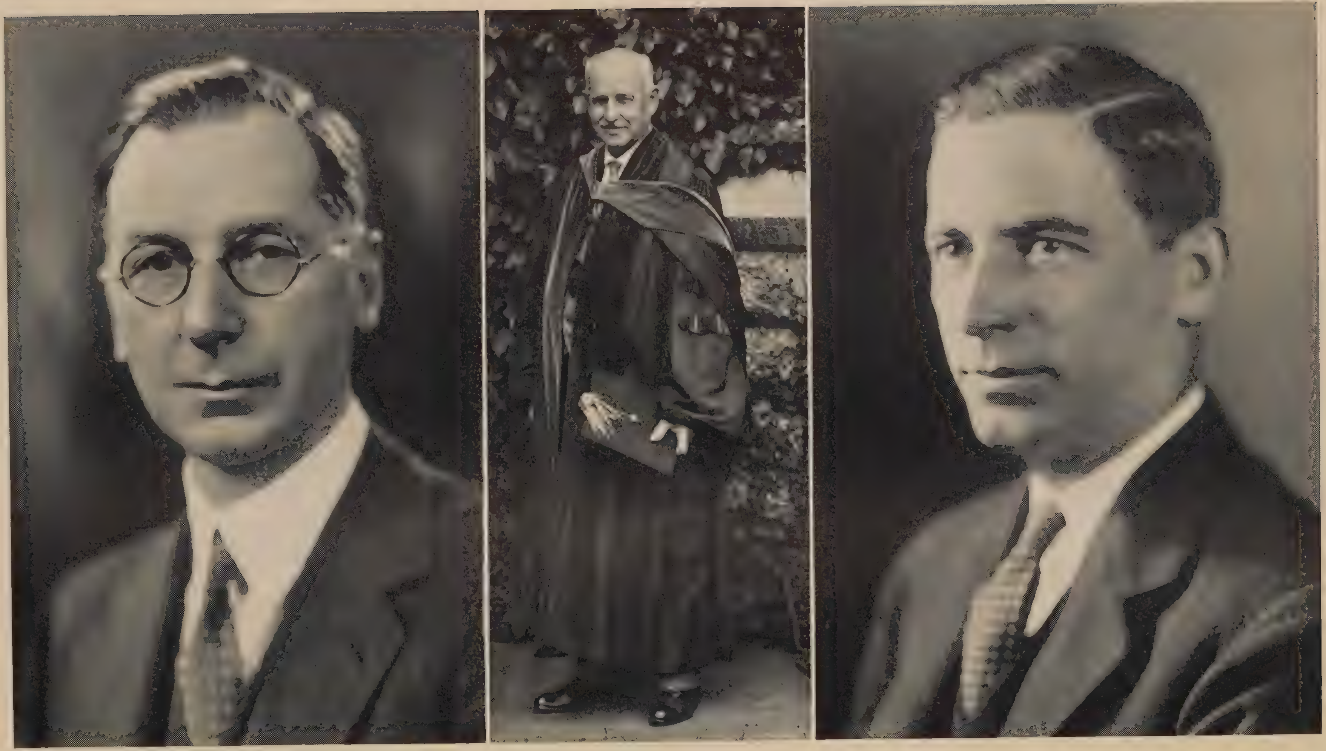


Frank L. Duley



Mira B. Wilson

PRINCIPALS OF NORTHFIELD SEMINARY SINCE 1879



David R. Porter Henry F. Cutler Elliott Speer

PRINCIPALS OF MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL

carried them until 1925, when he was succeeded by Professor Frank L. Duley. Even though Professor Duley was only acting principal in name, the fact that a man was chosen signified his predecessor's success and that male rule was not abnormal. Professor Duley continued to "act" four years, another demonstration. Then came a return to woman leadership.

Miss Mira Bigelow Wilson was teaching at Smith College in 1927, when the Northfield Schools' trustees discovered her. She had been graduated there in 1914. She was the daughter of a Congregational minister, Rev. Frederick A. Wilson, of Andover. She had a degree of bachelor of divinity from Boston University, 1918. She was now director of religious work at Smith and assistant professor of religion and biblical literature. For two years, earlier in her years there, she had been secretary of Smith College Christian Association. Such implications, it may be supposed, would have been ample for the approval of the Founder, even without the Wellesley stamp. While the appointment as the Seminary's principal was announced March 5, 1927, she was not to take charge until the opening of the school year in 1929. Prof. Duley would still act and the Seminary prosper. A factor of continuity was supplied by the Silverthorne sisters in the Seminary faculty. They had come with Miss Hall in 1891 and would round out forty years of service well along in Miss Wilson's principalship, when they would retire, for no other reason than that seemed long enough, to them solely.

Deeply disturbing to the mind of William Revell Moody as was his displacement from the Presidency of the Northfield Schools, however kindly intended by the trustees, who continued him in a less authoritative position and justified the shift on the basis that it would give him a youthful associate, it brought to Northfield a man of extraordinary gifts in Elliott Speer. The link to the days of the Founder was his father, Dr. Robert E. Speer, eminent in the Y.M.C.A. and closely associated with the elder Moody. The son was now twenty-seven.

Elliot Speer was born in Englewood, New Jersey, November 1, 1898. He was at Phillips-Andover from 1913 to '16, entered Princeton, where his course was interrupted by the World War, during which he served with the British Army Y.M.C.A., and was graduated in 1921. In March of that year he had married Charlotte Rose

Wells, a graduate from Vassar. In the same year he went to Edinburgh for a course in theology and returned for two years of city missionary work on the staff of the First Baptist Church. In 1924 he became chaplain and head of the Bible department of Lafayette College, coming to Northfield in June, 1926, to be the head of the schools. He resigned this presidency, after five years, to become principal of Mt. Hermon, but took a year's leave for graduate work in education at Edinburgh, from 1931 to '32.

A new linking of the Moody schools to the life of the old town was forged when the Pomeroy Mansion was bought for President Speer's occupancy. The old General Nevers house, down in the centre of the town, was extended by a spacious rebuilding of the ell, the roomy main part being but slightly altered. Housed here, Mr. Speer became a full citizen, sharing in the town's secular affairs, including an active part in establishing its First National Bank, first indeed as a banking venture, his associates there being men of the town. He won his way into town popularity with his gracious but spirited personality, the while he was giving to the schools an effective and progressive leadership.

At Mount Hermon, where he was installed in October, 1932, Mr. Speer succeeded Henry F. Cutler, who had been its principal for forty-two years. Mount Hermon and Cutler had seemed identical. The school was but nine years old when he took it in hand and his life had been devoted to its physical, educational and spiritual development. Just how the years had told upon him is shown by his venture now into medical education, which he promptly sailed for Paris to pursue.

A pastorate coming near to the old-time span of years ended December 28, 1931, when Rev. Francis Wayland Pattison preached his farewell sermon in the Congregational Church, of which the lingering designation with the older townspeople was the Orthodox. Mr. Pattison had come to this charge in 1915, from London, England, where he had been assistant to Dr. Campbell Morgan, the preacher who was almost of Northfield by reason of his frequent sharing in its Moody conferences. He was now going to the First Baptist Church in Calgary, Alberta. The traditional separateness of the two denominations, which gave some lurid pages to colonial New England history, had so far vanished that a minister who was the son of a Baptist divine could be sixteen years in a Congregational church and go hence to a Baptist one, without a jar to his theology.

Rev. Stanley Carne, succeeding Mr. Pattison, came in February, 1932, from Gorham, Maine, where he had preached for twelve years. He was born in Cornwall, England, had been two years (1910 and '11) in South Africa, gained his theological training in the Bangor, Maine, seminary and had served pastorates in Leavenworth, Kansas, Spokane and Seattle, Washington, doing his war-time work in shipbuilding plants. He brought to Northfield a wife from Maine, Florence Clark.

CHAPTER XLIX

IN FULLNESS OF YEARS

The Past Honored—The Present Brings End of Another Moody's Life, and a Mount Hermon Tragedy

MASSACHUSETTS considered itself three hundred years old in 1930. Such a conclusion omitted the ten years between Pilgrim and Puritan, between Plymouth and Salem, between Brewster and Winthrop, but it took note of the date of the charter of "London's Plantation in the Massachusetts Bay," signed by Charles I, March 4, 1629, and of the landings of the Puritan fleet in June and July of 1630. The tercentenary observation was broadly planned and amply financed. Every spot of historical interest was marked and every town set about a distinctive celebration. Northfield, with an antiquity only forty years less than the colony itself, did its part with more than a proportionate elaboration. It would be an event only less expansive than that of 1923, which was the town's own, and every inhabitant with a spark of reverence for the traditions of the Commonwealth enlisted.

On Wednesday, July 30, the houses were opened with hospitality marked by old-time customs and costumes. At night there was a colonial ball, bringing into a common picture the gowns and garbs of antiquity, many of them historic in themselves. Thursday, there were tours of historic and scenic places and an old-folks concert in the Seminary auditorium.

The evening event was a triumph of the managerial skill of Emma Moody Fitt. Its colonially attired chorus was directed by Arthur J. Philips, now of New York, son of the director of music in the Northfield Moody schools in their early years. Arthur's own claim to historical distinction rests upon his management of the Northfield baseball team of 1908. Friday morning there was a parade, with every antique feature that could be unearthed or devised; then an open-air "rally" on the grounds of Schell's castle, William L. Moody presiding and two congressmen, Treadway of this district and Gibson of the nearest one in Vermont, speaking; and finally a service of thanksgiving in the auditorium, with the sermon by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., minister of Boston Arlington Street Church. Thus Northfield paid her dutiful respects to the Commonwealth and did so ornately.

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William Revell Moody died in October, 1933. This elder son of the evangelist had given his entire life to the service of his father's interests, the schools and the summer conferences. What they had become and how far they had fulfilled their founder's designs and hopes were supremely to be credited to him. The removal from the nominal presidency in 1926 had not severed, it had hardly lessened, his responsibility in this service. He was in Europe for his health when it occurred and he had, through the four years following, been under the restraint of physical ills, to which he yielded the least possible in his activity. His home had been the "Homestead" from the time he returned there after a very few years at Mt. Hermon. The house, which his father had bought in 1875, the year of his return from the fame-making two years in the British Isles, had been Mrs. Emma Revell Moody's home until her death in 1903. Then it had passed to Paul Dwight, by whom it was sold to Mrs. John S. Kennedy of New York, then to be given to the Seminary, with a life residence for William Revell.

That William Revell Moody was not a townsman, apart from the schools and their related interests, was the consequence of his devotion to them. In his two separate biographies of his father, he gave little credit to the background of his life, found it easy to speak of the community as obscure, which perhaps it might warrantably be rated, and primitive, which it was not, in any such sense as he intended. Literary license in the emphasis of an unfavoring background upon which to depict a great career was not a conscious assumption on this biographer's part. It was genuine for him and consistent with a completely undesigning aloofness. Occupation, tense as it was, and disposition, personal as it was, jointly accounted for separateness from the town in which his life was spent. The contacts, tenuous as they were, never became unpleasant; there was only slight play for the entire cordiality between him and the townspeople, and no ill-will on either part. None would ever question the ability and the devotion with which he had discharged his one exacting life task.

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Schell's castle, from the grandeur of its owner's day came rapidly after his death to be a problem. Its movable contents were largely taken away by the widow but the great golden mirrors and the sparkling crystal chandeliers remained. Also there lingered the portraits of unnamed relatives, indeed one or two alleged to be of the builder himself, spectral survivors in the otherwise deserted rooms. Thus neglected, the castle bade fair to become a picturesque ruin. It was saved that fate by the corporation of the Hotel Northfield.

New distinction came to the Schell château, in the winter of 1934-5, as the pioneer station in America of the Youth Hostel. With much acclaim and distinguished blessing, including that of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, it was opened December 27, 1934. The spacious basement of the Château was dedicated to its use and during the winter was appropriated by some hundred of youthful pedestrian tourists. The co-tenancy with the hotel was not so feasible when the season opened and the guests were assigned to the upper stories. Not to abandon the idea, nor desert the station, the hostel management took over the historic Swan house, down-town, vacant since Victoria Sankey had married and her step-father, John Phelps, had removed to Parker Street. Now the one-time abode of the composer of "China" would have new distinction.

The name of French King took on new interest and its origin new research when, in 1932, one of the state's major highways was thrown across the Connecticut just below the boulder. The bridge would cross the river in a single span, a structure so graceful as to win the distinction of being the most beautiful of American bridges of the year's construction. It just misses being within Northfield but the boulder of ancient name remained within the town's borders. It had an equally firm place in tradition, its name being bestowed by Canadian French, whose tours down the river in early settlement days were not uniformly of a gracious sort. The rapids, now calmed by the set-back from the power dam at Turner's Falls, had once, in early days, engulfed a canoe-load of Indian invaders. Near them, searchers on an island for Captain Kidd's hidden treasure, were defeated by the failure of one of them to keep the required silence when his bar struck the chest and it sank beyond reach, as had been related through many generations.

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When the nation's prosperity gave way to national depression, of a sudden in October, 1929, great fortunes collapsed, card-houses of fictitious wealth fell, and great industries heard the knell of doom, the least disturbance was caused and the least damage done in a town which had neither great fortunes nor industries, great or small. Personal losses there were but they were as guarded from exposure to public view as personal possessions had ever been. There were no factories to close, no artisans to face unopening gates, no families wholly losing their subsistence, no outcry for relief or sympathy.

The farm lands, which in other generations had been the sole source of subsistence, had ceased to be profitable, save to the new race from central Europe, whose constant labor, shared by every member of the household out of the cradle, would continue to yield, with only such fluctuations as governed the prices of tobacco and onions. There would be ample knowledge of what was happening in the world, some realization of a share in the suspended or reduced dividends, keener sense of the reduction of savings bank profits, positive opinions positively expressed. The town would continue to go Republican.

One form of investment suddenly lost its charm. Through years and under the enterprising salesmanship of an investment company at the county-seat, personal funds had been freely invested in western farm mortgages. When the Greenfield company, with its other office in Kansas, had a short supply of mortgages, it accepted the home money for its dividend-paying certificates. Now it suspended, presently collapsed utterly and its officials were brought to court, civil and criminal. Not alone private but public money had been put in its till. Church funds and the town's trust funds were now revealed to be so placed. The impairment was serious and town-meetings were excited over the responsibility of the treasurer and investment committees. It was not a complete defence that they had invested precisely as the citizens of the town had done but out of repeated and fervid debates the voters showed a majority spirit of consideration for well-meant but, as time had shown, mistaken investment.

Meanwhile the country store, emporium of boundlessly varied merchandise, centre of political discussion, haven of the otherwise idle, had gone, utterly gone. Not the depression but the spread of chain stores and the automobile had wrought its destruction. Groceries would be supplied by "A & P" and "Economy" stores and for all other merchandise the shops of Brattleboro and Greenfield were nearer by as much as the difference between two hours with horse and buggy and twenty minutes in the Ford. The Webster store, earlier the Hastings', more anciently Pomeroy's and Prior's, had made valiant effort under one of the Williams family which had emigrated from Warwick, but it put up its shutters in 1933. The old store had burned in 1902 and the newer one had modern features and the modern decline. Uptown a Robbins & Evans establishment was burned completely in 1910, had been rebuilt and was still going under shifting ownership, a commercial but in no fashion a social concern. Some special shops kept alive trade items that once were parts of the general store mosaic—the drug-store in the Webster "block," the Kidder furniture shop around the corner from "the street," Stearns' clothing and shoe store in the other "block" on the turnpike corner, even this closing out in 1934. The Parsons store down the street had many years ago been transformed into two apartments. Completely the general store had joined the dodo.

The post office, traditionally a feature of the store, had long since been set up by itself. It happened down town when Dr. Ward won the postmastership away from L. T. Webster in Cleveland days and set up the office in the part of the Siamese-twin house where Dr. Mead once carried on a medicine store. Once afloat, the post office landed at last in a little building on the old Belcher place, where it went Democratic under the later Roosevelt, a Quinlan (Lawrence) succeeding a Slate (Charles). The East Northfield office in its fifty years had first had Moody relatives, Julia Walker, until her brother, Samuel E. was of age, niece and nephew of the Evangelist, then Leonard R. Smith, F. B. Estabrook and Merritt T. Skilton, all Republicans and the last-named holding out even under Roosevelt rule.

When the federal government, under the Roosevelt regime, proceeded to spend in dizzy amounts for the relief of the unemployed, Northfield discovered some of its people to be so classifiable and received sums of money for their benefit. There was a possible project in the provision of a playground and a special town-meeting, in February, 1934, considered it. The leader in its favor was a comparatively new resident, William A. Barr, now for some years sharing with his wife, the granddaughter of Charles Osgood, the ancestral Osgood house. He was on familiar ground in advocating physical exercise, of which he was an example as a long-distance walker, hill-climber and swimmer. His clear-cut speech took effect in a vote to develop an athletic field on the land at the rear of the high school in co-operation under the National Civil Works Act.

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A supreme tragedy befell Mount Hermon, the evening of September 14, 1934, when Headmaster Elliott Speer was almost instantly killed by a gun-shot fired from outside his study window. Mystery completely shrouded the event, both as to the person who committed the deed and any tangible motive for it. Investigation by local and state police and by the district attorney gave only the slenderest clues and these proved worthless. An inquest was begun December 3 in the district court room in Greenfield by Judge Timothy M. Hayes, a special justice of the court, ran on for weeks behind closed doors, with the examination of numerous persons, who were witnesses in only the most general sense, and ended in a finding of "by a person unknown."

The centre of sympathy from the wide world of concern for the Northfield schools was the deeply bereaved widow. Mrs. Speer went bravely through the strain of telling the meagre facts as to her husband's death. The following spring with her two young daughters, Caroline and Eleanor, she sailed from New York for Los Angeles, thence to Shanghai to visit her brother, head of the American School there. In the fall of 1935 she was to go to Bryn Mawr College, to take an administrative position.

Changes in the Mount Hermon personnel following Mr. Speer's death were the serious problem of the trustees of the schools. Wilfred W. Fry had been the board's president since Mr. Speer's transfer to the headmastership. He was a graduate of Mount Hermon and now head of the advertising corporation, N. W. Ayer & Son Company of Philadelphia. In January, the board chose David W. Porter as headmaster, as which he had acted meanwhile. He was fifty-two years old, a native of Oldtown, Maine, a student at Bowdoin, when chosen one of the first group of Rhodes students from America at Oxford. He had been a leader in the cause of voluntarism in education, had been at the head of the work of the Y.M.C.A. in colleges and universities and had taken courses at Union Theological Seminary, Columbia's Teachers College and Harvard. All along the way he had been a leader in athletics. Mrs. Porter was the daughter of a Maine educator and his associate. Of their four children one was now at Harvard, another at Hermon, one daughter a Vassar graduate now studying dramatics in Moscow, and the other a student at Bennington College.

At the end of the school year, Richard L. Watson, for nearly a half-century at Hermon, teacher in charge of the work department, "King" of the dining room, would retire. Professor Lyon L. Norton, until recently vice-principal had recently retired in poor health and died May 27, 1935, at his home in Northfield. Thomas R. Elder, dean and a cattle expert, to be credited with the building-up of Hermon's famed herd of Holsteins, left the school in mid-year and went to Florida. With these changes went the last of the personal ties to the school's founder.

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It cost $7,538 to run the town in 1877. In 1931 it cost $124,513. These are the low and high annual expenditures within a period of 58 years but neither was far out of the range of its neighboring years. They mark the fairly symmetrical increase in the town's appropriations throughout the period. The tax-payer who complained at a rate of $9.50 on each assessed thousand of his possessions in 1877, and it is not to be supposed there was no complainant in any year, should have lived a full half-century longer to face one of $32, as he would have in 1932 or '33.

Increasing tax-rates were the common lot of all communities. In some of them a contributing factor was the decline in population and property without decrease in the required outlay. In others it was a marked growth in population, imposing new burdens, without corresponding gain in taxable property. Northfield had neither such factor. Here was a town of practically the same number of inhabitants throughout the half-century. So far from being a decline in valuation, the real estate assessment in 1877 was $595,545 and in 1932 it was $1,699,038. Personal property subject to taxation grew from $98,605 to $242,458. The tax-rate increased 247 per cent at the same time the valuation increased 177 per cent. The determining factor was the increase in outlay by 1,552 per cent.

Let it not be thought that old-time thrift had given way to reckless extravagance. Town-meetings still passed upon all appropriations, assisted in the later years by a critical examination by an appropriation committee. The few and simple items of the budget had grown to a long list, apparently as definitely required. All the older ones had been expanded by the pressure of the greatly higher costs of materials and particularly of labor. The town had modernized. It had kept pace with the world. The public schools of 1877 cost $2,500. Those of 1932 cost $34,000, but comparison between the merit of the schools in the two far-apart years would have started at a point not much above zero and there could be no numerical index of the education now being given.

CHAPTER L

THE NEW—OLD TOWN

Changing Population, Permanent Standards, Lost Isolation

Should the visitor, who paid house-to-house calls in the year when the town was two hundred years old, return for a like tour now that it is nearly seventy years advanced in its third century, he would be rewarded with few renewals of acquaintance, even with the families of those he met before. At no more than eight houses in the old "street"—the region " 'tween brook and brook"—would his knock at the door be answered by one who has the slightest kinship with the occupants of the eighteen-seventies.

Physical changes have been few. The broad street is shaded by the same elms, arching over its travelled way, with an occasional slighter one replacing a veteran, for more than a century has passed since Thomas Power led in the first orderly planting. The grassed stretches have been transformed from untrimmed growth, yielding a dubious crop of hay, to well-kept lawns. The travelled way is no longer a dirt road with seasons of mud and others of dust and a constant problem of surfacing with gravel which steadily sank into the soft soil. It is now a smooth and, in itself, unbeautiful strip of black. Irregularly placed posts, supporting uncertain lamps for kerosene, have given way to less ornate poles, carrying the wires for the electric lights which have come to dispel alike the deep darkness of unlighted intervals and the romantic beauty of the moonlight glinting through the trees. The houses are familiar, less austere through the sometimes doubtful adornment of piazzas; two or three are missed because of fire and as many more because of removal; there are a few newly built; and all are trim, well-kept and, with but an exception or two, fresh and bright in the still nearly universal white paint. It is in their occupants that the returning visitor is interested.

The old south meadow road, with its perilous railroad crossing and its steep, even though curved, descent has been replaced, farther down, by the highway which passes under the railroad and in straight line across Great Meadow, not to Stebbins' ferry but to a bridge, which is not even a covered one. In its course from Main street it cuts through the site of the cottage, where lived the maidenly last of the once leading family of Whiting. The Callenders have gone from the high-pillared house, long their cultured abode, the last of the race here having been Thomas Russell Callender, whose widow, the last in the town of the Bemis family, is at Norwood, with a teacher-daughter, while a son, distinguished in his profession, Dr. and now Lieut.-Colonel George Bemis Callender, is in high military position in the Canal Zone.

The significance of being a school town begins here, with the Callender house being the home of the keeper of the students' store at Mt. Hermon, meaning the school for boys, which has taken the place of the Purple farms across the river; his name, Curtis R. Carmene, frees him from suspicion of Northfield ancestry. The house from which Elmer's Balm was once widely, and hotly, dispensed is now the home of the Crosier family, with a Hadley but no Northfield background. The cottage from which Uncle Mark Woodard used to start his walk up-street to the post office, followed by his dutifully trained pig, had a long interval occupation by Charles Blackmer, the clock-repairer, who had a monopoly based on his fully accredited claim that he knew "the disposition of every clock in town"; it is now the property of Charles F. Slate, the pre-Roosevelt postmaster, and tenanted by H. S. Harriman, a salesman in a Greenfield store (Greenfield is now 20 minutes away instead of two hours).

Antiquity reaches its peak and family continuity its high and rare instance in the Janes house, itself nearly two centuries old, with finest example extant of old-time panelling. It is occupied by three brothers, Martin, Benjamin and Fred Janes, sons of Charles Xenophon, lineal from the preacher under the Old Oak in 1673. A new house has wedged its way into what was the house lot of Dr. Samuel Mattoon in first-century days, its occupant a Bernardston Merrifield, custodian at the up-town Congregational church, and with it a two-apartment house, the two being near neighbors of the distinctive feature of modern ways, a garage. These occupy the ground of Dr. Mattoon's house, remodelled in 1760 and standing for a century and a half, later to be demolished and its priceless interior finish carried by an appreciative purchaser to the other end of the state.

There are no Mattoons now in the old Mattoon neighborhood. Uncle Oliver lived out the last of his many years in the house, as precise and frugal of adornment as its owner, a house of sorrows, stoically borne and buried in his silent memory. Late in his solitary days, he brought here as his third bride, so contrasting a person as a spirited South Carolinian, who in turn brought with her that novelty to a New England household, a colored maid. Incongruity could not be more extreme, and Harriet contributed her share, her devotion to her mistress, Miss Selina (as if the name had not changed from Bingley to Mattoon) and her quite unrestrained description in good negro dialect of Uncle Oliver's strict and saving ways of life. Along came too, for stays longer than Uncle Oliver would have chosen, a dashing brother, David Bingley, from New York, who did his best, without success, to conform to established rules of the household; one of the prim door posts came to bear the pencilled figure "9" and its companion, "10," so that David could truthfully assure his inquiring and austere brother-in-law that he came in the night before between nine and ten. After Uncle Oliver, the house and land went to a great-niece, Kate, daughter of Isaac Mattoon, who had married an upstanding college-graduated son of another of the old families, Nelson Dwight Alexander, and here they lived until they moved to Vermont and eventually to Springfield. Now it is the home of the proprietor of the neighboring garage, Edward M. Morgan, and his cultivated family. They are relatively newcomers but link to Northfield's earliest days through Mrs. Morgan's descent from William Janes, the preacher to the settlers of 1673, two of whose sons were killed in the attack of September 2, 1675. Mrs. Morgan and her sister, now her nearest neighbor, are descendants from Benjamin, the elder William's son, two of whose children were killed in the Mt. Tom massacre of 1704 and his wife scalped. Thus they relate to Bathsheba, the belle of Coventry, the grandmother of Gov. Samuel J. Tilden of New York.

In the house on the site of the first stockade where the deep-voiced, consistently Democratic, skilful doctor of the old school, Elijah Stratton, M.D., had lived, is now the household of Martin E. Vorce, whose wife shares with Mrs. Morgan descent from Benjamin Janes. In the pillared cottage, once the home of the Widow Beach and her eight children and then of Edwin M. Alexander of Moody kinship, is now a newly arrived Mattoon, not claiming a Northfield lineage. Then, a new house, that of Rev. W. W. Coe, active citizen and the first in the rapid succession of publishers of the always struggling local newspaper. In the Judge Mattoon, later the Albert Lyman house, is Rev. Elliott W. Brown, another of the clerical accessions to the town, through its religious attraction. Almost, there is historic background next door, through the residence there of the widow of Frederick Zebulon Allen; but it was the home of one of the Stearns' house-builders at the time of the previous call. Where "Aunt Jim" Mattoon, and, entirely incidentally, Uncle Jim, lived, now the modernized house of Charles H. Green, in his day the town's liveliest citizen, are the household of his daughter, Mary (Green) and Thomas Parker.

The last of the Minots, Sallie, spirited, outspoken and devoted to the old town's interests and traditions, lived her days out in the spacious William Pomeroy house and bequeathed it to the Raymond Sauter family from Greenfield, who had been her companions in her late life. That rarity, a new house in the old part of the town, stands between the Pomeroy house of old and the site of the Pomeroy store of history; it is the home of Frank H. Montague, of "Farms" Montague and Field background, quite the leading citizen and often selectman, his wife being the daughter of Captain Charles Dwight Merriman, a Vermont-enlisted sharpshooter of the Civil War, with a record of many battles. The closed doors and shuttered windows of the store, which was finally that of Williams, and back of that of Webster and older still of Hastings, give silent testimony to the disappearance of the full-ordered country store. Country merchandising is now in chains.

Grandchildren of Priest Mason, the minister of the old First Parish who is a permanence in Northfield tradition, have possession of the imposing house, where was formerly found the Bostonian, Phineas Wright; they are Mary Mason Bardwell and her brother, Thomas Mason. Where the Widow Everett lived and later, throughout his Northfield years, the creator and singer of "Gospel Hymns," Ira D. Sankey, has until lately been a daughter of the Coltons, the widow of Newton Keet.

Passing the First Parish (Unitarian) church, with obeisance to its traditions of towards three centuries, there is reached what seems the commercial centre of the town, the "block" which was the product of the enterprise of Charles H. Webster, with drug-store, the "A & P", telephone exchange and, around the corner, the Kidder furniture and undertaking place. In the house beyond there is the rare satisfaction of a continued family possession, the home of Josephine Alexander Webster and her talented musical and artistic daughters. Long since, the Lord house was burned and a modern one is the home of Charles S. Warner, as new to the town as is the house. Where Walker's store and leaf-tobacco establishment flourished and was burned, is St. Patrick's, the Roman Catholic church, which the townspeople of all faiths helped towards building in the eighteen-eighties.

Thus far along the street, in no more than three houses have been found occupants in any degree connected with those of the eighteen-seventies. One is added to the scanty list in the high-pillared house where was Albert S. Stratton, of early settlement ancestry and the nearest to a capitalist in his own right, is now a granddaughter, her husband and their children. The Stratton descent in the next generation carried the name of Preston, also colonial, and now that of Tyler, of equal significance.

The little store which had intruded upon the historic ground of Timothy Swan's abode in his hymn-tune composing days has been moved away to Parker street (the deep-po road) and the Swan house, Windsor Fay's at the time of the previous tour, has been transformed beyond recognition. The Southern hotel man, Charles A. Linsley, after marrying the widow Joslyn in its parlor, had the old house modernized to the utmost; later it was the home of John Phelps, whose beautiful wife was the daughter of the widow Joslyn, and now it is the headquarters of the first American Youth Hostel.

The modest cottage built as the Unitarian parsonage was first occupied in the eighteen-seventies by the youthful minister, Jabez T. Sunderland, who died in August, 1936, at the home of a daughter in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., at the age of 93. The house has passed to secular ownership and is the home of a newly arrived physician, Dr. F. Wilbur Dean, of Greenfield origin. The house built by Col. Pomeroy for his son, Charles R., in the eighteen-seventies, is now the home of Joseph F. Bittinger, formerly a newspaper publisher in old Plymouth. Pomeroy Mansion, the spacious house built by Col. John Nevers, the county's first sheriff, is Moody school property, much enlarged and for a time the residence of Elliott Speer, while president of the Schools, before his ill-fated headmastership of Mt. Hermon.

Where Micah Mudge built in the Second Settlement and John L. Mattoon, the largest landholder of his time lived, two children of Thomas Quinlan, the enterprising Irishman who succeeded to the distinction of acreage, have lived until Mary recently passed to another world. The town fell heir to the brick house of Hezekiah, and his organ-blowing son Dwight, Mattoon, as a bequest of Addie M. Dutton Alexander, whose last home it was, and is a modest source of public revenue from its two apartments. The fine Silas Field (originally Dutton) house burned years ago and its place is taken by the high school and Alexander memorial building.

Not to be recognized because of its modernization and its new location is the house now the home of the widow of Dr. Norman P. Wood. It was of old the Moses Field place, the girlhood home of Mrs. F. J. Stockbridge, and was moved when its site fell within the extensive domain acquired by Francis B. Schell for the grounds of his château. Association with other days revives next door, the home in his day of the substantial citizen, "California John" Mattoon and now that of his daughter, Mrs. Jennie Mattoon Foreman, but for summertimes only, her winters being spent in Virginia. In what was Joe Brigham's house and tintype studio is now one of the new Northfield cult of retired ministers, the Rev. Arthur T. Thompson.

Missed from the present scene is the towering (because three-story) Brigham castle, the Northfield abode for years of the Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., where also lived Capt. C. C. Duncan of "Innocents Abroad" association. D. L. Moody considered the old house as the place for his girls' school but dismissed it after Samuel C. Holton, a genius in building and in terse speech, reported to the evangelist the result of his inspection, " 'Taint wuth fixin' up." Two houses occupy the broad site, all that was ever realized of the project of a Mrs. Spring to build homes for retired preachers and missionaries; now Seminary property. Down the hill, which was bathed in the blood of an Indian onslaught, the home of Henry Webster, the miller and representative, is now that of a member of the Britton family (Frank P.), come in town from the somewhat ancestral Britton home up near the Hinsdale line. Around the corner, the White and later the Cowles house, is the property of William H. Dale, upon whom the last of the Cowles family bestowed his acres.

The tour up Main street's west side has been too tarrying, maybe, but it has revealed the nearly complete disappearance of the families of a half-century or so in the past. The return calls would confirm that showing. Gone is the Arad Webster house, first moved away to give Francis Schell his domain, then burned, and the Pierson house, now across the street, and the ancient Azariah Barber house, torn down. The one Polish Main-streeter, John Jurkowski, is in the William Holton house. The fine Dickinson Memorial Library replaces the low-pillared house which was once the law office of General Charles Devens and, at the end, the home of the peculiar Darling brothers. Dr. Allen H. Wright is in the place of "Uncle" Walter Field, the brother of Timothy, closely related to the Silas Field family and the others. Deacon Dutton's home, long the possession of his granddaughter, Miss Lucie Woodruff of Connecticut, was recently bought by a New York architect who died soon after the local purchase.

The "Orthodox" church, transformed to a Red Men's fraternity house and burned to the ground, has an unholy successor in a garage and filling station. Rev. T. J. Clark's house, one of the oldest on the street, owned by Mrs. Minnie Holton Callender, at the time of her recent death, has now come to be occupied by tenants. Where William Henry Harrison Phelps lived, later the Whittle home and scene of the wedding of May Whittle and Will Moody, is now Mrs. Herbert Reed, granddaughter of "Little" Morgan, the honest bridge tender of toll-bridge days. A new centre school, new at least in the last century, stands on the lot where the first public school was placed after being removed from the middle of the street.

Everything has happened to the Bee Hive. Originally Hunt's tavern, and famous, then the Academy, then a temperance hotel (which Hunt's was not), then the ambitious Northfield Institute of Useful Learning, but not for long, then the home of the Ross Horsehoe, with partial occupation by the "select" school, in its day a substitute for a public high school, then variously tenemented, sadly neglected and shorn of some of its double piazzas, and at last in good fortune as restored by the Rev. Dr. Bronson into an inn and apartment hotel of many spacious rooms and attractions to his city friends and patrons. The Dr. Hall house, once an adjunct to the Institute, is now in neglect and vacant. The Mason house, which the minister of many traditions built, after alteration into an inn, has had variegated fortunes, coming in 1936 to be a possession of the Youth Hostel.

Actually the first instance of family continuance in this return tour is met at the present home of William A. Barr and his wife, who as Gertrude Dewey is the granddaughter of Charles Osgood, lifelong owner of the house, merchant, postmaster, town clerk, town-meeting orator par excellence, preceptor of the Academy a century ago. A distinctly modern cottage, with a barber-shop annex and an enterprising garden at the back, and one of the two business "blocks," are new to the scene. At the head of the turnpike, now Warwick avenue, where once was the liberty pole and the imposing guidepost and, later, the bandstand, now stands alone the Belcher Memorial, a polished granite shaft and at its base a drinking trough for the now extinct horse. At the Dr. Medad Pomeroy house, with Alexander owners in the time of the earlier tour, are now the town clerk, Mrs. Haskell, and her husband, town constable. Next is the town hall, second in succession, and the municipal offices. Here for a while was the National Bank, quite too metropolitan a feature to be permanent here, although it demonstrated the prudence of its owners by weathering the depression storm. Union store, historically, tin shop medievally, post office modernly—that's next. The Col. Belcher home, and that of the prudent sisters, Mary Ann and Eliza, whose savings went to the town and the church, is now owned by Mrs. Richards. The ancestral Wright place, in the family from the first days until the last of the line, the bachelor Henry and spinster Martha, died, is the house of one of the Irish contingent which in nearly a century has contributed substantially to the life of the town, this one being John Callaghan, whose parents were of the first in the emigrant group. A grange hall, new to the scene, relatively speaking; then, in place of Joel Fay and his musical son who claimed direct inspiration by Mozart and was locally known by the name, a widow of Andrew Lyman, the name suggesting the actual family background, and George Pfefferle, obviously not so, the express agent; in Dr. Mead's Siamese-twin house, relative strangers, Chamberlain and Miller; in the house built by Dr. Rollin C. Ward, the Rev. Dr. Brown, recently from New Jersey; so goes the transformation in population.

An outstanding instance of restoration of a two-century-old house is the long-time home of the Watriss family, where for a period were Martin Dickinson and his pleasing daughters. New finish and closed fireplaces have given way to broad boards, hewn timbers and a vast, original fireplace, at the hands of another of the Callaghan family and her engineer-husband, Thomas Dollard. The last of the Parsons tribe in the house built by the tanner, Jabez, in 1812, was Albert C., who died in 1901, at nearly 90, and the house is now that of Carl L. Mason, who has made it modern without radical change. A building, not here when the town was toured previously, the Parsons store of all but forgotten days, is now "two family" and tenemented. Where was Dame Cook, is now George Dunnell, once of Colrain; in the house built by William Moore, is Burt C. Abbott, painter, not native; in the imposing Captain Lane house, the widow of James Wall, herself a daughter of the Dale family, among the first of the Irish settlers.

At last, a renewal of acquaintance—Charles Calvin Stearns, in the house his father built, himself a descendant from Seth Field, the *justicia pacis* of the seventeen-hundreds, and the further gratification of a house-mistress who is an Alexander by birth with descent from the first of the pioneers. There is continued occupation of the Field house by a Field, after "Uncle" Timothy and "Aunt" Abby of the last century, coming Joseph Warren Field, son of Silas, and now his son, Joseph, who, with his wife, the older daughter of Charles H. Green, has put the house into full accord with its traditions, from the time its north front room was the recruiting station for the Sea Fencibles in the war of 1812. Lord's tavern which was, the Joseph Young house of later days, is now owned by a Pennsylvanian, Samuel Shaw, and in part occupied by Robert H. Wilder and his wife, a Smith College graduate and a lively citizen.

This is Mattoon neighborhood again—and there are no Mattoons. As on the west side of the street, their homes have passed to alien hands, using the word alien in a purely local sense, equivalent to not of Northfield background. Where one of the several Johns in the Mattoon tribe was, is now Rev. Herbert F. Randolph, adding to the clerical color of the new occupation. Where was Isaac is now Herbert F. Millard. The former house furnishes a fine example of modernization of an old house; the other replaces an old house burned.

In the house at the street's end there dwells in bachelor seclusion a representative of the line most distinguished of all in the pioneer days, Warren John Wright. About him in his home are rare examples of the craftsmanship of the old days, which all the pressure of the searchers for the antique has failed to persuade him to release.

The region surveyed is the original town, the "street" as it has always been designated. The tour reveals but eight households in ancestral homes. There are five more of old family lines. Another five are of the Irish stock which in nearly a century of residence have become integrated in its people. To another ten, old New England lineage may be credited. Against this are 30 new both to the town and to the antecedents of New England, with an added 15 not house owners, the feature of tenantry not familiar a half-century before. In the section of the town not contiguous to the schools of D. L. Moody's founding, there are not more than ten households whose presence is to be accounted for by direct relation to this factor in the development of the 60 years since Moody came into its life. There are six clergymen, not settled as pastors, drawn here by the religious attraction. The intangible in any calculation of the effect of the Moody development is the extent to which the substantial dependence is upon the presence of the schools.

The contrast between 1873 and 1936 is that at the earlier day the population of "the street" was 90 per cent of clearly New England ancestry and fully 60 per cent of descent from the town's pioneer settlers, while at the later time the assured New England lineage falls to 30 per cent and the distinctly original in town background to below 20 per cent. The contrast is, however, more statistical than discoverable in alteration of standards or of the ways of life.

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Pursuit of old acquaintance in the region which was, in familiar speech, "Beyond the brook," and is now, in postal speech, "East Northfield," would be no more rewarding than through the "street" —and not much less. The designation came with the establishment of an up-town post office in 1889 and signifies no separateness, political, social or even religious; it is still the one old town, with its traditions as much shared and as much treasured above as below "the brook."

The old houses are here but there are more intrusions of the new. There are increasing marks of a change in the town's traditional character as the main street approaches its end, where it culminates in the transformation of Alexander and Moody fields and pastures into the beautiful campus of the Northfield Young Ladies Seminary—the very name of which marks its Victorian beginning.

Mill brook now runs unvexed to the river. The unvexing was done by the New York capitalist, Francis B. Schell. In the development of the hundred acres for the grounds of his castle, he removed the dam which set back the waters into a pond on both sides of the street, and thus transformed both the stream and its region. Gone are the cider mill, the blacksmith shop and the Webster grist mill, standing on the brink of the Glen, which in turn has lost its romantic appeal, perhaps because romance has taken to wheels and finds more distant nooks. The creamery, on the other bank, so recent as to have both come and gone since the eighteen-seventies, has ceased to cream.

In the denser population of the up-town region, familiar names are few and descendant-occupants of the older houses fewer. Up the hill from the brook, where lived Henry Wright, sexton of the First Parish through many faithful years and powerful artist of the base-drum in the now forgotten Stratton Brass Band, is indeed his son, William, and here the union of two of the town's most venerated lines, Wright and Alexander, through his marriage to the oldest of the daughters in the spirited and talented household of the ancient Alexander homestead, farther up the street. A grandson of the owner of Brigham Castle built the house perched on the crest of the hill and it is now owned by the only one of the generation, whose other home is in Boston. Passing houses new and old, mostly the former, the Campbell family still holds the cottage from which has gone out to the world a generation of nurses and teachers. The ancient Alexander house, perfect example of Revolutionary architecture, is still in the family but the family not in it although still owned by one of the daughters, the girls having shown their home loyalty by marriage into as distinctive names as Wright, Stearns, Webster and Holton. They are all within the present households of the town, while one of the sons, Nelson Dwight, is in Springfield and the other, Leon, substantial citizen and town official, to be found on his farm, near the New Hampshire line, where Main street extended into the country finds itself resolved into the Dartmouth highway. It was by this way, Wheelock moved from Connecticut to the wilderness to civilize and educate the sons of aborigines along with the sons of Puritans, at Hanover.

From the church D. L. Moody caused to be built on the rock above the brook, on whose corner-stone Sankey powerfully sang "The Ninety and Nine," the house-by-house search for old families is more rewarding. Nearby, where lived Elias Lyman, in his day one of the versatile schoolmasters who could teach everything and subjugate a winter school, then for years the town clerk, there lived until her death in 1936 the widow of his son, D. Everett; herself a Caldwell and so suggesting the West Side, "the Kingdom." In the house built by Dr. Samuel Prentice, father of Vermont senators and the like, where Dr. Shepardson lived for many years in the practice of the dentistry which required no other implements than forceps and the turn-key, now lives a representative of a war-honored family, Miss Ina Merriman. The house is the birthplace of Charles Preston, who gave priceless service to the country in World-War days, Dr. Shepardson's grandson.

Next up the street is a neighborhood where a family has held its ground through several generations, the Long neighborhood. There are, first, Dr. Richard G. Holton, dentist of the modern sort (in contrast to "Dr. Shep") the leading spirit in the Haven H. Spencer Post of the American Legion, whose mother was a Long; then Mary (Long) Nye, widow of the man who made the Northfield Creamery famous in its day; finally, in the brick house, where lived David Long, who qualified as highway surveyor by being stone-deaf to all complaints, the widow of his son, Russell, and her two daughters.

Tradition holds its ground in the big house, set high and back from the street, where Capt. Henry Alexander and his sister, Azubah, kept sacred the papers and the memories of those ancestral worthies, Colonel Medad and Captain Thomas, the prime hero of the Revolution. Meet here Leonard R. Smith, of the old Winchester family, and his wife, Minnie Mason, granddaughter of both Captain Henry Alexander and of "Priest" Mason, the outstanding minister of a century ago—the parents of Richard Mason Smith, Boston's leading pediatrician. And down the slope to the street, in the cottage, Miss Virginia Smith, of the same family. What was the home of the worthy of a century ago, Col. Medad Alexander, is now that of a retired missionary, William H. Giebel, who keeps up an oriental interest by the display and sale of the wares of the East.

Farther up the street, tradition running back to the very beginnings of Connecticut Valley civilization is personified in the present-day members of the Colton tribe, notably in Joseph, the outstanding authority on Indian lore, who has discovered and can dilate upon the old trails and shadowy marks of aboriginal villages, a leading spirit in the Historical Society and all it does to keep alive the ancient backgrounds. Passing the new houses that have come upon the scene, all the past of the town and all that has given it fame in the world give greeting from the household presided over by the daughter of Dwight L. Moody, Emma, and her husband, whom the evangelist brought back with him from overseas, Arthur Percy Fitt, now the leaders in activities that combine the historic past and the vital present.

This is the new Northfield, the section which presents the evidence of the vigorous life-work of D. L. Moody. Up the hill is the now sanctified "Birthplace," the century-old home of the widow of Edwin, Betsey Holton Moody, whose struggle to maintain her numerous household has become a treasured background of the story of her vibrant preacher, world-stirring son. From the main road, where the village thoroughfare begins its descent to "Pauchaug," there has been removed the house built by Medad Alexander Moody, the evangelist's uncle, who preserved through his life the characteristic trade of the family as masons in brick and stone (which he faithfully pronounced "stun" to the end of his life), has long since been removed to a new region somehow named Birnam road. It stood at the corner of that expansive region now the domain of the Northfield Schools and all they stand for as an outcome of D. L. Moody's educational impulse. D. L. Moody's home from the time of his return here in 1875 to the end of his life in 1899, the first abode of Seminary students in the initial year, 1879-80, was in turn the life-long home of William Revell Moody and is still that of his wife, May Whittle Moody. About the house, now designated "The Homestead," faintly linger the memories of "Uncle Elisha" Alexander, doughty deputy sheriff and money-lender, and his ward, later his wife, Amanda M. Dutton Alexander, the town's chief local benefactress. It was from "Uncle Elisha," actually a relative, that Moody bought the property in a swift transaction that Will R. has given a romantic coloring by tracing it to an encounter between D. L. and "Uncle Elisha" over the trespassing of the latter's hens on the Widow Moody's land, even lifting the cackling of the hens into historical harmony with the honking of the geese that saved Rome. In his record, however, W. R. Moody no more closely identifies "Uncle Elisha" than to describe him as a neighboring farmer. The designation of the doughty deputy sheriff as "Uncle" was a term of relationship in the neighborhood where Alexanders abounded; actually D. L. Moody's Alexander grandmother, Phila, and "Uncle" Elisha were second cousins.

Over the stretches of pasture and thinly productive tillage of the period before 1875 now spread the slopes of the Seminary campus. It extends to the river below the site of the brick house which was the original Bonar Hall and farther back the home of the Beach family, also Moody relatives. To the east it runs beyond the ancient Winchester road, upon which the Auditorium faces, well towards the region of Strobridge in the range of the hills bordering the valley and of its bejewelled Garnet Rock. Upon the slope towards the Connecticut, commanding the perfect landscape, with its range of the river and the Vermont and New Hampshire hills, are the Seminary buildings, each with its story of the founder's enterprise or the tribute to him by one and another benefactor—the first of the dormitories, East Hall; the second of recitation halls, built of Northfield granite, Stone Hall; the early and ambitious but architecturally severe, Marquand; the beautiful Russell Sage chapel, gathering grace with the years, the gift of the shrewd financier's widow; and the array of buildings, each speaking for some beneficent donor, with the ample spaces, somewhat possessed by tents in the succeeding seasons of religious gatherings begun with Moody's first convocation of 1881.

Away from the Seminary's domain all the region shows the transforming effect of the school's presence. Back towards the hills are settlements of houses, in new avenues such as "Rustic Ridge" or scattered about among the trees. From the crest of Moody Hill, runs the relatively new street towards the old town, rather perfunctorily named Highland Avenue, coming to an end at the inn, the Hotel Northfield, with its commanding view down the valley and to the graceful hills along its eastern border. Mainly these newer areas are populated by equally newer families but there are ancestral links, such as in the presence of Moody relatives, Ambert G. Moody, nephew of the evangelist, Samuel Walker, another nephew, and Gordon Moody, successor to his father, Ambert G., as manager of the modern inn.

Like change in population and absence of the familiar names of two generations in the past is marked along the tributaries of "the Street," the lanes, as they were once called, now bearing street names, leading easterly, across "the swamp," which was never a swamp in any modern sense of the word, and over the hills.

Along the upper of the two highways marked out in the first plan of the town, running easterly, the old road to Warwick, at whose corner Captain Hunt built his tavern, there are households still carrying the names of the Irish settlers of the railroad building days, Dale, Joyce and O'Keefe. Along the turnpike, now labelled Warwick Avenue, none remains of the familiar names of old, Stratton and later Bacon at the vanished grist mill, Turner, Coy, Webb, Evans, Warden and Alexander. The sole descendant of this old neighborhood "out East" is the daughter of one of the Reeds (Chauncey), Mrs. Fred Watson. Not a trace remains of the industries of the last century, the Johnson pail factory, the Evans saw-mill, the Minot cotton-batting mill, even the ponds that stored for them having disappeared.

The search for association with the past is here and there rewarded on the south Warwick road of antiquity, now Maple street, as at the brick house, the long-time home of the Ward family, where live Miss Clara Ward and one of the next generation, Henry Russell. Nearby is the house, long the home of the family of William Brown, brother of the famous sculptor, Henry Kirk Brown, and later that of Francis J. Stockbridge, still actively represented in the affairs of the town by Mrs. Stockbridge, a leader in its current affairs. Entirely missing are the names of Mattoon, Robbins, Stebbins, Keet, Stearns, Field and, with one exception, Holton. The name of Randall, brought here from down the valley by Joel, has been transplanted to the West side in the person of his grandson, Leon.

The "Number Nine" schoolhouse, of precious associations to the now scattered "scholars" of its significant days and their descendants, is a monument only. In its neighborhood, the one person connecting with its past is the daughter of the solid citizen, selectman and representative, Asa Holton, Mrs. Cora Preston, in the old house of this one of the Holton families. The other and neighboring Holton house, the home of Samuel S., is no longer in the family, which, however, is prominent in the town's current affairs, a grandson, Fred B. Holton, being chairman of the board of Selectmen. Nearer "the Street" is another of the present generation of the now scattered family, Arnold Holton. A modest cottage now the home of Faustine Bigelow, was formerly that of Warren Mattoon, Civil War veteran, one of whose handsome daughters married George T. Angell, famed friend of dumb animals and founder of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. Mr. and Mrs. Angell were so frequent visitors to the town during his lifetime as to seem to belong to it.

Romance attaches to another modest house nearby, where lives a daughter of Henry Hart, another Civil War soldier. It concerns his oldest daughter, Mary, who was one of the first fruits of D. L. Moody's enterprise in founding a school for girls. She was in its first graduating class (1884) and so attracted its principal that she was aided to attend and be graduated from Wellesley. As a teacher, she met and interested a young instructor at McGill University, in time married him, and as the wife of Professor Francis E. Lloyd, distinguished as one of the world's leading botanists and the recipient of many scholastic honors, is herself leader of the literary circle of this Montreal university and the mother of two sons, one an editor of Montreal's leading newspaper and the other a Rhodes student at Oxford. From another household of the neighborhood, that of Merrill Moore, has come another living tribute to the school opportunity D. L. Moody opened to the youth of his old town in the person of his son, Merrill Miles Moore, a graduate of Mt. Hermon, now the rector of a large Episcopalian parish in Bethlehem, Pa.

Changes in such as this of the neighborhoods making up the town mark no decline; they only signify the transformation which has come about through the disappearance of old families and replacement by others, in the main of like character. In the old Stearns' homestead, for instance, where the last of the original family was Lieutenant Marshall Spring Stearns, his title coming from his 52d regiment service in "the late rebellion," is now Dr. Robert McCastline, retired, perhaps only temporarily, from active and distinguished practice in New York City, who has entered into the life of the town to its gain and has been pressed into service as an active consultant physician to the Moody schools. Maple street could fill a volume of traditions and romance, from the time it was the approach to the stockade of the first settlers in the seventeenth century, past the potash factory Squire Seth Field set up in the eighteenth, the bark mills along its brookside to supply the Whiting and Parsons tanneries of the early nineteenth, its rather modern but now vanished cider-brandy distillery, down to its present maple-shaded roadway passing well-kept homesteads on its course to the precipitous "Gulf road" over the easterly hills.

The original meadow road, at whose head Micah Mudge built his house in the second settlement, and General Nevers held military and judicial sway a century ago, came to be a part of the Irish colony when the railroad brought it here and now has the later generation of its families. The later road to the old cemetery gained in consequence by being also the way to the "depot" and rose to dignity and beauty as the elm-shaded Parker avenue. Here for years was the quality Bemis household; enlivened during the summers by the presence of the grandchildren from Boston, the two sons and daughter of Frank Bemis, long the diamond expert of Bigelow & Kennard; the now living persons of the remembered family being the daughter, Gertrude, now Mrs. Gertrude Bradlee of Brookline, her aunt, Mrs. J. Douseman Stratton, of Boston, and her cousin, who as Mrs. Thomas Russell Callender, was the last to leave the old town; altogether an instance of the transplanting from the town to the city which could be duplicated in numbers. Down the street, in the house where was the State constable of the Massachusetts prohibition days, long forgotten—George H. Phelps, is now a linking by ancestry with a still earlier period in the persons of two Mattoon sisters, daughters of Thomas, long the tavern-keeper, the elder the widow of General Phelps of Civil War service, the younger being Gertrude, gratefully remembered as the Center School teacher of other years. All else on the avenue is new, including the Masonic Temple, housing as it does Harmony Lodge, which brought here from its old abode in the second story of the Center schoolhouse its charter of 1796 and its unbroken records, kept up with meticulous care by its secretary for years past, Charles Calvin Stearns.

In the other parts of the broad township, away from "the street" and its immediate tributaries, search for the names of a half-century or more ago would be slightly rewarded. From the region across the great river, there have disappeared the familiar ones of Belding Priest, Wildes, Purple, Barber, Dickinson, Preston and only sparingly does the once prevalent one of Holton remain. The name of Holton goes back to the first venture from Northampton to the new plantation and has been as continuous as the town itself, which is qualified by the two complete abandonments. The present sons of Roswell Holton, Clifford and Frank B., are of the seventh generation from William, the English-born first settler of Hartford. Far down the west side, in a region come to be known as Mt. Hermon, the old home place of Deacon Charles L. Holton, an uncle of D. L. Moody, is now the home of the youngest of his daughters, Mrs. Lucy (Holton) Folstead and on the adjoining farm, a Holton possession since the day of Indian deeds was, until her death in 1936, Mrs. Minnie Holton Callender, daughter of Cyrus, another Moody uncle. Among the scattered descendants of these brothers, distinguished ones are the Rev. Dr. Horace F. Holton of Brockton, and his brother, Rev. C. Leonard Holton of Raynham, Deacon Charles' grandsons. Grandsons of Cyrus are Theodore Roosevelt, Holton of Worcester, and Henry C., of West Hartford, Conn., the former winning his name through birth during the visit to Northfield of the first President Roosevelt. Bennett's Meadow, once the region of distinguished Allens, now yields no links. The ferry has long since ceased to navigate and the ferryman's daughter, who in her girlhood days was schoolteacher and the Lady Jane in "Miss Maria's" cast for the opera "Patience," is now Eva L. Callender, the widow of Benjamin, and living at Littleton, N. H. Historically it was Moffatt's ferry and in a later period a descendant of another ferryman, James D. Prindle, a long-time market-man in Boston's Quincy market, returned to ownership of the Meadow and of the original Allen home site.

A social and genealogical survey of the expansive and picturesque part of the town known as "the Farms" would confirm the fact that the old families have, within the seventy years of the third century, largely disappeared, to be worthily succeeded by people of, in the main, the same sort and with the same thrift and pride in their homes. Into it have numerously come that newest race of the valley, Poles and Lithuanians. Their coming has been agricultural salvation. It has also given a demonstration of the adjustment of a new race to the standards of the old and the acceptance of all the privileges that New England has developed in three centuries, as witness the honor-rolls in the high school and the sharing in the town's social affairs.

The distinctive "Farms" names are next to extinct in the region—Field, Morgan, Stratton, Merriman, Hilliard, Severance, along with those of less antiquity but ample kinship, Nye, Nash, Metcalf, Starkweather, Montague, Browning. A landmark is the rangy old tavern, with some generations of Alexander connection, where actually there is now one of the name, Samuel, a suggestive one of tribal background, and in the attic of the house a store of antiquities no collector can buy. Another, one of the oldest houses in the town, is the

Stratton tavern of earliest third-settlement days. One of its inside walls bears fanciful decoration believed to have been painted by a French prisoner.

A grandson of a typical, quality New Englander of the last century, Judah Nash, holds the ground in the person of Ernest. Near the historic "No. 4" schoolhouse, long a community centre, is a representative, Charles Gilbert, of one of the oldest valley families and in his ancestral home. The name of Hammond is relatively new but there is a linking with the old town in the fact that the wife of the senior of the family, J. Lincoln Hammond, is the daughter of Lieutenant Marshall Stearns of Civil War distinction. Search for old family descent is rewarded by finding in Frank V. Wood a descendant in the fifth generation of the Revolutionary hero, Capt. Samuel Merriman, who also traces back to the soldier of that period who carried to the battle of West Point the burden of such a name as Barzillai (Wood) and brought it back with honor.

Nearer the town, on Merriman hill, the site of the death of Captain Richard Beers and the probable hilltop from which he and his exploring comrades of 1669 had the white man's first view of the region, the fine old house of the descendants of Captain Samuel Merriman, is now the possession of the family of Col. Ashel Bennett, coming here from Bridgeport, Conn., and well maintaining the old house with its commanding valley view. Nearer the town, on one of the broad farms, diligently tilled, which stood along the Farms road, is still a representation of one of them in the Ware household, the matron of which, the widow of Clinton A. Ware, was in a time now seemingly historic the "Little Buttercup" of the Northfield "Pinafore" achievement. A grandson of the original owner of the farm, Henry Ware, was Henry Ware Barnum, counsel for Boston Elevated Street Railway up to the time of his death November 22, 1936, having formerly been an assistant Attorney-General of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard (1900) and the Harvard Law School.

Population has all but deserted the Eastern hills of the town, "the Mountain" of common speech. Only woodsy echoes would respond to the call of the roll, Holden, Stimpson, Collar, Greenleaf, Whithead, Piper. Their offspring might be found in "the street," as in the instance of George Piper, connected with the Seminary, and in one branch of the Britton family by a Greenleaf marriage, but in the main the search would have to be carried much farther. The one remaining section to be combed for old family representation is that beyond the Seminary campus and to the New Hampshire line. Holton and Smith are the names of its background, carried today to other regions and all but absent here. In Westchester County, New York, there is a distinguished son of this region, George Arthur Smith, son of Homer and so sharing in descent from that first to bear the name of Preserved Smith, by reason of being saved out of a Hadley massacre. By way of Winchester, and a part of the original Northfield territory, the name comes back to the town in the person of one of its outstanding citizens, Leonard R. Smith, now the possessor of the former home of the stately Captain Henry Alexander.

A fading memory of the Winchester road's now missing people recalls William Bent, with a certain gift for fiction, set forth as fact, who expected people to believe that he once "druv" his smart "hoss" the fifty miles from Springfield to Northfield, with a shower following him up the valley, raining all the way in the back of his buggy and never wetting a hair on the horse. As the Winchester road approaches the town it traverses the Seminary property and is the approach to the Auditorium, which D. L. Moody built for his large audiences. The neighborhood has traditions of the Maynards and the Lymans and, farther back, of Strobridge, the name that has become permanent as that of the hill most familiar to succeeding Seminary students. The road curves by the Homestead, the shrine of religious interest as the birthplace of Moody, and descends to the Main street past post office, and Seminary book-store. The slopes to the east have come to be populated and such new designations as Rustic Ridge reflect the inflow of population the school has attracted.

To the eye, in all the regions of the town, save alone the largely deserted "Mountain," there has been change only for the better. Perhaps the freer contact with the rest of the world, which the motor-car has brought, has heightened pride in the home. And the newer residents are not of so different a sort, attracted to the town, as they have been, by its natural charm, along with its significance as a school and religious centre. If somewhat of community self-reliance has been lost, along with self-satisfaction, and self-importance, the town has thereby but shared the common experience of towns of its kind.

When the town quite grandly celebrated, in 1923, the bicentennial of its incorporation and the 250th anniversary of its first settlement, the historian of the affair made the point that the Northfield of today would gratify the founders if they could return to survey it. It fulfils their probable dream. They would not be mystified by an industrial transformation. They would not be annoyed by a crowding of their descendants and successors in compacted apartments, a modern reversion to cave-dwelling. Nor would they be distressed by deserted houses and ruinous cellar-holes, the stigmata of a depleted settlement. The broad street they grandly charted keeps to its original lines and is flanked with houses set well apart and of an architecture in the main developed from the severe but substantial and spacious lines of their pioneer home-building. Amazed at the modern devices of travel and of communication, they would yet discover that the standards of life do not depart fundamentally from those of their day, however fashions vary—that the town-meeting is the way of government, that the children are schooled at public expense, that the church has withstood the shift from tax-support to voluntary maintenance and that, increasingly with the years, they, the founders, are held in respect amounting to reverence.

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In the early spring of 1936, the Connecticut river rose in its wrath and mightily smote the works of man along its banks. It was as if it intended to demonstrate that it was still its own master and that the devices to dam its course and span its bed were resented and would be shown to be fragile and ineffective. Rains and melting snow gave it the power. The winter's full product of ice was its weapon, to be hurled with might at every obstruction to its awakened anger. All past floods of the springtime would be outdone.

It was the middle of March when the great river made its swift rise. Each day carried it higher. It soon passed the high mark of the flood of 1927, which had largely spent itself in the upper reaches and the tributaries of the Vermont streams. The ice was broken into floes and, as the water rose to the level of the bridges, was thrown in resounding blows against piers and the superstructure of bridges which had stood for years against such onslaught and above its reach. One after another of them gave way. First to go was the suspension bridge above Brattleboro, carrying the highway to the New Hampshire side at Chesterfield. Then sections of the bridge at Hinsdale gave way. The great dam at Vernon, setting the river back into a vast, but now turbulent, lake was assaulted and in a danger that was only resisted by strenuous efforts to close the breaks that were actually made.

As the masses of ice struck the steel of the railroad bridge, which was built in 1901 to replace the historic double-decked covered bridge connecting the two sections of Northfield, the thundering of the barrage resounded for more than a mile and echoed across the valley. The bridge gave way. Long sections were wrested from the piers and fell to the river bottom, carrying with them blocks of granite which had withstood the floods of over ninety years. The two highway bridges, the Schell bridge, up-stream, and the King Philip, at Bennett's Meadow, were submerged but held their ground. Great Meadow was a vast lake, its easterly shore nearly up to the underpass at the foot of Main street, its westerly one far up the Allen hill on the Mt. Hermon road. King Philip's hill now did civilization a service by sheltering the houses of Bennett's Meadow from the drive of the stream, surrounded though they were by water.

Around the westerly abutment of the Schell bridge, the river cut for itself a new channel and threatened the buildings of the Purple farm, now the property of an enterprising Polish farmer, Urgielewicz, and those of the other farms along the road to South Vernon. When the flood was over, the broad fields were cut through by gulleys from 15 to 35 feet deep, ruined for all time, into one of the cuts had toppled over the silo, broken from the Urgielewicz cattle-barn, and the tobacco-barn had been swept down stream.

Pine Meadow, with its well-tilled acres and its enterprising farm buildings was another lake. In its centre stood the great stock farm of Charles S. Tenney, its main barn holding 350 head of blooded dairy animals, the product of the owner's years of selection and breeding. They were safe—the flood mark of 1927 showed they were! Water could not rise higher now than then. But it did. Presently the herd was standing in it—and there they would stand, resisting every effort to remove them, panic-struck by the water, unaccustomed to any roaming from their stanchions, until all were drowned—all save one, with bovine maternal instinct, making her way to a loft, there to give birth to a calf—they two the only survivors.

When the flood subsided all the meadows were covered with a grayish white silt, to varying depths up to more than three feet. This was a new order of deposit by the river, usually an enrichment, now a gritty drift. As it dried, every breeze caught it up and carried it in dust clouds over the town. Would these broad meadows ever again be fertile? Only, indeed, if the useless, sterile silt could be mixed with the rich soil it covered. This became the new problem—and the challenge to deeper plowing than had ever been undertaken. The late months of the spring saw this undertaken, with steam plows coursing over the fields, with what certainty or what extent of rescue more than one season would be needed to tell.

Down the river, the Montague City bridge, relic of the time of long, wooden, covered bridges, went down. So too the suspension bridge at Sugarloaf, linking Sunderland and Deerfield. On the low populated sections of river towns, homes were swamped and loaded with the river's mud and silt. The river coursed through the streets of Hadley and Hatfield and home regions in Northampton, Chicopee, Springfield. Northfield could again be thankful to its founders in the placing of the homes of the "Street" at an elevation of a hundred feet above the peaceful level of "Great River" and beyond its grasp, in this its angriest outbreak.

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In the year 1937, the town celebrates the hundredth anniversary of the birth of its most celebrated son, Dwight Lyman Moody. He was born the fifth day of February, 1837, in the farm-house on the crest of the hill, now become the corner of the domain of the school which is the visible monument to his vital service. He left the home when he was 17 years old, to seek his fortunes in Boston and then in Chicago and he came back to it at 38, with the acquired fame of the greatest evangelist of his time. From the year of his return, 1875, to the day of his death, 24 years later, he made the town not only his home but the base of his widespread activity for the regeneration of men. As was said of him by the most discriminating of those who shared in the memorial tribute at his funeral, he was entirely the product of the town of his ancestry and his birth. In his preaching he renewed the Biblical faith of the founders of New England. Through him the town which was the farthest planting of the Puritan Commonwealth became, in a new phase,

A PURITAN OUTPOST

BIOGRAPHICAL

BIOGRAPHICAL

To an extent that might have been burdensome within the story of the town, it is due the men who have figured in it to give certain of them a personal attention. And to the extent that the reader has come to an interest in them, it is gratifying to offer the personal introduction.

Certain limitations have necessarily, at least excusably, been set in the selection of subjects for biographical treatment. They are of the nineteenth century, either by reason of their lives having fallen within or having begun during this period. They are not now residents of the town, for the obvious reason that to include men and women now making up its life would be to compile a voluminous "Who's Who" and to make distinctions that would be both difficult and unfair. After all, this is history. Only suggestive of the contribution such a town has made and is continuously making to the larger world, there are included some of its offspring who are now leading lives of distinction elsewhere.

Because this added feature is only supplementary, there are omitted certain of the men whose lives have been portrayed in the foregoing story as conspicuous actors in it.

Within the nineteenth century may be placed the arrival at full maturity of a town which had gone through a valiant struggle for existence and had made its rich contribution to the formation of a new nation's being. It had formed its own distinctive character as a community and was now busily and progressively occupied in the enjoyment of its heritage and the development of its own resources, keeping a pace that was firm and steady, if not swift. The century opened with the assurance of security of life, in the physical and the civic sense, and of rewards for personal industry and community service. It closed with the accomplished change of character to that of a school town, the outcome of the enterprise of its most distinguished son. Somewhat of the independent and distinctive quality of widely separated communities had been lost under the transforming influence of livelier communication with the rest of the world, but not without compensating gains.

Such a town made men and by them was itself made. There was character here—and there were characters. The contribution of the latter to the former is to be traced in summaries of the lives that might, without such record as the following, fail of due recognition. These might, in instances, be expanded to volumes.

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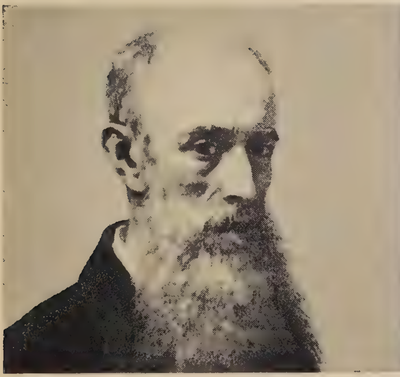
Such a town could not escape having distinguished relatives. It might escape the relatives and it might miss any recognition on their part of the relationship,—no offence intended and none taken. From its old families, sturdy of stock, grounded in faith, industrious, self-reliant, intelligent and courageous, there had gone out to the world men and women who were bound to be leaders and to pass on strong traits to their descendants.

Such families in the Connecticut Valley as Holton and Lyman, for example, both of them represented in Northfield from its beginnings, have richly contributed to American life in the persons of note and prominence. Both these families are in the lineage of the present President of the United States. Franklin Delano Roosevelt is a descendant of William Holton, the Hartford patriot, a Northfield founder and the progenitor of its outstanding citizens through the years. In the fourth generation from the founder there was union of the two families, in the marriage of Mary Sheldon, of the Holton line, to Joseph Lyman, a cousin of Major Elihu of Northfield; their granddaughter, Catherine Robbins Lyman, married Warren Delano and became the mother of the present Sarah Delano Roosevelt, the President's mother.

Samuel J. Tilden, the New York governor, who is believed by many to have been elected President in 1876, was closely related to the Janes family, grandson as he was of Bathsheba, "the belle of Coventry," daughter of Benjamin Janes, others of whose descendants are now of Northfield. The famous portrait painter, William Morris Hunt, was the son of Jonathan Hunt of Northfield, whose home was separated by the running of a state line between Massachusetts and Vermont. James Kendall Hosmer, author of "Thinking Bayonet,"

Franklin Delano Roosevelt
(Descendant of Holton and Lyman Families)



William Morris Hunt
Portrait Artist

Samuel J. Tilden
Governor of New York

James Kendall Hosmer
Civil War Author

Capt. Edward Latimer Beach
United States Navy

SOME DISTINGUISHED RELATIVES

Paul Dwight Moody
President, Middlebury College

Lieut.-Colonel George R. Callender
United States Army

Richard M. Smith, M.D.
Eminent Boston Pediatrician

Rev. Miles Merrill Moore
Rector, Bethlehem, Pa., Episcopal Church

FOUR DISTINGUISHED SONS OF NORTHFIELD—1937 a Civil War-time "best seller," was a Northfield native, a son of the minister of a century ago, who was later president of Antioch College. Captain Edward Latimer Beach, now retired from a distinguished naval service, is of immediate Beach and Alexander ancestry.

These are instances. The pioneers from Northfield into Vermont territory were conspicuous in its affairs and had sons of national importance—the Allens, of Ethan Allen connection; the Wrights, in the outstanding importance of Silas; the Fields, in the instances of the Supreme Court justice, Stephen, and others of the same tribe; the Prentices, a United States senator and several judges; and this list a partial one. The Mead family had close relationship to President Hayes, to William Dean Howells, in his day the dean of American literary lights, to Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor and to William, member of the architectural firm of McKim, Mead & White. The Hunts produced, besides William Morris, his equally noted brother, Richard Morris Hunt, the architect who designed the castles of the richest New Yorkers, formerly the adornment of Fifth Avenue, and the base of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

In early days the Dwight family had close association with the town. Its boundaries were broadly laid out by Timothy, the first; he was in command of its military defenses, including Fort Dummer, where his son, the second Timothy, was born, the first white child native to the territory of what was later the State of Vermont. The third Timothy was president of Yale as was also his grandson, the fourth Timothy. By another local line, in descent from Asa Olmstead, the lawyer, connection was newly established with the Dwights. Olmstead was himself a Dwight descendant and his daughter married Professor Theodore William Dwight, the distinguished teacher of law at Columbia, a grandson of the early president of Yale. Genealogical tangle could not be more intricate, with two Northfield threads discoverable in it.

The family album is voluminous with the portraits of notables, only moderately sampled in the page of this book devoted to "Distinguished Relatives."

JOHN BARRETT. Soon after the Revolutionary War there came to Northfield from Springfield, Vermont, a young lawyer, the remainder of whose life was to be spent there, to the town's gain and to his own content. His coming was not sensational enough to be recorded and the exact year is uncertain; it was before 1786. He was the son of John, who in turn was the son of John, which succession leads back to Boston and, because the wife of the first of these three Johns was Rebecca Collins, back in that line to Governor Bradford. The second John married Elizabeth Edwards, descendant of Thomas Edwards, an original settler of Dunstable, and the young couple migrated to Middletown, Connecticut, where their four children were born. The tide of emigration to Vermont caught them and they moved to Springfield, in the territory in dispute between New Hampshire and New York. There he came to be a prosperous storekeeper and landholder, an "original proprietor" in the confirmation charter from New York in 1772, a captain in Colonel Seth Warner's regiment at Ticonderoga and in the Quebec expedition of 1776, master of the first Masonic lodge in Vermont (1781), colonel in the militia and member of the earliest Vermont legislatures, 1778, '81 and '82. Colonel John died December 3, 1806, when he was drowned in the Connecticut at Springfield at the age of 75. John, the older of two sons, entered Dartmouth College but was graduated from Harvard, in 1780. He studied law with Benjamin West of Charlestown, N. H. What led him to Northfield is not apparent; his father was thrown in with Captain Thomas Alexander on the Quebec venture; there were a Lyman, a Woodward and a Wright in his company, names with Northfield flavor; and the ties of valley relationship were close. It was all of four years after arrival here that he married (in 1790) Martha Dickinson of the Hatfield family, a sister of Obadiah, the Northfield squire. He presently came to own a large section of the Mill brook portion of the village, including the Belding, later the Clary, mill privilege, which he sold to Ezekiel Webster. In 1791 he bought the land of Aaron Whitney, the storekeeper from whose possession the town had taken its gunpowder at the outset of the Revolution because of his suspected Toryism, put up a store on the slope towards the pond which Benjamin Callender and later Timothy Doak carried on, and in 1796 built the house which a later generation would know as the Brigham "castle" and then as the Pentecost place. It was a two-story house, to which he added a third story, in the skyscraping competition with Captain Hunt and his tavern. He had a large part in town affairs, as selectman, member of the General Court, head of the commission to settle the dispute over the Tiffany ferry, which the town sought to possess as a municipal enterprise. Principally he taught law. Samuel C. Allen and any number of other men of later prominence acquired their law from him. Had his instruction not been so personal, his great house might have become the seat of an established law school. He died December 26, 1816, aged 60, and a modest, unrevealing stone marks his grave in the Center cemetery. Of eight children, three died in childhood, and of the five none remained in their native town. The oldest daughter, Mary, married Woodbury Storer of Portland, Maine, and that city attracted the youngest sons, both graduates from Brown College, John, a physician, and Charles, a lawyer. A daughter, Charlotte Collins, married one of her father's students, Franklin Ripley, Greenfield lawyer and banker.

Medad Alexander. Outstanding citizen of the town in the first third of the century and progenitor of Dwight L. Moody, Revolutionary soldier, and the son of Captain Thomas Alexander, the town's prime patriot of the Revolution. Born July 15, 1757, his ancestry combined Alexander and Wright lineage, his mother being Azubah, daughter of Azariah Wright, grandson of the victim of the Indian attack on the first settlement. His one elder brother was in the company led by their father to Quebec and from there to New Jersey to "jine Gin'ral Wash-in'ton" in time to share in surprise attack on the British at Trenton. He began being selectman in 1790 and settled into the habit in 1800, serving almost continuously until 1824. He served more terms in the General Court than any other Northfield man in the town's history, first in 1804 and the following three years, then six more between 1812 and 1820. He was justice of the peace by the town's request of the Governor and, although it was the period when the town had lawyers, was counsellor, administrator and trustee in general. He was long colonel of a militia regiment and commanded with exacting faithfulness. He was one of the early deputy sheriffs of the new county of Franklin; as of its parent, Hampshire. His scrupulously preserved papers were guarded through her long life by his devoted daughter, Azubah, and are a historical mine. Stalwart, dignified, active, he acquired culture, respect and trust. By his wife, Eunice, daughter of Hezekiah Stratton, the one child, Phila, became the wife of Isaiah Moody, the mother of Edwin and grandmother of the evangelist. His second wife was daughter of Captain Samuel Merriman, a Revolutionary commander and there were four more children, the second being Henry,—Captain Henry, whose dignified figure was familiar through a large part of the century. A grandson was Henry Alexander, banker, mayor of Springfield and senator, whose wife was the sister of Samuel Bowles, one of their daughters being the wife of Major Henry M. Phillips, another Springfield mayor. The other daughter, Amy, remained the mistress of the conspicuous old house in Springfield. Colonel Henry Alexander died December 8, 1880. A daughter married a son of "Priest" Mason, their daughter becoming the wife of Leonard R. Smith and the mother of Richard M. Smith, M.D., Boston's leading pediatrician. Another granddaughter was the wife of Martin A. Brown, Dartmouth graduate, the town's most phenomenal schoolmaster.

SAMUEL C. ALLEN. In 1792, a Bernardston boy, during his course at Dartmouth College, was engaged to teach for a term at the up-street town school. His name, Samuel Clesson Allen, marks his descent from the Edward Allen, a soldier in Cromwell's army, who sought refuge in America when the restoration made departure from England prudent, and from him through generations in Suffield, Connecticut, Northampton and Deerfield. Also the middle name has Northampton significance and descent from the Irishman, Clesson, who shared with Cornelius Merry the deprivations visited upon such as they in that Puritan town. This acquaintance with Northfield led to his settlement as the town's minister, the year after his college graduation (Dartmouth 1794) on a salary equivalent to $400 a year. Succeeding to the pulpit of Rev. John Hubbard, whose loyalty to the King caused him trouble in Revolutionary days, young Allen's preaching was so pronouncedly Calvinistic as to contribute to his retirement in 1798, with no loss of regard, to be succeeded by the minister who brought the first Harvard influence to the town, Thomas Mason. Allen had turned his ambition to the law, which he studied under John Barrett, taking up practice here and presently (1803) removing to New Salem, thence after some years to Greenfield. After legislative service and in the governor's council, he was elected to Congress, where he served from 1817 to 1829, in the Daniel Webster and Henry Clay period. Meanwhile he had bought a farm in Bennett's Meadow, now to be his home. He went back to the executive council for two terms, followed by another year in the state senate. In this period he was a lecturer on political economy, at Amherst College. He died February 8, 1842, aged 70. He was an active Northfield citizen in his later years and one of the incorporators of the academy in 1829. He married three times and had 15 children. The first born was Samuel C. Allen, Jr., who figured largely in town affairs, was six years in the legislature (1837 to 1843) and removed to East Boston, where he was postmaster for several years and up to his death in 1860. The second wife was Mary, daughter of Elisha Hunt, the long-time keeper of the famous tavern in what was later the Academy and eventually the less distinguished "Bee Hive," and so a niece of Jonathan Hunt, who by virtue of living in the part of Northfield which fell within the territory of Vermont became lieutenant governor of that state. She was the mother of the 12 later children, including Elisha H. Allen, (Williams, 1823) whose distinguished career was largely achieved in the Sandwich Islands under its kings and its final queen; also Frederick H., (University of Vermont) judge of the supreme court of Maine, congressman and lecturer on political economy at Harvard. The distinctions of the Allen family demand a separate volume; they would include the careers in the prominent medical Wesselhoefts of Boston and those of the Allens in western states. The last survivors of the line in Northfield were "Uncle" Dwight, son of the first Samuel C., who lived out his gentle days at Bennett's Meadow, and Frederick Zebulon Allen, Samuel C.'s grandson, who spent his life in that ancestral quarter.

THOMAS MASON. Coming to Northfield, three years after his graduation from Harvard ('96) to be the minister of the town, and the last in the succession of town ministers, Thomas Mason was the central figure in the town's life for well towards a half-century. Powerful in body and mind, a wrestler none could throw, a preacher of complete independence and a politician, serving more terms in the General Court than any other in the town's annals, save only Colonel Medad Alexander. He became the center of a church controversy, more personal than theological, which caused the Orthodox to depart from his fold and the Unitarians, as they were newly called, to divide into two societies, uniting after "Priest" Mason accepted a thousand dollars as the condition of his resignation. He built the hip-roofed house, where his daughters, Mrs. David West Allen and Miss Elizabeth, spent their late years and which with an added story became later the Stimpson inn. One of his sons, Joseph, a lawyer, was for long years county clerk of courts for Worcester. Another, George, married a daughter of Captain Henry Alexander and was the father of Mrs. Leonard R. Smith and grandfather of Richard M. Smith, M.D., the leading Boston pediatrician. Another son, Thomas, was the father of Thomas Mason, who was educated by his uncle, the Worcester lawyer, and devoted his talents to social work; also of Mary Mason Bardwell of Boston and Northfield. Rev. Thomas Mason died in 1851, at the age of 84.

TIMOTHY SWAN. The town gained a musical genius and a real character when Timothy Swan, as a boy of 17, came to it in company with his recently widowed mother, 1775. He was born in Worcester, his father being a goldsmith with distinguished Scotch ancestry. A sister, Catherine, had married, in September, 1774, Caleb Lyman, the hatter, whose shop stood where the later lane to the cemetery, now Parker

Street, left Main Street, a spot long marked by two great elms of the hatter's planting in front of his shop door. Learning the hatter's trade, Swan left Northfield and carried it on in Suffield, Connecticut, for a quarter century, when he returned and continued it with two Lyman nephews. He married in Suffield, Mary, the daughter of Rev. Ebenezer Gay, D.D., and niece of Rev. Bunker Gay of Hinsdale, a fertile writer of epitaphs, the product of whose genius remains on the tombstones of the neighboring towns. The Reverend Bunker built for Timothy the house which much later was elaborately modernized by Charles A. Linsley and in turn became the home of John Phelps. In Swan's day, the deep front yard was closely set with Lombardy poplars, a tree as odd in the town as was the occupant in all ways. He gave to psalmody such tunes as "China" and "Poland," long standard in New England hymn-books, along with a collection, "New England Harmony" published in 1801. His one service to the town was as librarian through many years of the Social Library. Of his fourteen children, several of whom died in infancy, none remained to carry on the family line in Northfield, where Swan died on his 85th birthday, in 1842.

JOHN NEVERS. In 1804, there came to the town a young man, for no apparent reason other than to study law with John Barrett. He was John Nevers and 30 years old. He was admitted to the bar in 1808. That he had ability and that Barrett law was good law was shown by Nevers being made high sheriff when Franklin County was established in 1811 and prosecuting attorney the next year. He gave way to Samuel C. Allen as county attorney in 1812 but returned to the shrievalty in 1831 and remained in it till his death in 1847. He was one of the incorporators of the Greenfield bank, 1821. Most of all he was a military man, major general in the Massachusetts militia from 1812 on. He built the spacious house, later the home of Colonel Charles Pomeroy, and had his law office and military headquarters there. When Thomas Power, the young lawyer from Boston, had the elms set out along Main Street, the General served notice that he would shoot the man who undertook to put trees in front of his place; he was opposed to the trees because of their obstruction to artillery maneuvers and he was opposed to Power as a rival, contributing thereby to this enterprising young attorney's departure from the town after four years. The General was a warrior in civic life as well. He made out, however, to be selectman three years and to serve the same number in the legislature and was the town's second postmaster, succeeding Solomon Vose in 1808. He captured ownership of the large tract known as the Commonwealth, to the east of the town. General Nevers gets into national history by reason of being the law instructor of Benjamin R. Curtis, the great jurist and member of the United States Supreme Court. He died March 30, 1847, aged 73, and left no children. A bristling description of the General appears in the life of B. R. Curtis by George Ticknor Curtis.

CHARLES BLAKE, M.D. In 1807, there settled in Northfield for practice of his profession as a physician one who had done naval service as a surgeon-mate on the old *Constitution,* been wounded in an engagement and had been stationed at Fort Independence and Norfolk. He had married, five years before, a daughter of Jonathan Hunt, of the old Northfield family, who had been an original settler of Vernon when it was a part of Hinsdale and became lieutenant governor of Vermont. Mrs. Blake's uncle, Elisha Hunt, was landlord, at the time they came, of the tavern built by his father, Captain Samuel. The Blakes took the house on the other corner of the Warwick road and lived there until the doctor's death, April 20, 1841. Dr. Blake was all that the country family doctor should be and honored in his profession but entered only slightly into the affairs of the town. The home was a social centre. A son, Jonathan Hunt Blake, familiarly Hunt Blake, was a gay leader, a bit reckless, losing caste among his prudent townsmen by such reckless performances as lighting a cigar with a five-dollar bank-note rolled into a taper, but popular enough to be elected town treasurer and selectman for one year, a distinction his doctor-father never reached. Hunt Blake outlived his close kin and the family fortunes and died at an advanced age in the Northampton hospital for the insane. A talented daughter of Dr. Blake, Frances, married in 1832 the jolly Dr. Marshall Spring Mead, who had come from Chesterfield, New Hampshire, and a distinguished family, to practice for a half-century in the town and collect a small fraction of his professional charges.

THOMAS POWER. Introduction to Northfield of the man permanently honored in the town as the planter of her elms and as the founder of her library was due to his connection with the Field family. Justin Field, one of the fourteen children of Adjutant Samuel, a gifted tribe, settled in Boston as a lawyer and married Harriet Power, the sister of Thomas. Their descendants include Rev. Thomas Power Field, long the preacher at Amherst College, and his son Judge Henry Power Field, prominent attorney, judge of probate in Hampshire and instructor in law of Calvin Coolidge. When Thomas Power started in practice he turned to Northfield. He was born in Boston, October 8, 1786, was graduated from

Brown University in 1808, was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1811 and landed in Northfield in 1812. He remained until 1816 and in that brief period led in the planting of the elms the length of Main street, with a gap in front of the belligerent General Nevers' mansion, and in the founding of the Social Library. Mr. Power became a member of Harmony Lodge of Masons in 1813 and was its worshipful master when he left town. Subsequently he was district deputy grand master of the first district (Boston) and the recording grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts from 1821 to 1826. He returned to Boston, somewhat impelled by the undying antagonism of Nevers. There he in time became clerk of the Boston Police Court, from which post he retired in 1860 to Framingham, where he died September 9, 1868. In Boston, he was conspicuous as a musician and as a public speaker, being the city's Fourth of July orator. He married, while in Northfield, Betty Simpson of Duxbury.

JOB M. DICKINSON. Grandson of the Nathaniel Dickinson, a monument to whom stands by the road to Pauchaug, where he was killed by Indians in 1747, Job Dickinson was born June 20, 1783, the son of Benoni, who was born after his father was killed. He was the perfected type of New England character, imposing in stature, prosperous, enterprising and trusted with the most important affairs of the town. He was an habitual selectman, serving in that office as many as 16 years between 1817 and 1848 and going to the legislature in the days when Levi Lincoln was governor. He was close kin to Obadiah Dickinson, the town's squire, and to the wife of John Barrett. He lived in the big red-brick house in the Kingdom, was captain in the militia, and had nine children, one of whom was Elijah M. Dickinson, to whom Northfield owes its library building.

CHARLES OSGOOD. The Northfield Academy of Useful Knowledge was incorporated in 1829, the leading spirit being Samuel C. Allen, with whom were associated William Pomeroy, the distiller; Jabez Parsons, tanner; and three merchants, Daniel Callender, Timothy Dutton and Thomas L. Doak. They bought the three-story Hunt tavern and added the double deck of piazzas. They imported two recognized academy teachers, Owen Keith from Framingham as principal and Charles Osgood from his native town, New Salem, as preceptor. The academy lasted five years and passed to individual ownership as a private school, and its preceptor turned storekeeper, marrying just at this point Lovicy, daughter of Jabez Parsons. Thenceforth and for the rest of the century

Mr. Osgood was a conspicuous townsman, a leader of Jacksonian and all the later types of Democracy and a town-meeting orator without a rival in ornate periods. His store, a small one but carrying the wide variety of merchandise which marked country stores, was Democratic headquarters. It was said that it was also the practice ground for his impressive town-meeting orations, which were uniformly based upon "resolves" which he produced from his tall silk hat and which covered a wide range of world and town issues. He was postmaster in Democratic years, town clerk over a long period, member of the legislature and of the constitutional convention of 1853, and an unfailing supporter of the Unitarian church. The oldest of four daughters married Charles G. Hooker of the Hinsdale, New Hampshire, family, who had a leading business place in the early days of San Francisco; the second, Charles Dewey of Bernardston, a Civil War soldier; and the other two maintained through many years the dignity and quality of the Osgood home. The only son, Charles P., was a life-long business man in San Francisco. The family's sole representative in this home, came to be Gertrude, the daughter of Charles and Henrietta Dewey, who with her husband, William A. Barr, came from Boston to make the ancestral house a model, modern home.

Albert Collins Parsons. The name of Parsons was connected with the first Northfield settlement (1672) by the original proprietorship of Cornet Joseph of Northampton but ceased when his son, who was never a resident, disposed of his inherited holdings. It reappeared in 1798 when Jabez, descendant of a brother of Cornet Joseph, migrated from Enfield, Connecticut, and settled here as a tanner and currier. His wife was Lovicy Prior, whose brother, Isaac, also located here and became the leading merchant and owner of boats which navigated the Connecticut. Albert Collins Parsons was born July 31, 1812, in the house built by his father on lower Main Street. He succeeded to the leather-making of his father, who had become totally blind and so remained through over 40 years until his death at the age of 93. This son's middle name came through his grandmother, who was the daughter of Rev. Nathaniel Collins, long the minister of the Enfield church, a descendant through a succession of Edward Collinses from Governor William Bradford of the Plymouth colony. Tanning was a slow and laborious process and there was equally slow teaming to Boston for a market, with return loadings of South American hides. The home manufacture of boots was undertaken and carried on, with as many as thirty workers, through some years. The tanner and bootmaker was also a farmer and in middle life became wholly so. When nearly 70 he also became a merchant, building the store near his home. He remained active until over 80 and measurably so until his death in 1902 in his ninetieth year, and in the house where he was born. His was a Northfield life; the town was both his ideal and his passion. Public spirit was personified in him. As such a citizen he was intense in his interest in affairs of state and nation. He was an original anti-slavery man, a Whig, a "Free Soiler" of 1848, a Republican of 1856, an ardent peace man and a radical as to temperance. He was an upholder of the First Parish church, which became Unitarian in his boyhood, constantly an official there and once president of the Connecticut Valley conference of Unitarian churches. He was a representative in the first year and a senator in the last year of the administration of the war governor, John A. Andrew. Once later he ran for the legislature as a Republican but was defeated because of his ardent prohibition views and then fell into the hopeless habit of being the independent Prohibition candidate. Without other than the meagre schooling of his own town, he absorbed a culture which showed itself in his public speaking, approaching oratory and fully reaching eloquence. Positive in opinions and outright in his declaration of them, he was at once one of the least popular and the most completely respected men in the town of his devoted sonship. Mr. Parsons married Hannah, the daughter of Joseph Stevens of Warwick, a woman of fine culture and grace, and had several children, the one who long survived being Albert Stevens Parsons, a conspicuous reform advocate and publicist whose last home was in Lexington. A widower with two children, Mr. Parsons married in 1858, Susan Lane Beach, a widow with eight. She was born in Greenville, Alabama, of a family that traced back to Virginia and to its earliest colonial days; a woman of characteristic Southern graciousness who shared in full measure her second husband's devotion to the town and all its interests. Of their two children, a daughter, Mary Lane, died in young womanhood and the youngest was Herbert Collins Parsons, whose youth was spent in his native town, which he left at 27 to become a newspaper editor and publisher and to serve in a varied succession of public offices.

BENJAMIN R. CURTIS. A young man, destined to become one of America's greatest jurists, came to Northfield in 1831 for completion of his law study and start in practice. He was born in Watertown, the son of Captain Benjamin and Lois Robbins Curtis, November 4, 1809, graduated from Harvard in 1829 and was studying in its law school when he broke away from his course there under the combined pressure of financial need and love for his cousin, Eliza Woodward, the daughter of William Woodward, the treasurer of Dartmouth College and defendant of record in the famous "Dartmouth College case." His biographer, George Ticknor Curtis, places the love impulse first. Through acquaintance with James C. Alvord of Greenfield, a fellow student, he secured a law-clerkship with General John Nevers, was married soon after coming here at the spacious home of his uncle, George Ticknor, in Boston, was admitted to the bar in September, 1834, and began practice in Northfield. His first account book, now in the Northfield Public Library, contains the entry of his first retainer, the sum of one dollar from Samuel Merriman. On the thousand dollars received by Eliza under the will of her father the young couple set up housekeeping here and their first son was born here. They entered fully into the life of the town and the young attorney counted upon remaining here but was induced by a cousin, Charles Pelham Curtis, to become his partner in Boston, making this change in 1835. He subsequently served two years in the Massachusetts legislature and in 1851 was appointed to the United States Supreme Court by President Fillmore. He came to national prominence and a place in history by dissenting, with one other justice, from the decision written by Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case. His dissenting opinion upheld the right of Congress to prohibit slavery and of a person of African descent to become a citizen of the United States. He resigned from the Supreme bench in 1857, resumed practice and was thenceforward the leader of the Massachusetts bar. He presided over a peace convention in Boston, early in the Civil War period. In 1868 he became one of the counsel for the defence of President Johnson against impeachment, read the answer to the articles of impeachment and opened the defense in a speech of two days, which attracted the attention of high legal authorities. He was the Democratic candidate for United States Senator in 1874, against Henry L. Dawes. Mr. Curtis died at Newport, Rhode Island, September 15, 1874. A son, Benjamin R. Curtis, Jr., (Harvard '75) was a justice of the Boston Municipal Court from 1886 until his death, January 25, 1891. In the two-volume "Memoirs and Miscellaneous Writings," the first of Mr. Curtis' papers is his argument in the case against Judge Wells of the Court of Common Pleas for libel of another Northfield attorney, Asa Olmstead. Mr. Curtis' practice in Northfield was taken over by his brother-in-law, William Gustavus Woodward, who remained until 1841, when he removed to Iowa, there to become in time the chief justice of the state supreme court.

Edward Jarvis, M.D. Born in Concord January 9, 1803, the son of Francis and Millicent Hosmer Jarvis, graduated from Harvard in 1826 and its medical school in 1830, Edward Jarvis was attracted to Northfield by the settlement as minister of the First Parish church of his townsman, George Washington Hosmer. He began practice here and was the founder of a Sunday school, which grew to large number and importance in the town life under his leadership. He lectured frequently in the town lyceum on natural history and one series of eight on "Anatomy as showing the wisdom of the Creator and His continuing watchfulness and benevolence" was permanently published. Hosmer said of him "no plant or flower on the mountain or in the meadow escaped his eye." He returned to Concord, removed later to Louisville, Kentucky, came east again in 1843, settled in Dorchester and attained eminence as the leader in the reform of the treatment of the insane and as a pioneer in establishing vital statistics as a public service. After partial recovery from a paralytic stroke in 1874, he wrote a valuable volume of 650 pages on the "Traditions and Reminiscence of Concord." He died October 31, 1884.

Asa Olmstead. In its golden decade of quality and distinction, the eighteen-thirties, one of the town's conspicuous characters was Lawyer Olmstead. He ran afoul of General Nevers' prejudices and his character was overhauled for meanness in the case B. R. Curtis conducted. He outlived Curtis in the town but not General Nevers, whom nobody seemed to outlive and certainly nobody could ever outdo in vituperation. Born in Enfield, Connecticut, in 1791, he was graduated from Princeton in 1814, studied law with George Bliss in Springfield, practiced in Wilbraham from 1822 to 1830, came to Northfield and practiced until 1841, when he gave up the law and settled in Clinton, New York, where he was much honored. He died there in 1874. He married Mary P., daughter of Dr. Solomon Bond of Enfield, Connecticut, and their eldest daughter Mary, married Theodore Woolsey Dwight, the eminent professor of law at Columbia and president of Yale University.

Samuel W. Dutton. Town affairs through many years had at their core the prudence and steadfast character of the man who was invariably spoken of as Deacon Dutton. Tall, spare, bearded, calm, austere, he was for untold years the town clerk and treasurer. He had the broad culture which somehow men acquired with no other than the limited education of the town schools and with small contact beyond town boundaries. He was the son and grandson of town merchants but was himself a farmer and met his death in a mountain pasture by the kick of a colt he had gone there to feed. He was deeply pious and the main pillar of the Orthodox church, whose fortunes took a sudden upward turn, with a jolt at first disturbing to the conservative order, when Dwight Moody arrived on his native heath in 1875. Deacon Dutton was born May 13, 1813, and married, when 22, Mary Dascom of Milton, New Hampshire. Their son, Samuel D., left town but the daughter, Mary T., remained to share with her father his town and church trusts. Two nieces, the daughters of his brother Timothy, were Lucie, a town teacher and the wife of Samuel Woodruff of Hartford, Connecticut, and Adeline, first the ward and after years the wife of the doughty sheriff and financier, Elisha Alexander, the gifted woman who became the town's chief benefactor.

ELIJAH EASTMAN BELDING. Belding traditions, woven into the valley history from the beginning in Wethersfield's pioneer settlement and reaching Northfield in the early mill grants, came to a peak of quality and intelligence in the person of this modern model townsman. He was the grandson of Jonathan Belding, the town's exemplar in dignity, who was born in 1729, sickly in youth, doomed to early death from "consumption," and lived till 1825, just short of a century. Eastman, the name always used, he gained from his Amherst grandmother, whose other name, Keziah, was just as well not perpetuated. He was born in 1813. He lived in a high-pillared house on the West side very near the Vermont line. He was one of the habitual selectmen and served one year in the legislature. He was a progressive farmer and in the period when hops were a standard crop raised enormous quantities. He sent one of his four boys through college, an enterprise which in his and the next preceding generation had become extinct. He married Eliza Frost, of a substantial Vernon family. They had five children, two of whom died in infancy, and all of whom had names with an initial "E,"—Edward E., Eliza E., Elijah, Edgar F., and Everett E. A sister married E. M. Dickinson, the giver of the public library to Northfield. Eastman Belding died March 29, 1891, at the age of 77.

JAMES WHITE. In the great political year, 1840, and its campaign for "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," log cabins and hard cider, James White, the fuller, was elected to the senate of the state and later was given two more terms. Captain White, his title coming from militia service, had moved to Northfield from Heath in 1814, and became an important citizen and for several years from 1830 the town treasurer.

To be a fuller meant to own the fulling mill on Mill brook, an essential industry in homespun days. He had several spirited daughters, the oldest Phidelia, who remained a spinster, the second, Caroline, who married Porter Cowles of Amherst. She was the mother of James Cowles, an extensive farmer and a bachelor, Sarah, another animated spinster, and Rufus, who was long railroad stationmaster at Fitchburg. In the next generation, the daughters of Rufus, Irene and Kate, were almost as much of Northfield as Fitchburg, the former being for years a teacher in the Fitchburg high school. Irene Cowles, after a few years of retirement, died in Fitchburg, in January, 1935.

Henry Kirke Brown. Never actually a resident of the town, the famous sculptor and originator in America of bronze casting, was closely connected with it through the family of his brother, William, who lived in the house, later the home of Francis J. Stockbridge, on East street, and one of whose sons was named for the sculptor. A daughter, Cynthia, married Frank H. Wright. The brothers were both born in Leyden. Henry Kirke, as a farm boy, showed artistic ability and his mother brought about his study in Boston under Chester Harding, also of Franklin County origin. He turned to civil engineering, and was engaged in the building of the Illinois Central railroad when, for amusement, he modelled a woman's head, attracted attention of artists, went to Italy for four years and after his return in 1846 made the first bronze casts ever executed in America. The first American bronze statue was his DeWitt Clinton, now standing in Greenwood cemetery on Long Island. Many of his works are still the high models of bronze statuary. He died in New York, July 10, 1886, at the age of 72.

Charles Devens. In the period when country towns attracted young lawyers for their opening careers, Charles Devens, a cultured, ambitious youth came to Northfield and formed a life-long attachment. He was born in Charlestown, April 4, 1820, the son of Charles and Mary Lithgow Devens, was graduated from Harvard in 1838, and its law school in 1840 and began practice in Northfield. From here he removed in 1845 to Greenfield, where he was of the leading law firm of Davis, Devens and Davis. He was in the state Senate in 1848 and '49 and appointed by President Fillmore United States marshal the latter year. It was his duty to execute the process in the famous Sims case by which a fugitive slave was returned to his owner—and his privilege nearly 30 years later when he was U. S. attorney general to appoint Sims to a position in the department of justice at Washington. He was in practice in Worcester when the war for the union began, enlisted in 1861, was major, then colonel of the 15th Massachusetts regiment, rose to command of the 3d division of the 34th corps of the historic troops to occupy Richmond after its evacuation, was brevetted major general on Grant's recommendation in 1864 and commanded the military district of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1865 and '66. He was appointed by Governor Bullock to the Superior court in 1866 and by Governor Washburn to the Supreme Judicial court in 1873. After service in the Hayes cabinet as attorney general he was again placed on the Massachusetts supreme bench by Governor Long in 1877. General Devens died January 7, 1891. A younger brother, Arthur Lithgow Devens, Harvard '40 and its law school '43, came to Northfield to practice before his brother left and in shrewd local estimate was rated the abler of the two. General Devens never married.

IRA COY. The last of the captains. Such distinction entitled Cap'n Coy to historical record. Aside from it he was a typical New Englander, long of legs as he was short of name, keen, informed of all the world's affairs and with shrewd opinions on them, knowing to all local traditions, reaching back to Indian days and ways, upright, modest, content to live his long life out in the cottage on Warwick road, honorable in all the minor transactions of an unambitious existence, never holding town office but holding definite opinions as to those who did. The Northfield Artillery Company, part of the peace-time army under the command of General John Nevers, formed in 1811, having great trainin' days while in its full glory, lost its glamour gradually, and went out of existence before exposure to warfare in 1861. Captain Coy's life nearly spanned the century, from 1805 to his death, June 27, 1890. He did not qualify for local genealogy, as back of him were only his father, Lemuel, who died in 1852, and his mother, Sarah, six months earlier, and there were no descendants.

ELIJAH STRATTON, M.D. Born in the town, February 4, 1811, of the fifth generation from Hezekiah Stratton, valiant founder of the third settlement, who came from an old Watertown line, Dr. Elijah was a characteristic country doctor, with widespread practice beginning in 1840. His entire days were spent here, his home being on the site of the stockade of 1675. He was a determined Democrat and withstood the disfavor of being a Southern sympathizer in the Civil War period. He served one term in the legislature in 1856, but shared only slightly in town affairs, being devoted to his profession. A daughter, Mary, had a large share in the preparation of Temple and Sheldon's "History of Northfield with Genealogies," including such trifles as copying verbatim all the inscriptions on the tombstones of the old town cemetery. Another married George Hastings, the merchant. Their daughter, Mary (always Mazie to Northfield people), a gifted singer, married James Slade of Quincy, which became her home.

THE STEARNS BUILDERS. To more than to any other builders, the substantial houses of the century are to be credited to the skill and thoroughness of the Stearns father and sons. They were craftsmen of the older sort, who had no need of architects, who could adapt their skill to any whim of their patron and who built for eternity or as near it as wood can last. They were of old Bay Colony ancestry, descended from Dr. Isaac of Watertown, whose wife was a sister of the Captain Richard Beers, one of Northfield's discoverers in 1669 and the victim on her soil of Indian ambuscade in 1675. Calvin Stearns came here from Warwick at the opening of the century. His building sons were George A., who died at 44, Charles H., Albert D., and Edward B., all three of whom plied their trade through long lives. Another son, Marshall S., was a lieutenant in the Northfield company of the 52d Massachusetts Regiment in the Civil War. Charles Calvin Stearns, son of Charles, gained through his mother's family the distinction of being descended from Seth Field, the chief citizen of the previous century.

THE HASTINGS BROTHERS. For a period in the middle of the century the principal merchants, the owners of the traditional store, which was also the postoffice and news and political headquarters, were William D. and George Hastings. They were Bostonian by long ancestry, their father having left that city to settle in Warwick. William D. was postmaster first and George followed him. Both eventually went west. William became a preacher in Janesville, Wisconsin, and George settled in business in Minneapolis. George married, as his second wife, Virginia, daughter of Dr. Elijah Stratton, and after his death she returned to Northfield, her daughter, Mazie, becoming a talented singer with her later home in Quincy, the wife of James Slade. Several sons of the two brothers settled in the West.

CHARLES POMEROY. Grandson of Dr. Medad Pomeroy, (Y. C. 1757) who was the son of General Seth Pomeroy of Revolutionary eminence, Charles Pomeroy was born in Warwick, July 18, 1818, married Laura Connable of Bernardston and settled in the town between these two. He gained the title of colonel by service on the staff of Governor Gardner. It was the tradition that the governor required that one of his gold-braided escort be the handsomest farmer in the state. Colonel Pomeroy was over six feet tall, proportionately broad, handsomely bewhiskered, and carried well the heavy military cape which he affected the rest of his days. He bought and lived his life out in the imposing house of General John Nevers. He was a life-long justice of the peace and, as trial justice, the town's Squire, trying the smaller civil disputes and criminal cases and marrying many couples. He was the county's high sheriff for one year, 1855, the last of sheriffs appointed by the governor; the office becoming elective, the county seat, Greenfield, recovered possession. With him the Northfield line of Pomeroys ended. A son, Charles, had died, leaving a daughter. Two daughters were Mary, beautiful in girlhood but deformed by falling from a horse, who never married, and Laura, cultured and brilliant, who married Benjamin F. Field, Jr.

ALBERT S. STRATTON. Born November 10, 1823, son of Albarto and Lucy (Stimpson) Stratton, grandson of a soldier who was at Burgoyne's surrender, and of the fourth generation from Hezekiah, a leader in the affairs of the third settlement, Albert S. Stratton in his early manhood was the miller at the grist mill on Warwick road. Inheriting in 1869 the property of his uncle, Dr. Charles A. Stratton, of Brattleboro, Vermont, an outstanding dental surgeon, he moved to Main Street and lived out his days in the imposing, pillared house on the exact lot which his first local ancestor bought in 1713. He was the town's wealthiest citizen and the patron of its town and church interests. For the period of its existence the laurel-wreathed "S. B. B." on the caps of the brass band bore witness to his favor. His wife was Nancy Drake of Warwick and there was a son, Ernest, who settled as a jeweler in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, and two daughters, one of whom married Dwight Preston, of the Kingdom family, their daughter, the wife of F. Leslie Tyler coming into possession of the Main street home. Mr. Stratton died May 6, 1906.

LEWIS T. WEBSTER. Long the town's principal merchant and trusted town official. The Webster family, descended from the colonial governor of Connecticut, transplanted from Deerfield to Northfield in the person of Ezekiel, who acquired from Lawyer John Barrett the mill privilege in the heart of the town, to be succeeded by his son, Arad, and in turn by his sons, of whom Lewis Taylor was one. His name was in honor of

Lewis Taylor, of the pioneer Hinsdale family, who married his father's sister. He was born April 27, 1832, was long a clerk in the store of the Hastings brothers and succeeded them as merchant and postmaster. He was postmaster from 1870 to 1885 and from 1890 to 1895. He was in the legislature of 1877. Beginning in Civil War days, he was for many years selectman, often the chairman and always a leading spirit in the town's affairs, as well as the leader, through thick and thin, of Republican party management. His practical ability was the town's safe reliance through all these years and the interests of the town and those of the First Parish his constant concern. He was the perfect type of a New England townsman, with precisely those abilities and that public spirit which would have met the demands of civic service in however large a field if they had not been exclusively devoted to the parochial one. He married, October 5, 1854, Mary A., daughter of Franklin Lord, of Stratton ancestry. Of their three sons, Franklin Arad, Williams Ezekiel and Charles Henry, the youngest succeeded to the business of his father. L. T. Webster died May 1, 1896.

ROLLIN C. WARD, M.D. Soon after the Civil War, in which he was a captain, there came from Vermont a physician with no known acquaintance and established himself in practice, which rapidly grew to the leading one in the town. He gained his medical degree at Harvard. First occupying the Everett house, which later became the home of Ira D. Sankey, he bought one of the old houses, tore it down and built a new one, which remained his home. An outright Democrat, more at home here politically than in Vermont, he became his party's leader and won his reward in Cleveland days by displacing Postmaster Webster. He shared actively in town affairs and was frequently a selectman. Dr. Ward reached high standing in professional circles as a gifted and skillful diagnostician. Having no children, the doctor had as a ward a beautiful girl, Anna Wilcox, who married Watson W. Whittlesey, an architect, and removed to Orange, New Jersey. Dr. Ward was born in West Rutland, Vt., April 6, 1836. He married here as his second wife, Mrs. Harriet Bixby Barker and removed to Holliston, Mass. Later he lived with Mrs. Whittlesey. He died at St. Johnsbury, Vt., December 8, 1913. Mrs. Whittlesey died April 7, 1914.

CHARLES HENRY GREEN. That an adopted citizen could match interest in the town and devotion to its interests with any descendant from the first settlement was demonstrated in the public spirit of a man, Charles H. Green, who came to it just after the Civil War for a distinct business purpose. He was born in Gardner, January 11, 1842. Allied by marriage with the chair-making Heywood family he was sent here in 1866 to manage the supply of lumber from the Northfield hills. Meanwhile he had served in the early part of the Civil War, by enlistment in the Navy, first on the gunboat *Stars and Stripes,* on the lookout for blockade runners in the Gulf, and later on the frigate *Pensacola.* He had married, the year he came here, Lucy E., the daughter of Hon. Thomas E. Glazier of Gardner. Eventually he bought the house, long the home of James and, more particularly, of "Aunt Jim," Mattoon, famous for its flower garden and of outstanding matriarchal rule. It had been held by four citizens who acted together to make certain a desirable owner. He developed an extensive lumber business and came to have other interests, including a ranch in Arizona and the principal ownership of the Gardner water supply, later advantageously sold to that town. His energy and ability were soon at the town's service, for years as a selectman, the promoter of the town's water supply away from the fitfully supplied "strings" of wooden logs, the chief aid to E. M. Dickinson in the delivery to the town of the Memorial Library, for which he bought and gave the land, and a liberal supporter of the Unitarian church. In 1874 he was elected, as a Democrat, to the legislature, and again to that of 1902, when, somewhat to his dismay, he proved to be the senior member and charged with the responsibility of presiding over its preliminaries. He was long a trustee of the Greenfield Savings Bank, a member of Harmony Lodge of Masons and of the Orange Commandery, Knights Templars. Meanwhile he travelled extensively in Europe and America. Seven children were born, two of the sons, Frank H. (1867-1912) and Charles (1876-1926), holding important positions in the Heywood Brothers and Wakefield Company of Boston and New York. A daughter, Fanny Heywood, married Joseph Warren Field, eventually becoming the mistress of the fine old Adjutant Field house; another, Mary Louise, married Thomas Hale Parker of Greenfield and succeeded to the Green family home. Mr. Green died August 10, 1907; his wife, in May, 1913.

Norman P. Wood. For forty-one years leading practitioner of medicine and conspicuous citizen of Northfield, Norman Perkins Wood was born in Barnard, Vermont, July 30, 1845 and came to this town in July, 1888. He was on ancestral territory. He came from the group of Alexanders who numerously shared in the colonization of Vermont, prior to its statehood. He was in the same generation, the fifth, as Dwight L. Moody in descent from Ebenezer Alexander, one of the third settlement founders, tracing back of that to George Alexander, leader of the explorers from Northampton in 1671. The transplanting to Vermont, in his line, was in the person of Anne Alexander. She had married, in Northfield, Samuel Taylor, third in his line from John Taylor, a grantee in the second settlement. Even nearer to Northfield it was only three steps back to Zebulon Lee, who came up from Connecticut and married Mary, the daughter of Anne Alexander Taylor. Their son, Zebulon, the second, married Rachel Burke. The genealogist is intrigued here to discover, perhaps, descent from Captain John Burk, premier ranger and Indian fighter of the eighteenth century after Captain Benjamin Wright. Captain Burk's prowess included a hand-to-hand fight with Indians after the Fort William Henry defeat, in which he laid them out and escaped. It would be easy for some who encountered Dr. Wood in town-meeting engagements to take stock in the Burk ancestry. Zebulon and Rachel Burke Lee had a daughter, Rosamund, who married Captain Alvan Wood, and the doctor was their son.

He fitted for college at Green Mountain Perkins Academy at Woodstock and Dean Academy at Franklin, Massachusetts, was graduated from Tufts in 1874, with A.B. and A.M. degrees, to which Tufts added an honorary M.A., a half-century later. From 1874 to '77 he was assistant superintendent at the Lyman school for boys, went back to Perkins as its principal for three years, read medicine in the same period with Dr. O. W. Sherwin of Woodstock, studied medicine at the University of New York and the University of Vermont, from which he was graduated with honors and the M.D. degree in 1882. He practiced six years in Londonderry and then came to Northfield. Along with his practice in a region of several towns, he was active in professional and public official affairs, school physician, associate state medical examiner, member of the medical societies of the county and of the two states, an ardent Republican, alternate delegate to the Philadelphia convention of 1900, which nominated McKinley and Roosevelt, presidential elector in 1905 and for one year (1912) a member of the legislature. A prime interest with him was the Dickinson Memorial Library and for thirty-two years he was chairman of its board of trustees. While actively Unitarian, he was the close friend of D. L. Moody, his family physician and that of the Seminary. Dr. Wood married February 18, 1879, Nellie M. Weatherhead of Vernon, Vermont. They had two sons, Robert Lee and Norman Philip. He died July 23, 1929, a week short of his 84th birthday.

Henry W. Montague. Born in Montague, October 15, 1833, Henry W. Montague was throughout a long life representative in town affairs of the "Farms," the down-river section which constitutes a community but at no loss of its intimate town relationship. He qualified for full identification with its interests by marriage April 18, 1866, into the Field family, his wife being Mary Elizabeth, the first born of the twelve children of Horace F. and Mary (Gage) Field. Between 1863 and 1881, he was for nine terms a selectman and assessor, was in the legislature of 1882, and from 1900 to 1912 a library trustee, having the leading part in the establishment of the Farms library. He was an enterprising and successful farmer and a model of the unassuming and highly respected townsman. His one son, Frank H., succeeded to his share in town affairs, serving through many years as a selectman. H. W. Montague died December 23, 1922, in his ninetieth year. Of the numerous Field family the two who were notably allied to the town's affairs were Martha Gertrude Starkweather, a teacher and a woman of the finest culture, and Ernest C. Field, several years a selectman and a member of the legislature. An older brother of Horace F. was Simeon A. Field, another substantial "Farms" citizen, often a selectman and representative in 1850. They were great-grandsons of Seth Field, the town's chief citizen of the 18th century, and grandsons of Sergeant George Field, who was at Burgoyne's surrender.

Ira D. Sankey. The eminent, as well as original, author and singer of gospel hymns, became fully identified with the town from the time he bought the Everett house, in the shadow of the First Parish (Unitarian) church, in 1885, for the dozen years he lived there. He was born in Edinburg, in western Pennsylvania, August 28, 1840, went to Newcastle in 1857, where he enlisted in the Union army at the opening of the war. At a Y. M. C. A. convention in Indianapolis, in 1870, where he was pressed into service to lead the singing, he captured D. L. Moody's attention and his command to go to Chicago to help him in his work. It was the beginning of that partnership in gospel work which the world knows as Moody and Sankey. Mr. Sankey came to Northfield in September, 1875, the year of their return from the famous two-year campaign in the British Isles. He was in Northfield each subsequent summer up to 1898 and attended Moody's funeral here in December of 1899. He was a town resident for ten years, up to his removal to Brooklyn, New York, where he spent his last years, the final ones being in total blindness and with his stalwart body, as Northfield had known it, wasted to barely 100 pounds. Mr. Sankey was of striking personal appearance, free from self-consciousness, neighborly and interested in the affairs of the town, altogether a popular townsman. A son, Edward, married Grace Joshin, whose mother became the wife of Charles Linsley, owner of the Timothy Swan house. Mrs. Sankey later married John Phelps. Her daughter, Victoria Sankey, married in 1933 Winthrop Packard of Greenfield.

George Frederick Pentecost. Among the preachers attracted to Northfield in the early days of Moody's life here was one who had already become known as an evangelist and who for the twenty years following was closely identified with the town, Rev. George F. Pentecost. He was six years younger than Moody, having been born September 23, 1843, at Albion, Iowa. As a boy he was apprentice to a printer, became private secretary of the governor of the territory of Kansas, then clerk in the United States district court, studied law and was in Georgetown College (Kentucky) when the states went to war. For two years he was with the 8th Kentucky cavalry, resigning with the rank of Captain. He was licensed to preach in 1864, held Baptist pastorates in Indiana, Kentucky and New York. From 1871 to 1880 he was settled in Boston and at the end of that period bought the house built by Lawyer John Barrett in Northfield, long known as the Brigham castle. Lafayette College gave him the degree of D.D. in 1884. From 1891 to 1897 he was minister of a church in London, England, then for five years of the first Baptist church in Yonkers, New York, meanwhile retaining his Northfield connections. In 1902 he was sent to the Philippines, China and Japan as special representative of two missionary societies. Dr. Pentecost was a vigorous preacher, and the author of several religious books. He was not identified officially with Moody's work, although a frequent preacher here. In all things he was an independent, with gifts as varied as his ancestry which was a mixture of English, Huguenot and Jewish strains. He was an interested townsman, sharing in its affairs, speaking at political rallies and delivering at least one Memorial day oration. The sale of his Northfield property was said to have been due to a quarrel with his head farmer. In the early days of his life here, a brother, Rev. Hugh Pentecost, was with him, but he later turned to the law, became a religious and political radical, quite in contrast to Dr. Pentecost's evangelism and Republicanism.

Benjamin F. Field, Jr. One of the branch of the Field family which was transplanted to Boston but kept close association with the town of its ancestry, Benjamin F. Field, Junior, came in his late years to the town, made it his home and contributed valuably to its affairs. He was a grandson of Silas Field, who in turn was grandson of Captain Zechariah and the Sarah Mattoon who was one of the Deerfield captives of 1704 carried to Canada as a girl of 17 and in time returned to become the mother of ten children, the oldest of whom, Seth, was Northfield's outstanding citizen of the century. Silas, one of the brothers who removed to Boston, married there Ruth Bryant Faxon. The oldest son was Benjamin Faxon Field, who was in the East India trade, the father of a family of marked quality and talent, particularly musical, including Benjamin, Junior, familiarly "Benjy," Fanny and William DeYongh, all of whom supported their aunt, "Miss Maria," in her many musical enterprises in Northfield. "Benjy" was born in Genoa, Italy, October 8, 1841. He served in the Civil War as second lieutenant, Co. I, 44th Mass. Regiment, and was later captain in the 1st Brigade, Massachusetts militia. During the Franco-Prussian war of the early seventies, he happened to be in Paris on his way home from Bombay, India, while he was agent for the Tudor Company of Boston, and escaped from the besieged capital in a balloon. He was long a Mason and filled many chairs in the fraternity. All his life identified with Northfield, he retired here and gave his business talents to local affairs. He married, May 8, 1901, Laura, daughter of Colonel Charles Pomeroy. He served the town in many practical ways. He died here, June 23, 1920.

HENRY CYRUS HOLTON. How a town makes its own men had a marked example in Henry C. Holton. Born on land that was granted under King George I to the Holtons and which had never passed from Holton ownership, schooled only in such schools as the town afforded, including the privately supported substitute for a high school in the one room of "The Beehive," he had the culture and the intelligence which is more absorbed than bestowed in such a town, and in a life of unceasing industry as a farmer made due return to his town in equally constant service to its interests. The one that continued throughout his life was as superintendent of the First Parish (Unitarian) Sunday school, covering over forty years. He was a selectman for several years. It was during his chairmanship that President Roosevelt visited the town and he did the honors. On the drive from Mt. Hermon to Main street and the Hotel Northfield, the President, upon learning that Mr. Holton lived on granted land always owned by Holtons in direct line, said "I hope you have sons to keep up the family name." Selectman Holton had to answer "No." The next day, as the President was leaving the town, he was informed by Mr. Holton that there was a new-born son.

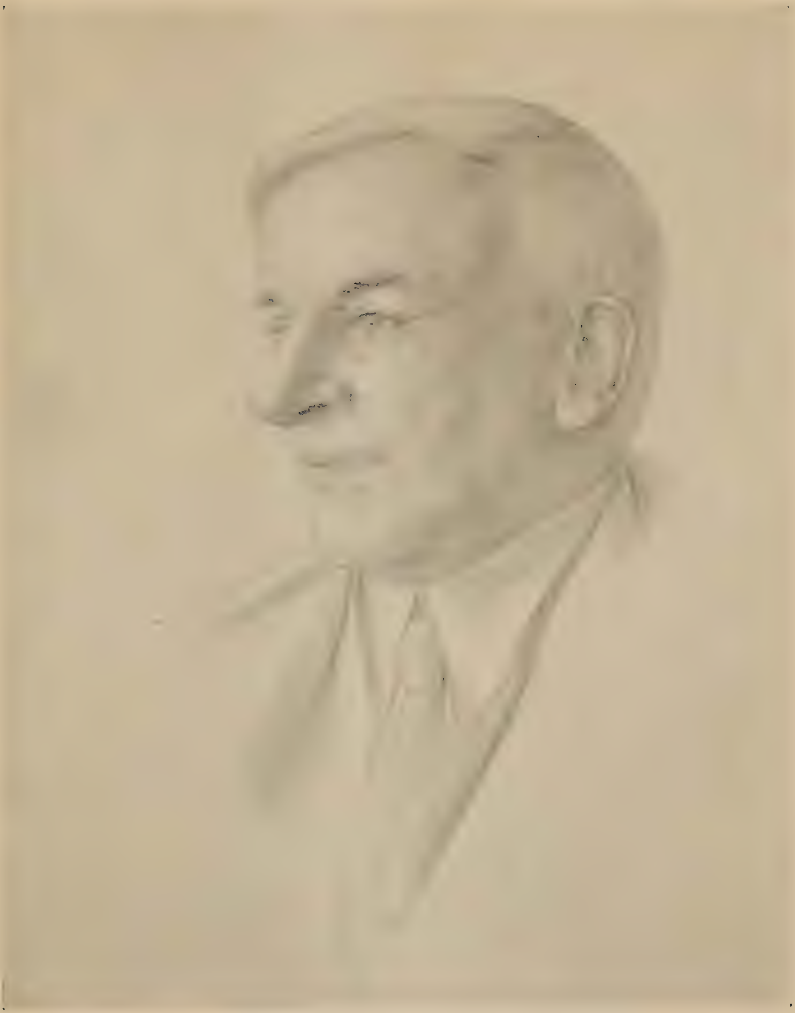
Later there came a photograph, inscribed "To Theodore Roosevelt Holton from Theodore Roosevelt." Henry C. Holton was born September 2, 1857, son of Cyrus and Amanda (Brown) Holton, his father being a brother of the mother of D. L. Moody. He died February 4, 1927. He married, October 9, 1901, Mary Everett Alexander, one of the daughters of William D. Alexander. Their two children were Theodore Roosevelt, born September 2, 1902; Henry Cyrus, Jr., October 6, 1903.

Charles H. Webster. The youngest of the three sons of Lewis T. Webster, Charles Henry, in the slightly less than 50 years of his life, demonstrated the possibilities of self-development within the bounds of a New England country town. He was born October 27, 1866, attended the town schools and Powers Institute, the academy at Bernardston, and on this basis educated himself in two professions, pharmacy and law, gaining full professional standing in each. Leaving school at 14, he was a clerk in his father's store, of which he succeeded to ownership. He passed the examination of the state board of registration in pharmacy in 1891. In 1896, he built the block of stores at the corner of Parker street, in one of which he established his pharmacy, and in 1903 built and conducted a second drug store, uptown. Meanwhile he had been for 11 years postmaster (1900-11), was commissioned justice of the peace and notary public, carried on an insurance business, made a great collection of minerals and studied law, with the result that he was admitted to the bar in 1908, thenceforth practicing as an attorney and counsellor. Joining the Roosevelt departure of 1912, he was elected as a Progressive to the legislature of 1913, re-elected as a Republican for that of 1914 and served on the judiciary committee and a recess committee on improvement of legislative procedure. A leader in town affairs, he was president of the Water Company and of the Board of Trade; and in fraternal ones, master of Harmony Lodge of Masons, patron of the Eastern Star, member of the Orange Royal Arch Chapter and Commandery of Knights Templars. He was active, as well, in the affairs of the First Parish (Unitarian) church. Not disconcerted by a recurrent heart trouble, he kept up the steady drive of his many interests but sought some release by winters in Florida, where he died suddenly, February 6, 1915. He was buried from the home church, in the old cemetery with full Masonic honors. He had married, September 27, 1888, Josephine M., daughter of William D. Alexander. They had two daughters, Marion Elizabeth and Bernice Mary, one talented as a musician, the other as a painter. The valuable mineral collection was bequeathed to the Northfield Seminary.

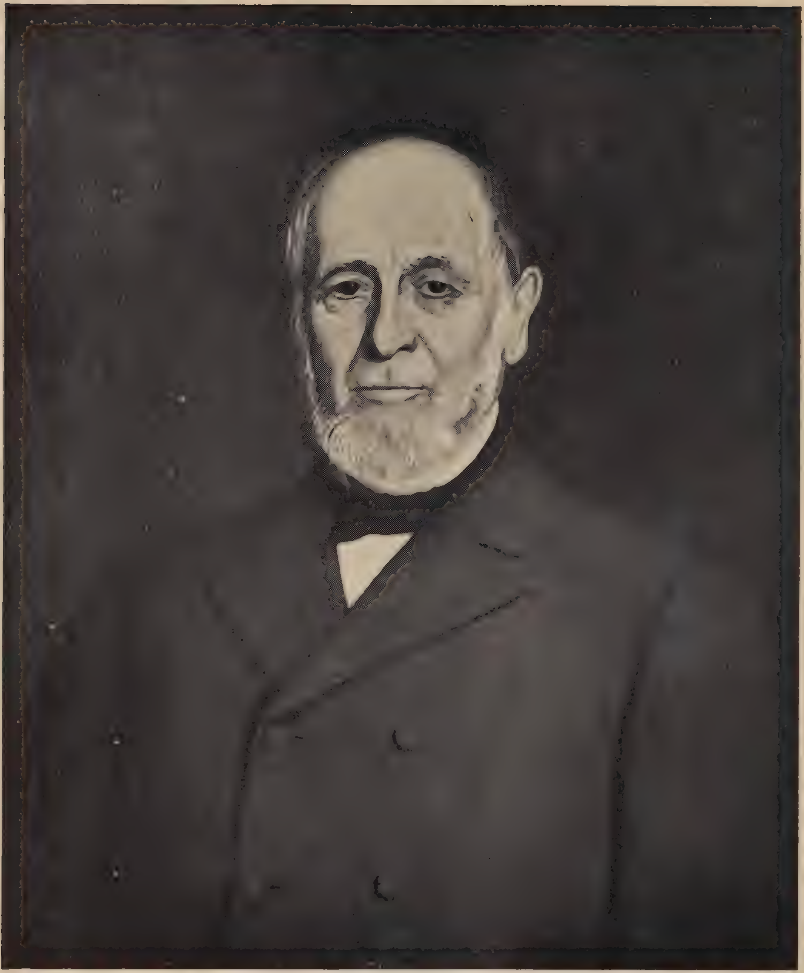
William Revell Moody. The three children of Dwight L. and Emma (Revell) Moody were a daughter Emma, who married Arthur Percy Fitt; William Revell and Paul Dwight. William R. Moody was born in Chicago, March 25, 1869. Northfield became the home of the family in 1875 and from that time throughout his life the home of this elder son. He was one of the early students at Mt. Hermon and a member of its first graduating class, that of 1887. Immediately entering Yale, he was graduated in the class of '91. He was married, August 29, 1894, to Mary Whittle, daughter of Major D. W. Whittle, an associate of D. L. Moody in evangelistic work, at the Northfield home of the Whittle family, the Obadiah Dickinson, later the Dr. Blake and most recently the William H. Phelps house. The young couple went immediately to Mt. Hermon to occupy the newly built house, which later came to the name of Dwight's Home, after the death in infancy of their only son, Dwight. In 1898, they came to live at the Homestead, the Moody home, he having taken on general responsibilities in his father's work. Upon the death of D. L. Moody in December, 1899, the leadership fell upon his shoulders and henceforth his life was devoted to the advance of the school and religious work, both of which greatly expanded under his able and devoted promotion. In 1912, he became the head of the combined boards of the two schools as well as the director of the summer conferences, over which he presided. Failing in health in 1926, he spent a few months abroad but returned apparently restored but with his relations to the work somewhat changed and, as it proved, somewhat strained by the election of a president, his position as chairman of the board being continued. He resigned in 1928, but continued to conduct the General Conference. He died 1934. The opening session of the General Conference, August 1, was devoted to a service in his memory. Surviving him were his wife, four daughters, his sister, Mrs. Fitt, and brother, Paul Dwight.

Paul Dwight Moody. The second son and last son of Dwight L. and Revell Moody was born in Baltimore, April 11, 1879, three years after the return of his father from the famous two-year tour of the British Isles and settlement as the future home, in Northfield. He attended Mt. Hermon and was graduated from Yale in 1901. Later he studied in New College and Glasgow Free Church College in Glasgow, Scotland, and at the Hartford Theological Seminary. For ten years after his father's death he had a considerable share in the management of the Northfield Schools but resigned from the board of trustees in 1910. He was thirty-three when ordained (1912) into the Congregational ministry. For five years he was the minister of South Church, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and left there for service overseas throughout the World War. He had already been chaplain of the 1st Vermont Infantry. As chaplain of the 103d U. S. Infantry, he was with the regiment in 1917 and '18, when he was called to General Headquarters, first as assistant to Bishop Brent and then as his successor as senior chaplain of the American Expeditionary Forces. Upon his return he became associate pastor of the Madison Avenue, New York, Presbyterian Church, serving there for two years, when he was elected in 1926 president of Middlebury (Vermont) College. The honorary degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him by Yale in 1924. For his war service he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor (French) and commander in the Order of Isabella the Catholic (Spanish). Mr. Moody married, April 11, 1904, Charlotte May Hull of Southpost, Connecticut and there are two daughters, Charlotte and Margaret Emma. Following the death of his brother, he shared with John R. Mott the direction of the General Conference at Northfield in 1934.

Richard Mason Smith, M.D. Although born in Stamford, Connecticut (March 18, 1881), Richard M. Smith, Boston's leading pediatrician, is distinctly of Northfield origin and his boyhood was spent there. His father, Leonard R. Smith, born in Winchester, New Hampshire, from the time of his marriage has been a leading Northfield citizen, long a member of the school committee and for several years postmaster at East Northfield. Dr. Smith's mother is the granddaughter of the town's noted minister, Rev. Thomas Mason, and of its leading citizen, Colonel Medad Alexander, thus at this point of common ancestry with D. L. Moody. He attended Mt. Hermon from 1895 to '99, was graduated from Williams in 1903 and from Harvard Medical School in 1907. After two years on the staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital, he went to the Children's Hospital of Boston in 1909, became its superintendent and in that relation and as a practitioner won high standing nationally as a pediatrician, gaining further recognition on the faculty of the Harvard Medical School and the Harvard School of Public Health as assistant professor of pediatrics and child hygiene. He won membership in Phi Beta Kappa at Williams and that college conferred



HERBERT COLLINS PARSONS
(Drawn from Life by Ethel Machanic)



ELIJAH M. DICKINSON
Donor of Northfield's Library

upon him, in 1928, the honorary degree of Sc.D. He continues his staff services as visiting physician of the Infants Hospital and associate physician of the Children's Hospital, both of Boston. He has long been a trustee of the Northfield Schools.

George Russell Callender. A son of Northfield to attain high distinction in the medical profession and in medico-military service, George R. Callender was born May 13, 1884, in Everett, Massachusetts, the temporary residence of his parents, who were before and later of the town, to which they returned in 1891. The parents were Thomas Russell Callender and, before marriage, Martha Ellen Bemis, and thereby Dr. Callender was liberally endowed with old Northfield ancestry. In the Callender line, his grandfather, Joseph B., was long the clerk of the First Parish and tenor in the choir of its church, and four generations back there was Benjamin, the first of the local Callender family. Through both parents there was Field ancestry, converging in Captain Zechariah of the first years of the final settlement and his wife, Sarah Mattoon, a Deerfield captive in the massacre of 1704. Along the father's line was the wife of Walter Field, who bore the captivating name of Piana Pettee. The Petty (later Pettee) ancestry through four generations had distinction in frontier warfare and captivity. Dr. Callender's education was in the town's public schools, Mt. Hermon ('03), Tufts College Medical School ('08, *cum laude*), Boston City Hospital and New York hospitals and, after three years of instructorship at Tufts, the Army Medical School, from which he was an honor graduate in 1913. All along, there was military attachment, beginning with the hospital corps of the Massachusetts National Guard from 1907 to 1912 and advancing in rank from lieutenant in the regular army medical corps in 1913, to captain in 1916, major in 1917 and lieutenant colonel in 1933. His professional service in the army ranges from Fort Bayard, N. M., through many positions, in various stations, at Manila, where he was president of the Army Medical Research Board and of the Philippine Leprosy Research Board, in the Japan Relief Expedition of 1923, curator, Army Medical Museum, 1919-22 and 1924-28, and from 1923 as president of the Army Medical Research Board in the Canal Zone. In professional societies he has held a succession of high offices, up to the chairmanship of the executive committee of the American Congress of Physicians and Surgeons from 1931. He is a member of the Society of Cincinnati, in right of Captain-Lieutenant John Callender, and of the Mt. Lebanon (Boston) Masonic Lodge. A long list of professional writings of the most technical sort marks his standing as an authority and as a pioneering pathologist. He married, August 28, 1913, a Northfield girl, Gladys Foster Moore, daughter of William Miles and Abbie Lovilla (Foster) Moore, and their children are Janet (1919), Gladys Catherine and George Russell junior (twins, 1922).

MERRILL MILES MOORE. A native of Northfield who has attained recognition as an Episcopalian clergyman, Merrill Miles Moore was born on October 11, 1898, the son of Merrill Taft and Jane Stiles Moore. His Taft ancestry leads back to Millbury where the family has long been established and from which came its most distinguished product, President William Howard Taft. Merrill M. Moore attended the local schools, graduated from the high school and from Mt. Hermon in the class of 1917 and received his B. S. degree from Colgate University in 1921. After spending three years at the General Theological Seminary in New York City, he became county missionary for Oneida County, leading to his appointment by Bishop Fiske to be the curate of Grace Church in Utica. In 1927 he was called to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and from that time has been in charge of the work of its large parish. He married October 4, 1926 Mildred Pease of Hatfield and they have one daughter, Elizabeth Miles Moore.

HERBERT COLLINS PARSONS. This sketch of the author of "A Puritan Outpost" is included in its pages by command of the town's committee on the publication of the book. He was born in the town, January 15, 1862, and spent the first twenty-seven years of his life here. His name is a genealogical composite—Parsons standing for Connecticut ancestry and, back of that, Bay Colony early days; Collins, also for Connecticut origin and thence to the *Mayflower* and Plymouth in descent from Governor William Bradford; Herbert, for Alabama, where his mother was born and had close family ties with the Herberts, represented by her cousin, General Hilary Herbert, secretary of the navy in the Cleveland cabinet. His mother, Susan Ellen Lane, was of Virginian ancestry, running back to the early settlements. Her girlhood was spent in Greenville, Ala., and Charleston, S. C., where she married a native of Northfield, Joseph S. Beach, and seven of her ten children were southern-born, the eighth, Jessie, later Mrs. Charles S. Crane, being born in Northfield, to which town Mr. Beach retired. A widow, with eight, she married Mr. Parsons, a widower with two, and two more were born to them, Mary Lane and Herbert Collins. He worked on the farm, without acquiring any fondness for it, attended the town's schools, chiefly the one supported by subscription in the absence of a high school, in the "Bee Hive," had an ambition for a college education, for which he was supposed to be prepared when, at 14, he began work in the general store his father had set up with the probable intent to keep the youngest of the tribe at home; and later he was part owner. In the following dozen years he was fully absorbed in the town life and that of its principal church, that of the First Parish, Unitarian. At 21 he was chosen to the school committee, was a delegate to the Republican state convention of that year, was frequently moderator of the town-meeting, sang in the choir, taught in the Sunday School, joined the Grange, became an "amateur journalist" in a fraternity that enlisted nationally some hundreds of boys and girls, and, at last, a professional one, when in 1889 he took an associate editorship on the *Gazette and Courier,* the old county paper published at Greenfield. In that town, he married, in 1891, Charlotte Converse Severance, served in town offices, was elected to the legislature of 1896, re-elected to those of 1897 and 1898 and to the state senate of 1899. An independence of party control, which he had shown throughout his legislative years, came to a climax in his refusal as a senator to vote for the re-election to the United States Senate of Henry Cabot Lodge, thus calling down upon his head the senator's personal wrath and the full force of the Republican state machine's opposition. Denied the party's re-nomination, he ran independently and after a stirring campaign barely missed re-election, carrying the town of his residence, Greenfield, and of his birth, Northfield, and the larger towns of the district generally. The next year he took the editorship of the newspaper, which he had a share in founding, *The Greenfield Recorder,* and presently became its publisher as well. In 1912 he was offered an editorial position on the daily *Christian Science Monitor,* placed the management of *The Recorder* in the hands of John W. Hagis, to whom he later sold his interest, and removed to Boston. Meanwhile, he had been chairman of the Greenfield school committee, president of the board of trade, leader in the taking of lands for parks, member of the Republican state committee and active in the Deerfield historical society, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Appointed by Governor Guild, in 1906, to the board to establish a new school for the feeble-minded, he entered upon 25 years' connection with the Wrentham State School. Chosen by Chief Justice Aiken, in 1911, a member of the state commission on probation, he became its executive officer late in 1914, a position which was raised to the rank of state commissionership of probation. For 17 years this was his main interest and he came into association with correctional, judicial and social service progressives in the country. He has been for 15 years an instructor in social legislation in the Simmons College School of Social Work. For four years he was president of the national organization of Unitarian laymen, the Laymen's League. He resigned from the state probation commissionership in 1931, avoiding retirement under the state law. Immediately he undertook the reorganization of the Massachusetts Child Labor Committee into a broad child welfare agency and brought about the formation of the Massachusetts Child Council, of which he is now the director. He is president of or on the board of a number of social agencies. In 1931, he was given the honorary degree of Master of Arts by Harvard University, in recognition of his public service. He has been since 1889 a member of Republican Lodge of Masons in Greenfield. The first born of his children, a son, died in infancy. The second, Harriet Louise, formerly an instructor in psychiatric social work at Simmons, is now director of the Newton Welfare Bureau. They share a home in Brookline. Mrs. Parsons died after a long invalidism in 1926 at their home in Chestnut Hill.

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